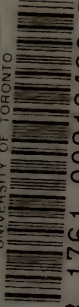


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EPISODES OF MY SECOND LIFE.

CHARLES DICKENS AND EVANS,
CRYSTAL PALACE PRESS.

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EPIISODES
OF
MY SECOND LIFE

BY
ANTONIO GALLENGA
(L. MARIOTTI)

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II.
ENGLISH EXPERIENCES



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EPISODES OF MY SECOND LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

A FIRST TRIAL IN ENGLAND.

London on a summer morning—Streets, parks, and palaces—Westminster—Choice of a home—Indoor friends—Outdoor acquaintance—English and American dissent—Yankees and cockneys—The West End—Social and professional progress—Italian friends in London—Panizzi—Mazzini—Enrico Mayer—A great poet's widow.

As we retired for the night on our arrival at the Tavistock Hotel, Covent Garden, late in the evening of the 2nd of June, 1839, it was settled among us fellow-passengers just landed from the good ship *St. James* at Portsmouth, that we should all meet in the coffee-room on the morrow, at nine o'clock in the morning, to have a last breakfast together before we went asunder, and each proceeded to his own destination.

According to my wont, however, I woke and was

up long before the appointed hour; and as soon as the hotel-doors were opened, I sallied forth on a stroll into the London streets for a breath of fresh air, and for a quiet enjoyment of a first impression of the biggest of big towns. I went down from the Market into the Strand, lounged at random across Trafalgar Square, along Pall Mall, up the Quadrant into Piccadilly, down St. James' Street, and so on, and on, till after a two hours' ramble, I sat down upon one of the granite seats in what was then emphatically called "The Park"—the names of the larger lungs of the huge Babylon being seldom mentioned without their peculiar adjunct of "The Regent's" or "Hyde."

It was still very early: not long after the sunrise of a fine morning in June. The green in the Park was still unsullied by the smoke and soot of a million of chimneys. The housemaids had not yet raised the dust of their shaken door-mats. There was nothing as yet of the roar of life announcing the awakening of the Monster City. That was the halcyon hour of the town's day or night.

What struck me at first was the thorough familiarity with which I recognised most of the objects I was now seeing for the first time. "Hang

all maps, prints and illustrated guide-books!" I said. "They take the shine off the world's marvels; and we hardly know how far we must go before we find anything new under the sun. This is Charing Cross. That the National Gallery with its pepper-boxes. Yonder is the Nelson Column: further, Northumberland House, with its famous lion and his waggish tail—Connu! Connu!" I exclaimed at every turning; "surely we have seen all that or dreamt of it. All old friends with old faces!"

The shops in the Strand and Regent Street were still unopened. The sight of those blank houses with closed shutters and the blinds down impressed me as very decent, but commonplace and plain even to ugliness. The architecture of the club-houses, of the public edifices and monuments, of the Royal dwellings themselves, had nothing to challenge the admiration even of one who, like myself, had seen as yet hardly any of the great cities of the world—hardly anything besides Turin and Naples, Lyons and Marseilles, Boston, Washington, and New York. "This is London," I reasoned; "England all over! A town for use, not for show. The beauty all of the soul, not of the body."

By a strange but natural blunder, as I looked up from the Park, I at first took the row of mansions of

Carlton House Terrace to be the Royal residence. The lofty site, the stateliness of the buildings, their uniformity, their long rows of windows without front doors—all conspired to give rise to a delusion, which the sentries then posted on duty, day and night, on the steps at the foot of the York Column—lest anybody should run away with it—were not for a few moments calculated to dispel.

And what a painful bathos ensued when I perceived my mistake! When I proceeded along the Mall, and stood before the actual homes of English Royalty—St. James's, with its Dutch brick turrets and battlements; and Buckingham Palace, a huge yet mean mass of masonry, at that time still awaiting the enlargement and improvements by which the Prince Consort vainly hoped to give it shape and style—Buckingham Palace, almost stared out of countenance by the Wellington Barracks rising at right angles with it across Birdcage Walk.

Down that walk, however, and down George Street, I made my way into Westminster, and stood spellbound before the lofty portals of the old Minster—the first purely Gothic edifice my eyes had ever beheld, and unquestionably the most sublime of the many structures of the same kind with which I became familiar in later times.

At that early hour—about seven o'clock—the Cathedral was being aired and swept. Every door was invitingly open; no verger was up yet; and I moved unhindered, and apparently unnoticed, along the aisles, through the long lines of sepulchral monuments, into the sanctuary, the chapels, the cloisters; up and down from Poet's Corner to the north entrance; whence at last I issued forth into the graveyard, and passed on for a peep into Westminster Hall, also wide open and solitary, and finally went half-way up the Bridge, and there stood for a long time musing, with my elbows on the wooden parapet, looking down on Thames' murky waters; and then—then I began to realise the fact that I was in England.

Was this indeed England? Had I reached the goal of my long, rash, obstinate aspirations? Was this London, the dread wilderness in which I should be lost like a grain of sand on the ocean's beach? And now, what did I think of it? Were the London streets paved with gold? Had I friends here? Or were friends to be won any more easily than golden guineas were earned? And was not all my cash reduced to two poor five-pound notes?

Well, what of it? A wilful man must have his way. And, after all, I was no worse off here now than

when I landed in New York less than three years before. My friendless, penniless condition was nothing new to me. I had the same courage, the same power of endurance to rely upon; and I had besides the advantage of a hard-bought experience; the consciousness of a victory in a well-fought battle. "*Aide-toi, et le Ciel t'aidera,*" was my motto.

And, after all, what was the worst that could befall me? To conquer, or to perish, was the alternative. But was I not under the impression that I should never reach, or never complete my thirtieth year? And was I not now eight-and-twenty? If my days were numbered, what did it matter whether the end was to be by the sword on a battle-field, or by despair and starvation in a London garret?

And yet, even in the midst of these truculent fancies, the uppermost feeling in my heart was exultation at the bare thought that I was in England. I asked myself on what ground lay my preference for this sun-forsaken country. I knew absolutely nothing about it besides the little I had read in books, or seen in the few English families I had fallen in with at Malta and Gibraltar, or in that little polyglot microcosm of the European social circle in Tangiers. There, however, I had learnt to value the manliness, the truth and

cleanliness—both physical and moral—the real refinement which characterised the Northern—Teutonic and Scandinavian—and especially the Protestant—the Dutch and English nations. And I compared their civilisation with that of the Latin races, particularly with that of my own countrymen, greatly, alas! to the disparagement of these latter, whose debasement, however, I ascribed to the many centuries of political and religious enslavement, and whose standard I then trusted, and still hope, would be raised by the long looked-for triumph of the national cause, when public morality would find its natural basis on newly-developed private virtues. My views in that respect were those of the poet Alfieri, who, after a long intercourse with every variety of European people, declared that the two countries which had taken the strongest hold of his sympathies were England and Italy—the former, because where Nature was at fault man had so wisely provided; the latter, because a bountiful Nature had done so much to make up for man's shortcomings. My allegiance, like Alfieri's, was thus divided between my native and my adopted country—with this difference, however, that to Italy I looked up as to a mother which chance had given me, while England I cherished as the wife of my own choice.

The sun was by this time high in the heavens, and reminded me of the breakfast which was awaiting me in Covent Garden. I hailed a passing cab—one of the few surviving high-wheeled ramshackle old gigs, with only one seat for the passenger, and a dickey hanging out by its side for the driver—and had myself driven to the Tavistock, where my friends of the *St. James* were just sitting down to their kidneys and muffins. After that meal there was a general break-up of the company, and I cast my lot with two or three Yankees, who took me to Russell Square where a countrywoman of theirs, Mrs. Saintly, kept a first-rate boarding-house on the American plan. As the landlady had no accommodation for all of us, and her establishment was likely to be too expensive for me, I gladly accepted the cards she offered me for two houses of the same description in the adjoining street—Lower Bedford Place—both, however, under English management. In one of these first, and subsequently in the other, I had comfortable quarters during the first month of my English experience; and was thus spared the horrors of those purlieus of Leicester Square where most foreigners, and especially Italians, were wont to make their first apprenticeship in English life.

It was not, however, as the reader may easily

imagine, among the highest ranks of society that such a choice of residence introduced me. My fellow boarders belonged to a motley class of people, not unlike the common run of the fellow-passengers on board the packets, one of which had brought me across; chance people with whom intercourse is almost unavoidable, but with whom acquaintance seldom outlasts the occasion which led to it. At Mrs. Birch's or Mrs. Lansdown's, there were a few old bachelors of retired habits, or young ones with a character for steadiness to keep up, clerks at the Post Office or Somerset House, men with business in the City, frequenters of the British Museum, day-governesses who had reached old-maidenhood without knowing it, and aged widows left alone in the world, yet still bent on enjoying life as hangers-on on their married daughters, and irrepressible nuisances to the great lawyers or bankers, their sons-in-law, with whose houses and carriages they never scrupled to make free.

With this scratch company, and more especially with the elderly gentlemen, my outlandish ways and broken English made me in some degree popular. Some of them were literary or artistic. One of them, John Preston Neale, had brought out an illustrated work on Westminster Abbey in four quarto volumes,

and another on the country seats of the nobility and gentry; they were men with taste and information on home subjects, glad of genial relaxation after long hours of office drudgery, somewhat prosy, stay-at-home, harmless fogeys; very fond of good living, very hospitable; and they had often guests at dinner with them at the common table, old comrades or fellow-students, men of mark in the various branches of literature and art in which their entertainers had been only half successful—men like Varley, Cope, Cole, Boxhall, etc.—hosts and guests equally sociable, equally in love with their crusty old port-wine with the bees'-wings, over which they would sit for hours after the ladies had retired, cracking their nuts and jokes; the sitting being too much longer, and the jests and toasts, I am sorry to say, too much sillier and coarser than gentlemen even of the worst squire class of the England of these latter days would put up with.

My connection out of doors was with a variety of persons to whom I had brought letters of introduction from American friends. These letters, according to my constant habit, I had sown broadcast on my arrival, like the sower in the parable, allowing some of the seed to fall on the roadside, some on the rock, some among thorns, trusting that some would also alight

on good ground and bear fruit—leaving them at their addresses with my card, and dismissing from my mind those of which no notice was taken. My American friends were for the most part Unitarians, and their correspondents in England were mostly people belonging to the same persuasion, but there was this difference: that while Unitarianism in Boston and throughout New England was the best-educated, aristocratic sect, their co-religionaries on this side of the water were worthy people, intelligent, amiable, and agreeable, but not of the most conspicuous and influential caste either in the metropolis, or even in those commercial and industrial districts of Liverpool, Manchester, and Leeds, where they mustered strongest; so that one of the most zealous champions of their cause averred that there “seldom, if ever, was an instance of the carriage of one of their families being seen standing at a Unitarian chapel for two successive generations,” communion with the Establishment being in England looked upon as a decided mark of good style and gentility.

In London itself these respectable though not fashionable families were mostly clustered within the precincts of the Duke of Bedford’s estate, between Bloomsbury and Gordon and Euston Squares, a few

having ventured as far west as Portland Place, and others being scattered in suburban villas at Hampstead and Hackney, or anywhere north as far as cabs or omnibuses could carry them ; while, again, some few still withstood the centrifugal force which was making a desert of the City of London, and clung to the dwellings adjoining their ware- or counting-houses—the houses where their fathers' and grandfathers' fortunes had been made—contending that nowhere could be found better air or water, better gravel soil, more thoroughly drained or sheltered spots, than in the courts and alleys abutting on Finsbury Square and Circus, or on Lombard and Fenchurch Streets.

Nothing seemed more natural to me, as I made my way among these good people, than to fancy myself back in New England, so identical are still the ideas, the habits, and to a great extent the idioms of the two sister nations ; allowing, however, for that superior dash and spirit, that feverish activity, which seems to possess every class of the people I had left behind, and which establishes the great fact of the ascendancy of soil and climate over the mere instincts and traditions of blood or descent—the Yankee being simply a more mercurial species of the genus cockney.

There was something charmingly primitive about

some of the families I frequented during the period of my first stay in England, whether they belonged to the professional or the commercial, to the preaching or teaching set. There was a sense of peace and security, of method and leisure, among them which on the other side of the water would have been voted dulness. Theirs was the "art of taking life easy," reducing the day's task to an unvarying routine, and allowing little margin for idle diversion or exciting change. The men travelled little in those days, and only on business; the women seldom left home, except for their three weeks' sea-bathing at Herne Bay or Broadstairs. They seldom saw the inside of a theatre, and few of them were great readers—for Mudie was not yet, nor Westerton, nor the Grosvenor or the London Library, and books were hard to borrow and dear to buy; and these good people took even their politics or religious polemics very mildly, for the reign of good Queen Victoria was then only beginning, and parties were still feeling their way and allowing Lord Melbourne an almost undivided ascendancy over the young sovereign's Council, while Dissent was well-behaved and dormant, displaying as little proselytising zeal and combativeness as the Church itself.

Among these happy lotus-eaters I felt thoroughly at

home. They were hospitable to a fault; fond of good cheer, of their domestic feasts and revels, of their Christmas mince-pies and plum-puddings, of the innocent mysteries of their holly and mistletoe rites; but they would never have forgiven themselves had they overlooked a homeless stranger, like myself, even on a slight acquaintance, in their invitations; not only making sure of him by asking him three or four weeks beforehand, but appealing to his imagination by taking him down to the larder, showing him their fat turkey or rich baron of beef, and bidding him "fancy how tender and juicy all that meat would be" after keeping in its icy-cold safe till the time came for it to grace the festive board on the grand day.

On the outskirts of this Middle Ages community, however, there were a few houses of a somewhat higher standing, into which I was able to make my way, thanks to my American well-wishers, and especially to Miss Catherine Sedgwick, who tarried a few weeks in London, and did her utmost to bring me into that polished circle into which her name as an authoress ensured her a flattering reception. It was almost as one of her suite that I became a visitor in Portland Place, at the house of Mr. Joshua Bates, an American, and the manager of the Baring Brothers' banking establishment,

and whose daughter was then already betrothed to M. Van de Veyer, the Belgian Minister, and was soon after her marriage to rise to so high a favour at Court. It was also as Miss Sedgwick's friend that I sat a guest of Mr. John Kenyon, a West Indian, who had come to London with the mere wreck of his large estate in Jamaica, after the abolition of negro slavery, and even with that wreck contrived to keep up a handsome establishment in York Place, Regent's Park, where one met old Rogers, Landor, Monckton Milnes, and a whole band of poets and critics; our host himself being no mean poet—author of "*A Rhymed Plea for Tolerance*," etc.—a man of taste, but, above all things, a patron of talent, to whose liberality men of genius whom England delights to honour were indebted, both in his lifetime and after his death, for comforts and luxuries which neither their verse nor their prose could have purchased.

It was at Mr. Kenyon's that I met old Henry Crabbe Robinson, a bachelor or widower who lived by himself in cosy lodgings near Russell Square, a man of wit and social gifts, but chiefly shining by reflected light as "*the friend of Goethe and Wordsworth*," and known for his breakfasts, less sumptuous, perhaps, but not less entertaining than those at Rogers's, in St. James's Place, and where I made several interesting

acquaintances, among others that of Mr. (now Sir) Henry Austin Layard, the "Man of Nineveh," then a modest youth, apparently unconscious of the greatness of his achievements, and equally unable to perceive that no success in his subsequent career as a politician or a diplomatist could add any perceptible lustre to the name he had won as a discoverer.

All these dear friends, whose circle widened from day to day, till their number became rather too large for comfort, were only available for social purposes, but were of no use to me in my professional capacity. We met here and there and talked; cards were exchanged; dinner parties, concerts, and balls, never ended; but intimacy seldom proceeded much further. One half of the world, as it has often been observed, neither knows nor cares to know how the other half lives. I found here nothing of that fussy curiosity and inquisitiveness which had surprised and annoyed me at first in America; but which was frequently prompted by sincere interest, and led to present help. People in London were satisfied that I was an Italian, a political exile—an individual of a large class in those days—that I had been in America, and that I had friends who vouched for my honourable conduct there. No one inquired further. So long as I wore a

dress-coat and patent leather boots I was a gentleman, and whether or not I could afford to live in the style of one, was nobody's concern but my own. For my own part, I was only too flattered by the position I was gaining in society, and too happy to "sink the shop." But I did not forget that I had to live by my work, and from the first I had put down my name in Rolandi's book at the Foreign Library in Berners Street, printed my cards, and advertised in the *Times* and the *Athenæum* as a private instructor in the Italian language and literature. I had laid out my nets and expected the fish to come to them in shoals. As it happened in Boston, so here in London, my advertisement was answered immediately. A perfumed and coroneted note reached me by post, intimating that the Duchess of B—— wished to see me with a view to make some arrangement for Italian lessons to her daughters. I drove to Her Grace's house in Arlington Street, and found myself in the presence of a stately matron, still handsome, and of two young ladies barely out of their teens, both tall, and fair reproductions of the lady's majestic beauty. The reception was courteous and benevolent, nor was it without some previous remarks about the weather, and other neutral, commonplace topics, that the Duchess proceeded to

refer to the subject of her note. She was a "woman of business," she said; she had seen my advertisement; she was satisfied with my references and with my terms. She was ready to appoint the days and hours for the lessons, and even asked if I was free and disposed to begin at once. Of course I told her I was at her service, and I had just risen to lay aside my hat and stick, when Her Grace raised her hand and said :

"By the way, Signor, are you Florentine or Roman?"

"Neither, madam," was my answer, "I come from the North of Italy."

This seemed to take her aback.

"I thought——" she said, and then stopped, and was at a loss for more words. But she soon recovered from her embarrassment, and corrected herself: "I think it will perhaps be too late to begin to-day—what do you say, girls? To-day is Monday; the drawing-master will be here. We must have time to make arrangements. You will hear from me, Signor; I have your address and I can write."

And as she said this she rose; I was already on my feet. I only made my bow and went my way, perceiving that there was nothing more to be said.

The Duchess was as good as her word. Late in the evening a note was left at my door with an intimation that Her Grace had made a mistake—apologised for the trouble she had given—but she was anxious her daughters should acquire “*Lingua Toscana in Bocca Romana*,” and no native of any other Italian province need apply.

I showed that note to Mons. Ramon, a French master in London University College School, who boarded in the same house with me, in Lower Bedford Place, and with whom I was on friendly terms; and he shook his head and laughed, and said: “Could you not have *told* the lady you came from Florence or Rome? You will never get on with these people if you are not prepared to swear that black is white, and the moon is made of green cheese. The trade of teacher of languages is overstocked; and the Italian especially is monopolised by a set of bold rascals who describe themselves as natives of Mercato Vecchio or the Trastevere, and declare that they, and they alone, have the proper idioms and the right accent, though some of them can hardly spell; most of them have never seen Rome or Florence, and others are not even Italians at all; witness Signor *Trivéri*, whose real name is Trèves, a German-Jew; and Signor

Macarini, who has thus modified his Highland appellation of MacCrie."

He saw that I looked bewildered, and continued :

"What would you have? *Vulgus vult decipi*. And in that respect your Duchess is not above vulgar prejudices. Look at me! Am I not by birth an Auvergnat? Yet do I not write on my cards 'Parisien'? It is a notion among these English people, that language is solely an affair of organs. As if education had nothing to do with it; as if organs did not require training for speaking as well as for singing! Can anything be more absurd? Do they consider every native of London a cockney, and sure to drop his h's. Is not English equally the property of well-bred men and gentlemen, be their birthplace Middlesex, Yorkshire, or Cumberland?"

Unwelcome as what he said might be, it was the truth. On talking over the matter with Rolandi, I learnt that the first thing ladies and young ladies, applying to him for an Italian master, asked, was whether the man he suggested was a Tuscan or a Roman, and as I would not allow him to recommend me on false pretences, I had no reason to complain if he favoured those who met the views of his customers, and who, had they really been what they

called themselves, and especially Romans, *cæteris paribus*, would, doubtless, have deserved the preference.

Notwithstanding all this, Rolandi himself procured me some employment among the governess class, and in some of the girls'-schools in the meaner suburbs. It was very hard work, and wretchedly remunerated. With a hope to find something better I looked among the letters of introduction I had brought from America, for one that was addressed to Mr. Panizzi, then Keeper of the Printed Books at the British Museum Library.

Antonio Panizzi was a native of Brescello, a little town on the banks of the Po, belonging to the Duke of Modena, but only twelve miles from Parma, where he had been as a law student. He belonged to the batch of Italian exiles of the year 1821, and I being at least twelve years younger, had had no previous acquaintance with him. I found him surrounded by some of the Library servants, very busy as usual, very angry with one of them who held up to him a moth-eaten volume, scolding him savagely, though, I have no doubt, very deservedly, and repeatedly swearing "Zounds!"—a form of oath now of more frequent occurrence on the stage than in real life.

I had evidently chosen an awkward moment for my

visit. He was out of temper, and my face, it appears, was not to his liking. He took the letter I was holding out to him—both of us standing—ran it over at a glance, and knitting his heavy brows, he crumpled it up, and said :

“There now! There is no end to these silly women! What right has Mrs. Bonamy to write to me at all? She says she was my pupil at Liverpool. How can I remember? Who will tell me her maiden name? And what can I do for you? Italian lessons? In London? Coals to Newcastle! I never found any for myself. I lived here for two years at the rate of fourteen pence a day—fourteen pence, I tell you; it is a starving trade in London. I had to go to Liverpool for my bread; and it grieved me to my heart to have to send my townsman and friend, Giglioli, to Edinburgh. Do you think I can do for you what I failed to manage for him? You will never do here. As I can give no help, take at least my advice, which is, pack up your things and be off. It was very foolish of you to leave America, where Mrs. Bonamy says you were doing so well. But if you do not go back, at least do not stay here and starve. Try Manchester, Leeds, Sheffield—anywhere—anywhere away from this.”

All this he spoke rapidly, angrily, never allowing

me a chance to put in a word. Anger is catching, especially when it is unreasonable. When he had done I gave him back a few hasty and wrathful words of my own and left him, vowing in my heart that if I stopped in London for no other reason it would be to spite him, and prove to him that I could get on without him.

Though I certainly did not deserve this ill-treatment, and was not to blame for the unwarrantable liberty his former pupil had taken in addressing him in behalf of a countryman of his, it was not long before I could make some allowance for this outburst, when I learnt by what swarms of impostors and downright scoundrels, calling themselves Italians and political exiles, he was beset, and what war he had had to carry on for many years against the ill-will of some Englishmen of the hard John Bull school, who never forgave his being an Italian, and could not brook the "injustice," as they called it, by which Lord Brougham had pitchforked him, a foreigner, into a post to which many natives had better claims, and for which they were better fitted.

I did not see much of him again for a long time, and there never was much lost love between us. For *Duro con Duro non fa buon Muro*.* I could be

* "Hard upon hard makes no good wall."

as stubborn as he was. When better days dawned for me, and step by step my position in London was assured, I never failed to write to him, bidding him rejoice with me on my success. And the time came when it was in my power to oblige him, and I was only too glad to be of service to him; and when he died, I was asked by Delane to write his obituary in the *Times*; and I hope no one will say that the two columns I wrote about him did him scant justice. For all that I remembered at the time, was that Panizzi was a man of vast brain and a noble heart, and his only fault was temper—a fault about which I had certainly no right to cast the first stone.

With another, and an equally well-known countryman of mine I was brought into contact, almost on the first day of my arrival in London. I was walking at random in Upper Gower Street, when behind a ground-floor window there flashed upon me a pair of black eyes under a fine round forehead, which struck me as not unfamiliar, and could only belong to an Italian. As I went down street to the New Road, I was overtaken by a little man wearing green spectacles, who introduced himself as Usiglio, from Modena, and told me I had been recognised as I passed by Mazzini, who wished to see me.

I had only seen Mazzini once, in 1833, at Geneva, under peculiar circumstances, but his writings had exercised upon me, as well as on all the youth of Italy, an influence which I already began to feel had not been wholly for my good. I walked back with his little messenger, however, and had a long talk with him, and we parted better friends than ever. He took some interest in my private affairs, and hearing that some of my writings had found their way into print in the United States, he expressed a wish to see some specimens of my style, a wish I soon complied with by sending him my article on "Romantic Poetry in Italy" in the *North American Review*. When I called upon him a few days later, he had read the article; he praised it, made me aware of my oversight in mentioning his name as *Giovanni* instead of *Giuseppe* Mazzini, and expressed great regret that we could not work together, as our views of Italian matters differed too widely to allow him to recommend me to the editors of the English Liberal journals with which he was connected.

I may have occasion to return to Mazzini again, and to subjects on which I was at variance with him; but I merely mention him here because, as we were discussing these subjects, a visitor entered, my acquaint-

ance with whom was not without results on my future movements.

This was Enrico Mayer, a German by extraction, but whose family had settled at Leghorn, where they had a thriving banking establishment, and all of whom, but especially Enrico, had become strongly attached to their adopted country; so that Enrico, without sharing Mazzini's ultra-democratic ideas, was not unwilling to co-operate with him on that neutral ground of practical patriotism, which aimed at emancipating his country by educating his countrymen. It was with that intent that Mazzini was then projecting a ragged school in Hatton Garden, in which Italian organ boys, plaster-image sellers, and other petty tradesmen and artisans were to be taught to read and write. Enrico Mayer, who entered warmly into that scheme, strongly objected to the political purposes to which its founder wished to make it subservient. Like myself, Mayer was an Italian, but no Republican, or even Democrat. And when I rose to take leave, he also parted with the great agitator, grieved to differ, but unable to agree with him.

As we walked together down Gower Street, Mayer and I soon became intimate, and I learnt that he had for several years devoted himself to the cause

of popular education, had written long articles in an Italian monthly journal called the *Educatore*, edited by the Abate Lambruschini, and that the object of his journey to London was to have those articles turned into English at the request of the Board of Education in England. As he had heard I was in need of work, and that I wrote good English, he offered to employ me as his translator, and appointed so handsome a rate of remuneration as might prompt a suspicion that it was for my advantage, rather than for any real need of my services, that his proposal was made. However, I was not in a condition to scrutinise his motives. I closed with him very thankfully, went to work eagerly, and through him I became acquainted with some of his friends, most of them men connected with the Board of Education, or avowed promoters of its cause; among whom were Dr. Kay (in later years my friend Sir James Kay Shuttleworth), John Stuart Mill, George Long, and many others, one of them being no less interesting a personage than Lady Noel Byron, the widow of the poet. I saw her ladyship twice in Dorset Square, an out-of-the-way locality above the New Road, where, as she volunteered to explain to me, she stayed to oblige Mr. Duppa, a friend who could not have afforded to travel as

he wished without letting his house, and could not easily have found another tenant. Later on I called upon her, at her request, at Esher, near Kingston, at that time still a beau-ideal of a rural village, where also, I believe, she was a lodger in some friend's house; for there seemed to be about her a restlessness which allowed her to find no permanent abode, at least at or near London. It was as a translator from English into Italian that I was recommended to her by Mayer, who took charge of some of her writings on the Management of Charity-Schools, which her ladyship intended for the editor of the *Educatore*. On this subject, which constituted the link of connection between her and my friend, she entertained me at great length during all my visits, bidding me stay and lunch with her, holding forth incessantly, as if anxious to impress me with the conviction that her zeal for the cause of progress and humanity engrossed all her energies to the exclusion of any other thought.

Lady Byron was then forty-seven years of age. She had been fifteen years a widow, and had seen the last of her husband twenty-three years before the date of my visit. She barely looked forty; though she dressed simply and almost poorly, with her hair

in smooth bands under a cap, and a plain dark merino dress up to her chin, almost a nun-like habili-ment. Her complexion seemed to me rather dark for an Englishwoman—marble-like, quite colourless; but her features were faultless and the expression was se-date, serene, with hardly a trace of a grief long since buried.

I looked at her with deep interest, as if expect-ing to see graven in her countenance the solution of the mystery which will now baffle the world's curiosity to the end of time; as if I could make out the cause which so ruthlessly and implacably hardened the heart of this highly intelligent and sensitive being against the man whose proud destinies she had deliberately and with full knowledge of his merits and faults chosen to share.

It even happened, at Esher, as the day was fine, and the purity of the air brought up the subject of Italian skies, that I said I little cared to see Italy again in her present prostrate condition, and quite inadvertently let slip the line:

“Victor or vanquished, thou the slave of friend or foe;”*

* Not a very good version of Filicaia's famous

“Per servir sempre, o vincitrice o vinta,”

proving that one may be a great poet yet an indifferent translator.

then soon recollecting whose words those were, I was struck dumb and looked foolish; but the lady never winced, never made a sign as if she had ever heard the line; as if Childe Harold had never been anything to her, or she to Childe Harold and its author.

Lady Byron dealt with me with studied delicacy. When the translation was finished, she wrote me a kind note of thanks, but said nothing of payment; leaving that to be settled between me and my friend Mayer, who had her ladyship's instructions.

CHAPTER II.

A FIRST TEMPTATION.

New friends—More work—Social life—Pitfalls—Pastimes—London sights—London environs—A shower at Windsor—A royal review—Acclimatisation—New acquaintance—Chances of authorship—My first publisher—An Italian friend—A long talk—An unexpected resolution—From England to Italy.

BESIDES the temporary employment as a translator provided by my friend Enrico Mayer, I also found on my first arrival in London a profitable engagement as a literary assistant to Mr. James Yarrow, a retired Unitarian minister, an amiable elderly gentleman, and a rusty old scholar, who had devoted the latter end of his life to the compilation of a work on "The Art of Weaving among the Ancients,"—a ponderous work crammed with Greek, Latin, and Hebrew quotations, in which the co-operation of an ordinary amanuensis and copyist would have been unavailing.

Mr. Yarrow was a wealthy man, or had married

a wealthy wife; and this latter, still youngish, made her hospitable home in Highgate—formerly the abode of Charles II.'s Nell Gwynn, a quaint old mansion unaltered for two centuries—the centre of a social circle, where she delighted in bringing together the young of both sexes, trusting to the instincts of natural selection, and the power of music, dancing, and champagne suppers for results in which she declared that she neither marred nor made. In spite of all disclaimers, the house at Highgate was immensely popular as a matrimonial mart of the most honourable description. And there was another house in Hampstead, belonging to a Mr. Tweed, also a divine of the same Socinian persuasion, equally at rest from his pulpit work—where every young couple, fresh from their wedding-tour, were expected to accept a dinner given in their honour, to which it was a rule that none but other happy pairs, within the twelvemonth from their wedding, should be asked to meet them. It had thus become a common saying among the friends of these benevolent people, that in a glass of Mr. Yarrow's champagne there was a foretaste of a bottle of Mr. Tweed's port-wine.

With some help from these unexpected sources, and my daily occupation as a teacher of languages, I managed to support myself during the six months

between the Midsummer and the Christmas of that year. But it seemed to me an ignoble kind of existence, less endurable even than any I had gone through in the early stages of my American experience ; not because it was less lucrative and more expensive, but because it was not sweetened by that same ready sympathy and easy intercourse, that same indefinable home feeling, which had cheered me from the beginning on the other side of the water.

It was something, no doubt, to be easy on the score of my landlady's weekly bills, to have nothing to dread from laundress' or tailor's dunning, and not to lack a few loose half-crowns in my pocket for cabs, kid gloves, and other requirements of a young man about town. But I asked myself why I was so anxious to go out in quest of what I could not find ; why I did not perceive how unfit I was for society ; too clumsy for a dancer, too shy for a talker, and utterly deficient in any of those talents by which men contribute to the entertainment of an evening ; so that when I was asked to favour the company with some of my country's music, and I had to avow my absolute uselessness either as a vocal or an instrumental performer, people fell back wondering. "What, an Italian, and not sing ?" And I fancied I could hear them adding in a whisper

between themselves: "What else in the world can he do?"

Yet I went out evening after evening, partly because I looked upon the practice as a social duty, and I thought I could thereby extend my personal acquaintance and promote my interests in my professional capacity, but chiefly because I liked to look at pretty faces, and thought almost every Englishwoman with fair hair and blue eyes supremely beautiful. Mine was one of those minds which are early developed yet ripen slowly. It seemed easy for me to forget that I was no longer a boy, that I had reached the threshold of my thirtieth year; I was still in love with the whole sex, and went about in a crowd like a dog that has lost its master, as if expecting to find in every woman I met the twin soul which Heaven was sure to have created for my especial benefit.

Full of these fancies, I went out evening after evening to parties, where all my enjoyment consisted in turning my eyeglass upon every young female face when I fancied my gazing was unnoticed, and feeling angry when the face caught me in the act and frowned; as if a young lady went to a party for any other purpose than to see and be seen, or as if a poor purblind wretch as I was could see her with the naked eye

like other mortals. Whereupon, I felt abashed, and fell back upon the crowd, and sat apart, scarcely daring to steal a glance now and then, turning over the leaves of some "Keepsake" or "Book of Beauty"—the only one sad and silent individual in the midst of those jostling groups and the hubbub of those jarring voices—till chance, or fatigue, or vague pity of my forlorn condition, brought near me some young lady apparently as bashful and helpless as myself, when we managed to strike up an acquaintance, and sat together at the same table, busy over an illustrated copy of the "Lays of Ancient Rome" or the "Pleasures of Hope," pretending to criticise verses or plates, but in reality looking into each other's eyes, soul diving into soul, and indulging in a vast deal of nonsense in an undertone—in other words, *spooning* at an unusual rate; blind and deaf to all that was going on around us, till the party broke up, and we became conspicuous in the half-empty room; when we started up as if coming from the land of dreams, my charmer crimson in the face and looking guilty as she sought the shelter of her mamma's wing, and I was pounced upon by some good-natured friend who perceived my embarrassment, and took me off with him arm-in-arm, wishing me joy of my "*veni, vidi, vici*" conquest, and half

in jest, half in earnest, assuring me I should be expected to call early in the morning on my sweetheart's father, to be taken to task about "the nature of my intentions."

And I must confess that this banter astonished as much as it vexed me; for even after my three years' American experience, my Italian prejudices could not be reconciled to that Anglo-Saxon free-and-easy practice of letting a mere lass, scarcely out of her teens, go forth and angle for herself, her parents or guardians taking no pains to bait the hook, and only reserving to themselves the care of landing the fish when they were sure of the bite.

For my own part, Heaven knows I should have been willing enough to be caught; but, alas! it was yet for several years with great difficulty that I could manage to keep myself. To keep a wife was altogether out of the question; and not less so to allow a wife to keep me. I can scarcely remember now in how many encounters of the nature of the one I have just described, I found myself compromised; but somehow I always contrived to break through the toils, much as a swallow does through cobwebs. I withdrew from the field unscathed, though, perhaps, *parma non bene relictâ*, and always with a bold, though unfortunately

not firm enough, resolution never to venture among such pitfalls again.

Meanwhile the days passed. There were the lions of the Tower to be seen, the Mint, the Bank, the Tunnel, the Zoo; there were the environs to be explored—Richmond, Hampton Court, Windsor Castle—this latter especially; for I went frequently about with my Yankee friends, and these had their minds filled with nothing but the Queen, “their own darling young Queen,” whom they followed and waylaid at Hyde Park Corner, along Constitution Hill and the Mall, wherever she might have to pass; cheering her with all the breath in their lungs whenever they could catch a glimpse of her liveries, and dragging me along with them as if bent on making me as enthusiastic in my loyalty as they themselves—the free and enlightened citizens of the biggest of all Republics—could be.

We had come to England too late for Her Majesty’s coronation, and too early yet for her wedding; but I had good opportunities to see her, near enough even for my imperfect eyesight. The State apartments at Windsor were at that time most liberally thrown open to the public, for the Queen’s advisers at that early part of her reign deemed it expedient to popularise

the young sovereign by not too jealously denying her to her subjects' gaze. We stood, a small, well-behaved crowd of idlers, on the terrace before the Castle, on a fine Sunday afternoon at the end of June, 1839, in expectation of something which we had not long to wait for. Presently a door on one of the side-wings of the Palace was opened, and out stepped the Queen, alone, the gentlemen of the suite following a few steps behind—a fair vision, in a plain light summer dress, a dazzling white complexion, slightly coloured, a noble brow, a stately bearing, a firm step, a sure countenance, before which the bystanders gave way, hats off, bowing reverently, the crowd opening a wide avenue before her as she advanced among them, a girl of twenty, only two years a Queen and a twelvemonth crowned, but knowing her own mind, conscious of her exalted right, to all appearance bent on ruling as well as reigning. As she reached the end of the terrace a passing cloud sprinkled a few drops of rain on her face. She stood still for one moment, perplexed; then, as the drops gathered into a shower, she seemed to change her mind, and to shorten her intended walk to “the slopes” by merely going the round of the terrace. But even before she had accomplished that purpose

the shower became too smart for her composure. She soon broke into a pretty, mincing, double-quick step; and as she neared the door from which she had come out, she did as any other girl not born in the purple would have done—she rushed in at a run, the suite following.

Later in the year, in October, if I well remember, I saw her again at Chobham Park, where all London had assembled to behold the young Queen holding a grand review of her land forces. It was a sight to dwell in a man's mind for a lifetime: the beautiful green spot, a natural amphitheatre surrounded by richly wooded low hills, such as one sees only in England; a martial array of the finest men and steeds in the world; a vast multitude, such as London alone could muster; a chaos of dazzling sights and stirring sounds; and in the midst of it all a light slender white figure, seated on her charger on one of the heights, a diademed warrioress, a young *Una* with the Lion of England at her feet—a sight to conjure up to men's fancy all they had ever read of Boadicea with the Iceni, or of Elizabeth at Tilbury.

With all these sights and diversions to relieve the anxiety of my precarious position, I must, however, not attempt to conceal that life in England during

this first season was sufficiently irksome and dreary. For a man whose early existence had been spent either in Italy or here and there on the shores of the Mediterranean, a climate where, as Shakespeare has it, "the rain it raineth every day" (as it did that first year throughout August, to the great discomfiture of the knights of the Eglinton Tournament), must be allowed to be distressingly trying; and it took more than one twelvemonth to convince me that for all that wet and all that gloom there is some compensation in the luxuriance of vegetation, in the green of the fields abiding almost throughout the four seasons, in the extraordinary mildness and evenness of the temperature—and even in those cruel piercing and cutting easterly winds, which, whatever havoc they may carry on among weaklings, are the kind nurses of all the strength and daring which constitute the main boast of the English race.

I have been a dweller in many lands at various periods of my life, and I could not name the country in which my good health has ever forsaken me. But although in other regions life, so far as the weather was concerned, may have been more enjoyable, it is nowhere but in England—nowhere even in any part of my native peninsula—that I feel all my spirits and

energies, all my manhood about me in all its fulness; and as the only enduring charm of my existence has always been, not pleasure, but work, this country ended by suiting me best in every respect. But those first six or eight months involved a very severe apprenticeship, and the kind of work I had to live by, especially the teaching business, and the pleasure that was to sweeten it, especially the attendance at evening parties, as they compelled me to be a good deal out of doors, made the showers and the fogs, and the perpetual mud of the London streets not only unbearably grievous, but also heavily expensive.

The following year, 1840, seemed to hold out better prospects before me.

I had gone for my business card or circular to the printing-office of Mr. Richard Taylor in Great Queen Street, and had made the acquaintance of his nephew and junior partner, John Edward Taylor, a well-educated youth, who had just become known as the author of a little volume on "Michael Angelo, considered as a Poet." Both these printers belonged to a wide-spread family, sprung from the renowned Doctor of Music, Mr. Taylor, of Norwich, all of them Unitarians and Liberals in politics, all of them, males and females, distinguished for their literary or artistic attainments.

John Edward took me out to Weybridge, where his aunt, Mrs. Sarah Austin, the translator of Ranke, and the authoress of "The Story Without an End," was then living in attendance upon her husband, an official of some rank, now afflicted with a chronic and, as it proved, incurable complaint. Mrs. Austin may have been at that time between forty and fifty, but she showed still in her face and figure the traces of the magnificent beauty of her youth, and to suggest what that beauty might have been, she had still her perfect image in her daughter, Lucy, afterwards Lady Duff Gordon, whose "Letters from the Nile," written under the shadow of the writer's inevitable doom, death by consumption, have all the sad sweetness of the swan's dirge.

With the mother and daughter, and granddaughter, Mrs. Ross, and this latter's children, as well as with the four generations of many other families of my acquaintance, it has been my lot, Nestor-like, to abide on this earth. And nothing perhaps more forcibly reminds us of the rate at which the Present is burying the Past than the rapid succession of these new friends growing up to take beside us the place that our friends of other days have vacated.

Mrs. Austin was the kindest of women, kind

especially to the Italians, one of whom, Fortunato Prandi, had been her intimate friend, and whom she had aided in the translation and publication of the "Memoirs of Andryane," a State prisoner at Spielberg. She gave me letters for many influential men, all of whom were lavish of their promises of assistance in any kind of employment which I might suggest as suitable to my tastes and abilities; but all of whom civilly dismissed me when they perceived that I knew no better than they did the thing that I wanted and that I was fit for. One of these friends was Mrs. Austin's own nephew, Mr. Henry Reeve, a handsome young gentleman of high promise, for many years Registrar of the Privy Council and editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, whose advice, like that of Panizzi and many others, was that I should at once give up all idea of settling in London; that this huge town was only the *carrefour* (his very word), the road-crossing which might lead anywhere, but where nothing could be sown or reaped, and where a friendless stranger's likeliest chance was to be trampled to death under the chariots of those whom a benignant fortune was wafting on to competence and fame. He suggested Manchester, Edinburgh, Canada, the West Indies, East India. In this latter country, he told me, nothing would be easier than to get me a com-

mission in the army of the Nizam of Hyderabad, which was then being reorganised by Europeans. As this proposal flattered the heroic aspirations which I had always cherished in my youth, I, of course, eagerly gave in to it, and Mr. Reeve undertook to settle the matter with the Nizam's agent. But a letter I received from him three days later, expressed his regret that no commission could be given to a man more than twenty-five years old, unless he had served as an officer in one of the regular European armies. And I was nearly thirty!

Thus was a military career for the third time, and now for ever, closed against me; and for any other business than war I had stubbornly made up my mind that nothing should induce me to turn my back upon London.

As it had happened in America, in England also it was to women that I was indebted for the real help that was to extricate me from my worst difficulties. Mrs. Austin gave me letters for her friend, Mrs. Jameson, a lady who was then rising to fame as the authoress of "*The Diary of an Ennuyée*," "*Female Sovereigns*," etc.; and who, later in life, travelled to Italy as an Art critic, and worked for many years at her popular works, "*Sacred and Legendary Art*," "*Legends of the Madonna*," etc.

Mrs. Jameson, at that time a middle-aged woman,

auburn-haired, with a fair complexion, a Venetian type of face, a somewhat portly but loose and languid frame—though, I believe, not in bad health—lived in Notting Hill with her old mother and a young niece; her literary productions being, as she said, the only support of her small household. She had been married in Canada to an ill-tempered man by whom she had been ill-treated, and so savagely, that, as the report was—probably a myth—he had, in a fit of mad passion, fired a pistol at her, the bullet of which was still lodged in her flesh between her ribs. She asked me repeatedly to lunch, and it was at her house that I met more than once a young man with a bright countenance, long hair down to his shoulders, and dark eyes, with the light of intelligence and the fire of enthusiasm flashing from them—whose name, I learnt, was Robert Browning.

Browning was then all full of Italy, a country wherefrom he had just returned, and where, as he told me, he had been rummaging about that farrago of the rhymesmiths of the *Cinquecento*, “among whose rubbish he found gems of great price.” He was two years my junior, and had just published “*Sordello*,” a poem which interested me by its subject, but of which my still imperfect knowledge of the English

language did not allow me to fathom the meaning. Its author announced that he would soon be back in Italy, where alone he could live. And there indeed I met him many years afterwards, a happy married man, as I still meet him not unfrequently at the Athenæum Club, a resigned widower, the dark mane turned to gray, but the eye still undimmed, and the vein of his manly verse unexhausted.

As I mentioned, incidentally, that I had given lectures on Italian history and literature in Boston, and that some of my articles had appeared in the *North American Review*, Mrs. Jameson expressed a wish to see some of my writings; and upon my sending her the MS. of the lectures, she asked me whether I could so modify them as to fit them for publication in one of the London magazines. She then addressed me to her publishers, Saunders & Otley, of Conduit Street, the proprietors of the *Metropolitan Magazine*, a periodical which had come into light under the auspices of Edward Lytton Bulwer, but whose editor at the time was, as usual with such publications, a mystery.

I went to Conduit Street, where, besides their publishing offices, these booksellers had also one of the largest circulating libraries in London, and where Mrs. Jameson's name ensured for me a friendly reception.

Mr. Saunders, an old man with a light-brown wig and gold spectacles, was busy with the financial department of the establishment. Mr. Otley, still young, and with the look of a City dandy, was especially charged with the literary part of the concern; and, I suspected, had in his hand the management of the *Metropolitan*, whose editor had probably no more real existence than one of Ariosto's hippogriffs. He showed the most eager disposition to make himself agreeable; declared that he would be only too proud to bring into light anything "from so distinguished a pen"; but warned me that the reputation of the magazine filled the editor's hands with so vast a number of excellent articles, that it was extremely difficult to find room even for the best known and most popular writers. About a week later I called upon him with the Introduction to my Lectures, which I had in the interval carefully written over again, and which he engaged to submit to the editor without delay. But a month elapsed before I received the editor's answer, "that the article was 'accepted,'" and would appear in the forthcoming number. Mr. Otley then proceeded to business, and informed me that the magazine had to withstand the competition of many rival publications coming up day by day like mushrooms; and that, so high was its standing, that nothing

could have been easier for the editor than to fill it up with unpaid and yet most valuable contributions. But he added that gain was not with the Conduit Street firm the only object; that they were above all things anxious to encourage rising talent, and to raise the tone of their journal by the occasional publication of other matter besides works of fiction; and he concluded that for a series of essays like the one the editor had now in hand, they would be willing to pay at the rate of three guineas per sheet, or about 3s. 11 $\frac{1}{4}$ d. per page. There was nothing very splendid about the terms; but I have no doubt that even that paltry remuneration would never have been allowed to a complete stranger and a mere beginner, had it not been for the bookseller's reliance on Mrs. Jameson's judgment, and their desire to oblige an authoress whose works had already brought, and could still bring, grist to their mill.

But, however the result may have been brought about, the fact that a literary career was now opened for me in England seemed to admit little doubt; and it filled me with a feeling of exultation far more lively than that which attended my first success in America; both because the field of activity spreading now before me was wider and higher, and because I had been much less sanguine about any chance of my gaining a footing

on it. I went to work with such earnestness during the five or six ensuing weeks, as to have as many of the articles ready for the magazine. They all were meant to appear under the title of "Italy," and so contrived as to come out separate and self-standing essays, though they were in reality linked together like the chapters of one and the same work. Some delay occurred before the editor, or the publishers, showed any disposition to keep their promise. It was only in April that the proofs of the first article were sent to me for correction. And I was looking forward with a young author's eagerness to the forthcoming May-day, when I was told that article was to be the first in the table of contents of that number, when something happened to upset all my reckonings, and to disturb the even tenor of that English existence to which I now deemed myself indissolubly wedded.

I had given to my new employment as a writer for the magazine only the few hours I could spare from my former occupation—usually the early morning before breakfast; but I did not suffer anything to interfere either with my lessons, or with my business as a translator of other people's writings, or the compilation of the index to other people's books. To give myself a chance of earning my bread as a literary man I deemed

it a duty—and it was a necessity—to shrink from no literary drudgery. I was in the *faut-vivre* phase of my career, and I had never forgotten, and never can forget, that there are things a man can do much worse than working and little better than stealing.

I had just finished a translation I had undertaken for Enrico Mayer, and which I had promised to have ready for him before the day he had appointed for his departure from England, when he came to see me in Bedford Place, to settle accounts between us, and to take his leave. He was extremely liberal in his payment, as I said before, and the sum he owed me for the present work amounted to something between twenty and thirty pounds.

He sat down and took out his purse, but before he opened it he looked fixedly at me with his grave and earnest countenance, expressive of a benevolence that I have never seen equalled, and intimated that he had some important communication to make. He took a very sincere interest in my affairs, he said; he perceived, to his great regret, that, whether owing to the dreariness of the climate or the outward reserve of this good but not very demonstrative or expansive people, or—well, to other circumstances—I did not *get on* as happily in England as he might wish. He had said

nothing about it till this moment; but he had some hidden design in his mind all the time, and it had now come to maturity. "He was most happy to tell me," he concluded, "that he had smoothed the way for me to leave England, and—go back to Italy."

"To Italy!" I exclaimed. "What—an amnesty—to me, my dear Mayer? Had I wished to degrade myself by asking for pardon, I might now have been comfortably at home this many a year. Pardon, forsooth! The Italian Governments might well forgive me, but could I ever forgive the Italian Governments?"

"I never spoke of an amnesty," he said, his calmness in no way ruffled by my vapouring. "Never dreamt of proposing such a thing to you. Listen to me. Our Grand-Ducal Government in Tuscany is not much better than those of the Bourbons at Naples or of the Pope at Bologna. It is equally despotic, but not tyrannical to the same extent. It affects Liberalism; it courts popularity; it encourages learning; it is lenient in the exercise of its censorship of the press. There may be affectation—hypocrisy, if you will—in its conciliating and forbearing policy; but I do not see why we should not take it as current coin, and make the most of it. At Pisa young men are allowed almost unbounded freedom in their studies. At Florence,

Cantù, Albéri, and many other distinguished exiles from Lombardy and Piedmont, not only live unmolested, but are allowed to proclaim what they think truth in their historical publications. Mazzini himself sends his articles to the *Antologia*. His name does not always appear, but his style is known. And we have *Antonio Foscari* and *Giovanni da Procida* evening after evening at our theatres. Were it not for the presence of the Austrian Ambassador at Florence and the threats of Metternich from Vienna, Tuscany might be a perfect oasis in the wilderness of enslaved Italy."

"That is all very well, my friend," said I; "but think of it. I should have to beg leave to cross the Tuscan frontier—leave to reside in Tuscan territory—and——"

"You would have nothing of the kind to do," he interrupted, "and this is precisely what I have managed for you. The name you now bear is not in the list of proscription. Neither the Tuscan police nor the Austrian Embassy need trouble themselves about Luigi Mariotti. They might suspect, they might perfectly well know who you are. They might object to your presence, and you would, as a matter of course, always be at their discretion. But their tactics are '*Quieta non muovere*.' It would hardly be worth their while

to incur the odium of molesting you, unless you gave them cause to fear you."

"There! you have said it," I burst out with bitter disdain. "I should be tolerated on my good behaviour."

"There would be nothing to hurt your feelings," he replied with a quiet smile. "The door would be open; you would come in without knocking. You might always reserve your freedom of action. Whenever you wished to declare war, you would call for your passport and strike your flag like any Ambassador. The worst that would happen would be—you would have to go. We have no scaffolds in Tuscany. We have no State prisons. But even against the chance of your expulsion I have provided. Listen to me! There is an English family at Florence of the name of Crawley, resident in the Grand Duchy for these last twelve years; flattered though dreaded at Court; endeared to all classes of people by their amiability and hospitality, by the liberal use of their enormous wealth for the well-being of all around them. Well, my friend! The head of this family, Mr. Crawley, asks you to become his guest."

"Asks me?" I wondered. "Why, what on earth does he know about me?"

"I might answer he knows as much as I told him," said Mayer, "but that would scarcely be justice to all parties. The fact is, some of your American friends have been beforehand with me, singing your praises. Enough that all is arranged. You have only to land at Leghorn, and just mention Mr. Crawley's name. I tell you, you will have the police, the custom-house, and the very gendarmes at your feet."

I was greatly moved, yet still perplexed, not half convinced; but I jumped up, reached my hand across the table to my friend, while something like moisture glistened between my eyelids. "You are an angel, Mayer, to take all this trouble about me," I said. "But—but what shall I do in Tuscany when I am there?"

"Why, what are you doing here?" he retorted sharply. "Work and earn your bread. You have learnt English, but you have not forgotten your Italian. Mr. Crawley offers you hospitality for as long a time as you may be willing to accept it. He has lots of children; he will, perhaps, if it suit you, allow you a handsome stipend as a tutor. Ill-paid as our writers are, the *Antologia* of Florence will offer you better terms than you have obtained from the *Metropolitan* in London. Remember also, writing in England is a trade. In Italy it is a mission. Here the stimulus

is ambition, there it is duty. You have talents; you have seen the world; you have access to the thoughts of other nations. You may love England, but you owe yourself to your country. And what can you do here for Italy? Plot with Mazzini? But you are too straightforward, too impetuous for such underground work. Leave it to Mazzini; join us. His instinct is conspiracy—our method is education. He works in the dark, we prefer daylight, and not improbably we tend to the same goal, though different are the means by which we hope to reach it.”

I had sat down as he spoke, and when he had done I buried my face in both my hands, and remained thus for a few moments thinking.

At last I looked up.

“You have conquered, my own friend, you have conquered! Only give me a few minutes to breathe. Your offer upsets all my plans; demolishes many of my theories—there is something in it that humbles my pride. But I believe you are right. Give me your hand! I accept. I’ll go back to Italy.”

Thus did another man’s words once more divert me from my purpose. I had left America with a full determination to live and perhaps die in England: I thought no force in the world could take me back

to Italy except the immediate chance of fighting for her deliverance. Yet here was I again, listening to the voice of the charmer. After only eleven months' residence, I was leaving England; I was returning to Italy—to an Italy where every chance of deliverance was indefinitely adjourned.

My heart still misgave me; but my mind was made up: I found some pretexts to break through my engagements with such pupils as I had; I delivered to Messrs. Saunders & Otley the copy of the seven chapters of "Italy" which I had been carefully preparing for the press; and, having settled all my accounts, only three days after my long talk with my friend, on April 21st, 1840, I crossed over to Paris with Mayer; and, as his route lay through the Rhine and Switzerland, I went my way alone down to Lyons and Marseilles, where I embarked for Genoa and Leghorn.

Thus it has always been my custom: to let as short an interval as possible pass between coming to a resolution and carrying it into effect. And the reason is perhaps that I do not thoroughly trust my own firmness, and do not wish to allow myself time to change my mind.

CHAPTER III.

FIRST REPENTANCE.

London to Leghorn—Leghorn to Florence—An English family—
Their friends and politics—Florentine acquaintance—A golden
youth—A great Italian—An American artist—Back to England.

FROM London to Leghorn, in the year of grace, 1840, there was a long and somewhat fatiguing journey of ten days and ten nights. Twenty-four hours by the boat from London Bridge, and across the Channel to the Calais stairs. Two nights and two days from the Hotel Dessain to that Babel of all the French diligences, the Place Nôtre Dame des Victoires. Again five days and five nights from Paris to Marseilles, *viâ* Lyons. From Marseilles the French coasting steamers went round to Naples, touching Genoa, Leghorn, and Civita Vecchia, and so contriving each of the four voyages as to come in sight of harbour every morning at break of day.

Throughout the land journey across France, it was not the traveller's comfort but the *conducteur's* convenience that was invariably consulted. The only stoppages, of nearly one day in Paris, and five or six hours at Lyons, were all that was allowed for the use of soap and cold water. For breakfast and dinner about a quarter of an hour each meal, and with the terror of the thundering "*En voiture, Messieurs!*" haunting one between the first spoonful of the scalding bouillon and the last drop of the burning coffee. But to make up for the hardships of that slow progress there was youth and good digestion, and the novelty of the Boulevards from the Madeleine to the Place St. Antoine and of the quays from Nôtre Dame to the Invalides; and a glimpse of Amiens, Dijon, Avignon, and other old towns seen from the lofty seat of the banquette; and the food at the hasty meals not unpalatable, and the wine throughout Burgundy first-rate. At sea, the French Mediterranean steamers were very much what the Messageries are now and for ever will be: the seamanship pitiful, the *cuisine* and the *litterie* the best afloat.

It was early in the morning of May-day when we anchored at Leghorn, and some time elapsed before the officials of the Police and the Board of Health would allow us to land. But no sooner was I free from those

hindrances than I closed with the offer of the driver of a *calessino* or *biroccino*, who had just conveyed two English passengers to the steamer, and engaged to take me back with him to Florence in six hours, for not more than two *paoli* an hour—a *Francescone* and the *buona mano* (about five shillings) for the whole journey.

Leghorn was at that time a free port. The custom-house was not at the harbour entrance, but at the inland town gates, where the search was rather strict and irksome. To aggravate the evil, as my luggage was hauled down from the vehicle and opened for the custom-house guards' inspection, a crowd of idlers, most of them decent people (to judge from their clothes), gathered around us to witness the proceedings. Curiosity is the besetting sin of the Livornese, as, I am afraid, of the Tuscans in general. What all those *loafers* expected to see in those dusty portmanteaux and leather bags of mine I was at a loss to imagine—for those were not yet the days of dynamite or Orsini bombs—but there they stood, staring with all their eyes, as if to make out whether the *Inglese* (for they took me for one) would be clever enough to baffle the vigilance and outwit the sagacity of the keen-scented Grand-Ducal *douaniers*. I was writhing all the time under the indignity of those impertinent

lookers-on ; and when the business was over, and I was allowed to resume my seat in the *calesse*, I could not refrain from giving them a bit of my mind, telling them in a language decent enough to remove all doubt about my nationality : " Well, gentlemen, I hope you saw nothing stolen from you in my valises." The reproach was mild and well-deserved, but the blackguards were hurt and became abusive, whereupon I waxed wroth ; and had not my vetturino given his horse a cut and set off at a gallop, my first encounter with countrymen, on my return after ten long years' sufferings in my country's cause, would have been a quarrel.

My vetturino did not quite accomplish the feat of which he had boasted. We did not travel over the distance in six hours. But in spite of an hour's stay for breakfast at Pisa, and a somewhat longer spell at Pontedera for dinner, it was not later than between eight and nine in the evening when we arrived at the gate of Florence.

At the gate of Florence we were stopped by the gendarmes. My passport had been already *visé* at Leghorn, and was all right. Still the rule was for travellers to deliver up again that precious document at the town gate, and give the name of the hotel

where they wished to put up; but on mentioning that I was going to stay with some friends at a private house, and merely naming the Crawleys, my passport was respectfully handed back to me, and we were allowed to proceed without further parley.

Mr. Crawley's residence was a large, grim, fortress-like old palace on the Lung' Arno, on the left bank of the river. The entrance and vast staircase stood open, and almost in utter darkness, throughout the night. On sending in my card at the door of the state apartments on the *Piano Nobile*, I was soon met by Mr. Crawley himself, who, bidding me welcome, showed the way through a long maze of gloomy corridors to the room that had been made ready for me; where my kind host, upon ascertaining that I had dined, and was not at all tired, still insisted on sending up a flask of Chianti and a few biscuits, and whence, after the allowance of half-an-hour for a hasty toilet, he again led the way to a somewhat dimly-lighted, but large and lofty, hall, where a numerous company was assembled.

With so little risk or difficulty had I thus smuggled myself into Italy.

There were several reasons why my friend Enrico Mayer should not wish to travel with me to my

journey's end. Mayer was well known to the Tuscan Government as a loyal and open, though uncompromising, opponent. He was one of those men whom despotic men fear more than they hate, being aware that they are equally law-abiding, and above all suspicion of underhand plots or intrigues. Mayer was not a native of the country, nor was he even a naturalised Tuscan subject. Both himself and his brother, the banker, head of the family, were under the protection of Wurtemberg, a State of which both the banker himself and his father before him had been for many years consular agents at Leghorn. But although my friend had nothing to fear for himself, he was not sufficiently strong to make himself answerable for my safety; for my coming to Italy under an assumed name was in itself an illegal act, and Mayer could and would have no hand in it. Had I appeared in Florence as *Antonio Gallenga*, the Austrian Ambassador, as representative of my liege sovereign, the Duchess of Parma, would have been in duty bound to apply to the Tuscan Government for my immediate arrest and expulsion; but as *Luigi Mariotti*—though the pseudonym was a secret to no one who might care to know it—it was nobody's business to trouble himself about me, especially so

long as I was the guest of a long-established and highly respected British subject, and as such under the ægis of Her British Majesty's Envoy, Lord Burghersh—later Earl of Westmoreland—who was at no time loth to throw his own diplomatic influence into the scale in opposition to the overbearing control exercised over the Grand-Ducal Government by that great bugbear of the Austrian Ambassador.

Under Mr. Crawley's roof I was still, so to say, on English ground. Mr. Crawley was only too happy to lend himself to an act of kindness which was at the same time an evidence of his power; and when he introduced me to his domestic circle and the usual evening company, he actually named me "Luigi Mariotti, *alias* Antonio Gallenga, an exile from Parma, a hero and martyr of 1831," the *alias* being in this case a title of honour, which won me a general acclamation from the patriotic friends there assembled.

Mr. Crawley was a man of about sixty, of a very lofty and dignified appearance, and a quiet, unassuming demeanour. His wife was probably ten years younger, with a sharp and somewhat vinegar face, and fidgety address; a woman of many hobbies and oddities—very *blue*, and vain of her learning, whose strangest crotchet was a deep admiration of Strauss's "Life of Jesus,"

by which she had been induced to adopt the Hebrew views of our Saviour's career as a Messiah, and to live now as a converted and professed actual Jewess. The offspring of this somewhat ill-suited pair were numerous. The eldest son was at home in England, a married man and an M.P. But there were still in the house a lot of boys and girls, of any age between eighteen and twelve; the eldest daughter, sixteen years old, rather pretty, but with some of her mother's acidity of expression; and who, a few years later, married one of Mazzini's staunchest, and to do him justice, most honourable partisans, Ausonio Sarpi.

In all the grown-up members of this Crawley family two distinct natures were blended. As English men and women they were proudly aristocratic, and ultra-Conservatives both in matters of Church and State. To the ignorant Italians who *milorded* or *miladied* them, they were always anxious to explain that they "had no titles and would be sorry to have any"—that the members of the House of Lords were for the most part mere upstarts, and that the true nobility of England were the old landowners—the county families—before whose names men only placed the plain Mr. and Mrs., by which they themselves, the Crawleys, preferred to be designated.

But as residents of Italy the Crawleys harboured quite different views, and acted on altogether other principles. It was not improbably a wish to retrench that had originally determined their choice of Florence (at that time a cheap place) for their permanent quarters. But it was not long before the bright Southern land cast its wonted spell over them. They soon learnt, not only to love Italy, but to sympathise with the Italians. Unlike most of their countrymen, they made themselves at home among the natives ; they took their cause to heart ; and, though they frequented the Court, and were even dealt with by the Grand-Ducal family with marked courtesy and benevolence, they made their house the *rendezvous* of the most advanced revolutionary characters ; not only of the patriots whose only aim was the Independence and Unity, or at least Union, of Italy, but also of the most fanatical partisans of Mazzini and his Giovane Italia, whose faith was in a general subversion of all civil and social order, and its reconstruction on the basis of an ultra-democratic, unbounded political and religious freedom. The only condition for the admission even of the most ranting republican into the Crawley circle was that the man should be educated and gentlemanly ; and, as a necessary consequence, the majority of the Italians and

strangers of other nations who frequented the house were of that order of the nobility, all the titles and privileges of whom were to be involved in the impending wreck and ruin of an effete society. The people of that class sat up till late; and before the company broke up I had on that first evening made the acquaintance of many young men belonging to the best Florentine families, the Mannelli, Baldelli, Ginori, Ridolfi, Cambray-Digny, etc., all Counts or Marquises; with the brothers Fenzi, bankers; Bartolommeo Cini, a great paper-mill owner; and a few professors, men of letters, etc., who, if they had no other titles, were sure to be addressed as *Dottori* or *Avvocati* (M.D.'s or LL.D.'s); for a handle to every name was indispensable in Italy, at least in those days.

Anything more charming than the conversation of these well-bred persons could not well be imagined. There were no other ladies present than those of the family; yet, strange to say, it struck me as if there were something feminine in the tone of the voices, the softness of the accent—to which my ears had of late become unaccustomed—something in the caressing manner and winning affectionate address, to which the *tutoiement* of the Southern idioms admirably lends

itself. All that was so old as to have become almost new to me ; it sounded like the mere echo of a half-forgotten past. The years of my wandering life vanished from my mind ; and in those few hours of my first evening in Florence I felt as if I became again the mere youth of my Parma days ; a hare-brained, impetuous, enthusiastic youth ; not without upward instincts, but variable, melancholy, half-ascetic in my habits ; with many faults, all, I vowed, to be redeemed by self-sacrifice in some noble cause ; above all, with an earnest love of work, and uncommon powers of exertion and endurance.

The following morning had a sobering effect. I went down into the hall before breakfast, and was set upon by the whole bevy of the Crawley children, who took me to their schoolroom, and opening their class-books, appointed me then and there their tutor without waiting to know their parents' mind or my pleasure on the subject. I was, of course, only too happy to repay in some manner the hospitality which had been so freely offered, and to which no limit or condition had as yet been prescribed. When Mr. Crawley came down and saw us at work, he only said : " Sit still ; do not move, let me not disturb you," and passed on. Thus, without further explanation, my life in that house began. I was

installed as a private instructor for two or three hours in the morning, then had all the rest of the day to myself, to see Florence, extend and improve my Florentine acquaintance, lounging in the galleries, idling at the Café Doney, flirting with the Signora Erminia, the flower-girl there, a mere peasant, but a sovereign beauty with whom every male customer was bound to flirt; walking or driving to the *Cascine*, and staring at the lovely English and Russian ladies at the *Piazzone*, where they sat as for a show in their glittering carriages, till all ended by going home at dusk to Casa Crawley, where dinner and the usual reunion awaited me.

Dare I confess that with all its charms that easy life soon became wearisome to me? Those nine years' wanderings had completely unfitted me for that monotonous quiet. I felt thoroughly *dépaysé*. Where everybody was thus busy doing nothing, it seemed hard that I should just have come all the way from England to help them. There were many among those Florentine idlers whom I liked, not many for whom I could feel much respect. The tone of their mind struck me as frivolous; their patriotism, which was general and sincere, seemed merely an affair of fashion; their love of literature and art only a luxury. I had fallen in with a set of dilettanti; the talk was prodigious—the

work nil. My English and American experience had taught me to look on manliness as the first and most essential attribute of man ; and Diogenes himself with his lantern would have been at great pains to find much of that quality among that "Jeunesse Dorée." They were people who sat up late and wasted the night, as if thereby to acquire the right to kill the forenoon. Lands they had, but knew no country life. They had horses, but never rode. Hunting, shooting, boating, and other manly exercises were not to their taste. Their time was divided between the café and the *Cascine*, with the evening at the Pergola, and the late summer at the baths of Lucca or Pisa, Montenero or Viareggio. Their talk was a little about Italy, a great deal about the Opera and the ballet. About some rival stars rising in the operatic horizon they would squabble with as much fury as their ancestors ever displayed in their Guelph and Ghibeline feuds.

I had gone the round of these same toils, which men called pleasures, when at home, in Parma, during the first score years of my life. Not a little of my youth was taken up by attendance at Opera boxes, dangleing about married women. But it was a life for which I despised myself even then, when I knew no better, and which I loathed now, when I saw the danger of my

- relapsing into its inglorious routine. I did not dislike my new Florentine friends. Very fine fellows some of them were, with noble aspirations and generous instincts; but they seemed too ready to give in to the seductions of their corrupt society; they were too easily persuaded that all striving after better things would be unavailing; that their country was no field in which the battle of life could be fought with the least hope of success. And it was so, indeed; for Italy was too utterly weakened by division, too prostrate and helpless under the priestly and princely rule that had weighed upon her for centuries, to have any chance of working out her deliverance by her unaided efforts. But it seemed to me that my countrymen still could and should fight for fighting's sake; that they should stake their lives even on a losing game. I had always had a true religious faith in the miraculous power of self-sacrifice. Where a man cannot conquer in a good cause, I thought, he can at any rate suffer for it. No Government can stand on a system of wholesale proscription and banishment. It may always be defied, even when it cannot be overthrown. It is in all cases right that one man should suffer for a whole people. "*Vincit qui patitur*," was my device, and on that theme I held forth among friends and strangers,

in private circles and at the café tables, with that rash, inconsiderate freedom of speech which had always been habitual to me, even in my schoolboy days at home, and had become a second nature during my stay in free countries, but which now caused my audience first to wonder and stare at me, then to turn pale and look behind their backs to see whether I was overheard, and at last to slink off one by one; some of them thinking me stark-mad; others, who knew nothing about me, suspecting me as a spy and “agent provocateur”—all which did not prevent my real friends making much of me, declaring that what I said was Christ’s own gospel, and only wishing I might show a little more reserve, charity, and discretion.

It was especially in this respect that I was repeatedly admonished by my friend, Enrico Mayer. His home was with his brother at Leghorn; but he had chambers both at Pisa and Florence, and was often to be seen in both cities. With all his Italian patriotism Mayer was a good German, and liked fair play both with friends and enemies. He had no faith in conspiracy; no hope in rebellion. All his reliance was in the education of the lower classes, and it was to that scope that he worked with all his energy with Lambruschini, Salvagnoli, Andreucci, and many other

writers in the *Educatore*. But I could neither see nor hope great results from the task at which these worthy men laboured. I did not see much good in supplying readable matter for a people who had little taste for reading. I thought there was no language in Italy in which the lower classes could be addressed; for all Italians, high and low, even in Tuscany, use their patois in their familiar intercourse, and their noble tongue, which was only used for literary purposes, had all the artificiality, all the stiffness and unwieldiness of a dead language. Moreover, it seemed to me that all the corruption in Italy was, not in the lowest ignorant classes, who at least toiled and suffered, but rather among the higher orders, for whom the best means of education were provided both at home and abroad. What was wanted in Italy was, not merely instruction, but moral and physical training; and it was especially among the enervated, effeminate youth of the upper ranks that this deficiency was felt. It was this kind of education that the rulers of the country, both lay and clerical, most resolutely combated or at least discountenanced. Almost everything was allowed to a man in Italy, and especially in Tuscany—except to be A MAN!

I spoke in this sense to the only one who seemed to me a real man, the Marquis Gino Capponi, to whom my good Mayer introduced me on his first arrival in Florence. Gino Capponi had almost all the gifts of body, mind, and heart that combine to make a king of men. He was the one among the Italians who had seen most of the world, and whom the world held in the highest esteem and reverence. He was the wisest as well as the noblest in the opinion of his countrymen; the one most dreaded yet least molested or suspected by his country's rulers.

Capponi was forty-eight years old when I first saw him, and he lived to the great age of eighty-four; he laboured at the emancipation of the country by the regeneration of its people; he found himself, as its natural leader, at its head in 1848, when there was a chance of its deliverance; he had to yield the supreme power when anarchy and reaction set in; but throughout all revolutionary phases he stood firm and erect, too secure in his *mens conscia recti* ever to bend or break. Throughout that long life, in the privacy of his library, he had set himself a task—a "History of the Florentine Republic." He was at work about it year after year, long after he had lost the use of his eyes, and had to read or write by the

help of an amanuensis, and he put off the publication of his work till 1876—the year of his death.

He was a tall man, renowned for his rare good looks in youth, majestic and serene in middle age when he was still striving with his gloomy affliction, resigned and cheerful at the time I last visited him with my friend Hillebrandt, in 1874, when he was in utter darkness, yet still in possession of all his faculties, with an unequalled freshness of memory, a clear, sonorous voice, and a wonderful fluency and command of language. I saw a great deal of him while I was in Florence. His interest in me centred in the fact that I had been for nearly three years in Boston, and had there been so intimate with Prescott as to be able to tell him how the American historian bore up under the gloomy calamity with which Capponi himself was afflicted, how he managed to grope in the dark for the materials wherewith his historical edifice had to be reared, and at what rate the assistance of other men's eyes and hands enabled a blind man to work.

He made me read out to him some passages of "Ferdinand and Isabella," and urged me to undertake an Italian translation of the American's work—a scheme which he pursued with great interest, taking up the publication as his own speculation, coming to terms with

the bookseller Barbera for my remuneration, and helping me in the interpretation of some technicalities about the constitutional organisation of the mediæval kingdoms of Castile and Aragon, in which he displayed an amount of knowledge far above anything that I could boast. I took up the task with good-will, but I only regret that I was not allowed to carry it on to any great length, as I had to leave Florence when I had just fairly gone through the magnificent introduction.

Capponi fully sympathised with all I felt and said about the frivolity—the want of backbone—of the Florentine youth of that generation; he thought, as I did, that there is no state of society in which a man may not do great good by incurring a little risk, and encouraged me to write in the same strain as I talked, trusting that his influence would suffice to ensure a place for my articles in the *Antologia*, the *Archivio Storico*, and the *Educatore*.

It happened about the end of May, as I was sitting down with my young pupils in Casa Crawley, that we missed our French dictionary, which, it was said, had been taken into Mrs. Crawley's drawing-room. The children lost time bidding one another to go and fetch the book, when, waxing impatient, I got up, and went for it myself.

It was rather early in the forenoon, but Mrs. Crawley was already in the room with some lady visitors. I walked in with a light step, and went straight to the side-table, where the dictionary was lying, hoping to escape notice; but Mrs. Crawley looked up, and said, with what seemed to me uncalled-for asperity: "Mr. Mariotti, the children are in the schoolroom."

"I know it," I answered; "and I beg your pardon. I have just left them there this moment. I only came for this book, and I was not aware you were here and had company."

With this I withdrew, and the lady probably thought no more of the snub she had administered; but I thought it undeserved, and it rankled in my bosom very deeply and very sorely. So much so, that the lesson was no sooner over than I ran to Mayer's lodgings, told him the occurrence, and begged him to intimate to Mr. Crawley, with many thanks for his kindness, that I had already too long trespassed on his hospitality, and that I wished now to establish myself in Florence as a bachelor, living by myself in chambers, and looking for literary employment.

My good Mayer tried hard to reason me out of my "fatal resolution," as he called it, which, as it would cut me adrift from English protection, would imme-

diately lead to my banishment from Tuscany ; but, seeing that my purpose was unalterable, he conveyed my wishes to Mr. Crawley with such tact and dexterity as to remove all suspicion of any displeasure on my part, and it was settled that I should take up my residence where I pleased, so only I continued my attendance at Crawley House as an instructor, Mr. Crawley for the first time bethinking himself of appointing my salary, and insisting on paying arrears from the first day of my arrival.

Thus all was settled, and I took my leave. I was punctual in the discharge of my duties at the school-room, and appeared at some of the evening reunions at Casa Crawley for a week or two ; but little by little my visits of ceremony discontinued. It was not long before family matters called away Mr. Crawley to England. The family went for their sea-baths at Spezia, and I never saw any of them again, except the eldest girl, whom I met many years later in the Strand as a married woman, walking arm-in-arm with her husband, Ausonio Sarpi ; when the lady cut me dead as an anti-Mazzinian, while Sarpi himself shook hands and stopped for a friendly greeting ; for he was too rational a being to allow political differences to interfere with the claims of mutual esteem and friendship.

Would it be believed that, though I was now my own master, I found it still very difficult to reconcile myself to my sojourn at "Florence the Fair"? But it so happened that the spring or early summer of that year was oppressively hot, and the glare or dust affected my eyes; and I felt as if the little English I had learnt had taken away any skill I ever had in the use of my Italian; I was at a loss for proper, forcible expressions, both in my translation and in my original writings; and I felt town life in Italy noisy and unwholesome, the air polluted by bad drainage, by the exhalations of the stagnant water of the dammed-up river, and by the utter disregard of all decency, and of the commonest hygienic rules on the part both of the Government and people.

I began, in short, to perceive that I had been too long estranged from my country to find myself at home in it. I fancied that by turning my back upon England, I had cut myself off from all intellectual, sober, useful life, and dreaded that force of example which might soon make me as inane and unprofitable a being as only too many of the men I saw about me. I was disappointed, disheartened, sick of myself; weary of the present, hopeless of the future, and regretful of the past. I hardly dared to avow it

even to myself; but it is a fact that I longed to leave Italy and go back to England. And it was not long before it came to pass that I had my heart's desire.

I had got into the habit of shunning intercourse with my countrymen, among whom I perceived that my scoldings and upbraiding had made me unpopular, and seldom saw any company, except at Viesseux's *soirées* in the fine apartments adjoining the great Circulating Library, which was the social centre of all distinguished travellers going through Florence, and where one met fully as many strangers—especially English and Americans—as natives of Italy. I had made there the acquaintance of Horatio Greenough, at that time the most renowned of American sculptors, and who was now busy with a colossal statue of George Washington, destined to fill a conspicuous place in the Hall of the Capitol at the seat of Government in the United States.

Greenough was one of the handsomest and best-mannered men I have ever known, and I saw a great deal of him, both at his house where he lived with his wife and wife's sister, and at the *Cascine*, where he drove a phaeton and a fine span of horses, and where he usually looked out for me, begged me to take the vacant seat by his side, and after a prolonged drive alighted

with me for an ice and a little æsthetic talk at the Café Doney. As the summer advanced his ladies had gone for their sea-baths to Viareggio, and as the town was fast emptying itself of its foreign visitors we became indivisible, and were pointed at as we passed as Orestes and Pylades.

One morning about mid-July I called at his studio, and found him grave and thoughtful, and, as I thought, less than usually warm in his greetings.

“My friend,” he said, “what have you done to call upon yourself the attention of the Grand-Ducal police? Do you know? One of Baldasseroni’s secretaries has just been here, intimating that the Government are fully aware that you are living here under an assumed name, which is, in their estimation, a very heinous offence, and which puts you *hors la loi*. They would, they say, have proceeded against you long ago, but as they know you are my friend and would rather spare me any unpleasantness, they begged me to convey to you their advice, which is, to call for your passport and take yourself off with as little delay as possible, and while you are still free in your movements.”

I was thunderstruck and somewhat alarmed at the news, but it was only for a moment. In a few minutes I felt as if a great weight was removed from my mind.

“You don’t say so?” I exclaimed. “Then hurrah for England! You are my witness, Horatio. It is not from choice I go; they drive me out. Hurrah! hurrah! Old England for ever!”

Though my heart danced within me at the idea of going, I soon mastered my emotion, and went with a long face, first to the English, then to the American Minister, loudly complaining of the undeserved ill-treatment I met with at the hands of the Tuscan authorities, protesting against the violation of the common laws of international hospitality, and asking if they could and would support me if I resisted a command which had hitherto only been intimated to me under the form of a friendly hint.

Those two diplomatists shook their heads, as I well expected; they could do nothing for me; for, as a native of Parma, I either was under the protection of the Austrian Ambassador or under none.

Whereupon I raised a great clamour against the iniquity of the measure that expelled me, and laughing in my sleeve all the time, I packed up my luggage with great glee, paid my few debts, went through all the necessary leave-takings, and, putting myself in a biroccino like the one that had brought me to Florence, I drove back in it to Leghorn, just staying a few

hours at Pisa to explain what had happened to my dear Enrico Mayer, who showed me all his hearty sympathy, but had no other consolation to offer than the "I told you so!" of all prophets of evil.

That same night I slept at Leghorn, and on the morrow I embarked in the French steamer bound for Genoa and Marseilles; and hence through France, *viâ* Lyons, Dijon, Paris, and Boulogne, I crossed the Channel and came up the river to the London Bridge stairs, after little more than a three months' absence.

CHAPTER IV.

SECOND TRIAL IN ENGLAND.

Back in England—Gloomy lodgings—Gloomy prospects—Publishers' money—Uphill work—My first book—A holiday trip—My future home—A modern castle—Oxford—Coming out in print—Authors and critics—Writers and publishers.

It was not without a transport of joy that I stood on the deck of the Boulogne boat as we steered through the maze of the world's merchant shipping on our way to our landing-place. The river was then—and, in spite of all the railway termini, will ever be—the great avenue, and London Bridge the main gate, of London town. In the midst of all that stir and hubbub, under that clouded sky, in sight of those dingy-white turrets and that smoke-begrimed dome, I felt that I was coming home; and the mutton chop and Guinness's stout with which we whiled away our time at a low yet clean public-house near the wharf where our luggage was

being landed under the Custom House guards' supervision, went for not a little towards strengthening the feeling of satisfaction with which I saw myself restored to English life—the life best suited to my taste and temperament.

I had already, during my first stay in London, become weary of my boarding-house company, and made choice of a little parlour and back parlour in a decent house of furnished apartments at the east end of Devonshire Street, Portland Place. Thither I directed the cabman to take me and my luggage, and there I established myself in a thorough bachelor's establishment, feeling for the first time the great luxury of being alone, lord of all I surveyed, lord of myself and my time.

My trunks being emptied and my rooms tidied, I sallied forth into the street, and on to Portland Place, strolling leisurely along the broad-flagged pavement towards Langham Place and Regent Street. I mused. My prospects of gaining a permanent footing on the slippery ground of this huge English metropolis were certainly not brighter—were even considerably gloomier—than they had been on my arrival from America fourteen months before; and, woe is me! my pocket was lighter! We were now in the last

days of July, at the fag-end of the London season. The shutters were closed in most of the mansions of that stately neighbourhood. Schools and colleges would soon be breaking up for the summer holidays. Nothing to be done in private houses, where, even when the head of the family was detained in town by parliamentary, official, or professional business, the women and children were packed off to the country, to the sea—anywhere for a change of air. No chance, for me or for any man, of employment in the teaching line at this time of the year, even if I had not, in my own case, spoiled all by the abrupt manner in which I threw up the few pupils I had when I left England in mid-April, placing them under the necessity of providing another teacher at a moment's notice. With what face could I show myself to the kind friends who had exerted themselves on my behalf, reappearing barely three months after a leave-taking which both they and myself thought would be for ever? How could I expect them to take again the same interest in the fortunes of a man who seemed so little to know his own mind, who was so ready to break from old engagements, to launch into new ventures, and to throw away his opportunities?

My heart sank within me as I walked on in my brown study; but I had no one to blame except myself, and I felt how important it was in my difficulties to keep on good terms with the one who, as he had involved me in them, was alone in duty bound to extricate me from them. "You have made your bed, sir," I said to myself; "you must lie in it as you can."

With these thoughts in my mind, I had proceeded down Regent Street to the corner of Conduit Street, when I remembered Saunders & Otley, and the *Metropolitan Magazine*. I went up to the shop, was shown into old Mr. Saunders' sanctum, and was warmly greeted by the old gentleman, who handed me the August number of that journal, among the contents of which I read the fourth of the articles on "Italy" I had left in the mythical editor's hands at my departure. The publisher gave me the grand, the glorious news that my papers had made "quite a sensation;" that the remaining three would follow month by month, and that meanwhile he was in my debt and would be happy to settle with me for those that had appeared; for which, he added, he would have sent me a cheque to Italy, had I ever made him acquainted with my whereabouts as I had promised to do.

“Twelve guineas!” Can the reader imagine what a boon that lump of gold was to a poor wight, all whose wealth at that moment scarcely amounted to as many shillings? All that harvest gathered from seeds which I feared had been vainly scattered to the winds! It was the first remuneration I received for English literary work done in England, nor could it have been more welcome had the sum been ever so much larger, or my need of it ever so much less sorely and urgently pressing.

My spirits rose at once; and in the reaction following upon the chill of those few hours’ depression, there seemed to be hardly any undertaking I felt unequal to. “Lessons for me!” I exclaimed; “better starve as a bookseller’s hack than roll in wealth as a *Marchand de Participes*.”

It was not long, however, before I experienced that both teaching and writing would be for me, if not quite starving, at least sadly pinching work. I sat down at my desk with great courage and constancy. I renewed and extended my acquaintance with the *ban* and *arrière-ban* of the literary host. The printers, Richard and John Edward Taylor, had just started a *British and Foreign Review*, which relied for its funds on the liberality of a wealthy M.P. anxious for the

promulgation of ultra-liberal views, and which for a few months allowed its contributors as high a rate of remuneration as either the *Quarterly* or the *Edinburgh Review* had ever paid. The pages of the *Foreign Quarterly*, of the *Foreign and Colonial*, of the *Westminster* and other *Reviews* were liberally opened to me by their respective editors, and it was not very often that my MSS. were returned to me with or without thanks. But it was hard struggling work for a long time. For the paying editors were not many; and the few had their hands full, and were for the most part unknown to me, accessible to none but their intimate friends, and I never felt disposed to solicit as a favour that civility which I fancied I could claim as a right. My articles were not often rejected, but they lay for months unopened or unread; for months I was kept in suspense as to their fate; my letters unanswered, my applications for a personal interview met with an inexorable "Not at home!" Even when my writings were accepted and actually put into type, when the proof-slips were sent to me for correction, publication was still put off quarter after quarter, till my patience was exhausted, and I got back my MSS., not without some angry correspondence, occasionally ending in an actual quarrel; in one instance the

editor, a D.D., too, compelling me to resort to legal prosecution for the money he had received from the publisher for the payment of his contributors!

Even in those not very rare cases in which the Review was under honest and strictly punctual management, the writer in one of those heavy periodicals, especially if, like myself, he was only a beginner unknown to fame, had no end of vexatious disappointments and bitter humiliations to put up with. The editor, of course, was absolute and supreme judge of what suited his taste and befitted his journal. He had his own views and principles to uphold; his party's interests to serve, but in some instances also his crotchets and conceits to humour. He was always sure to be right even on subjects to which he had paid little attention, and which the writer had made the study of his whole life. Your poor article, that unlucky bantling on which you had bestowed so much care, which you had so long, so lovingly licked into shape, would come out—when it did come out—with a very mosaic of petty corrections, interpolations, mutilations, till you had no little difficulty in recognising your own production; till you found that you had been made to say what you never intended, and must be answerable for glaring

inconsistencies and absurdities of which you deemed yourself incapable. And all that because the Great Unknown at the head of the journal is determined that his editorship should be no sinecure, and that he would rather die than let well alone.

With all these drawbacks, however, that constant brain-work had not a little charm for me, and throughout the summer months of that year, 1840, I was assiduously at my desk, hardly seeing any man, and allowing myself no other recreation than a brisk walk round the Regent's Park, or a run up to the Hampstead and Highgate Hills. Besides revising and writing over again every line of those American lectures on "Italy" which I turned into articles for the *Metropolitan Magazine*, I wrote a series of essays for the reviews, only one of which came out before the end of that year, the remainder following at intervals during the ensuing twelve months, and even later, to suit the editors' convenience.*

October came, and with it the sea-bathers came back,

* The following are the dates of some of those articles, as they appeared in print :

1. "Catherine de Medici," October, 1840, *Foreign Quarterly Review*, No. LI.

2. "Historical Publications in Italy," January, 1841, *British and Foreign Review*, No. XXII.

and all the flock of those migratory birds whose flight did not extend beyond Boulogne, or Havre, or the Belgian cities and the Rhine. Business revived in London, and as all my earnings as a literary man were only in prospect, I had again perforce to take to my old trade of a teacher of languages, and did it with something of the feelings of those two greedy and improvident Capuchin monks, who on their way to a peasant's wedding found some fine ripe pears at the foot of a tree close to the roadside, and their first instinct was to pick them up, but on second thoughts, fearing that that fruit, tempting as it was, might spoil their appetite for the wedding feast, threw them contemptuously into the fetid ditch that stagnated along the highway; but who, being hindered in their further progress by a brook which recent rains had made impassable, had to go back disappointed and famished, and were only too glad to fish out of the mire and devour those pears which were now hardly fit for the swine to eat.

A complete revolution had taken place in London

3. "Copyright in Italy," January, 1841, *Foreign Quarterly Review*, No. LII.

4. "Italian Drama," April, 1841, *Foreign Quarterly*, No. LIII.

5. "Education in Italy," July, 1841, *Ibid.* No. LIV.

6. "The Women in Italy," October, 1841, *Ibid.* No. LV.

7. "The Aristocracy of Italy," January, 1842, *Ibid.* No. LVI.

with respect to that teaching trade. These were no longer the days of Byron and Shelley, of Roscoe, Leigh Hunt, Rogers, Landor, and those other stars of the Regency, who had caused all their educated countrymen to rave about Italy—no longer the days when Pickering's diamond editions of the Italian Classics were a paying speculation, and the lives of Poggio Bracciolini, Poliziano, or their contemporaries were in demand at the circulating libraries. Italian was at a discount after Queen Victoria's marriage, and German had come into fashion. Ariosto and Tasso could ill bear up against the inroads of Schiller and Goethe; and even poor Manzoni and Pellico were insufficient to keep up the pretensions of Italy to a living literature. The learners of Italian were indeed more numerous than ever; but they no longer belonged to the same class of people. The Italian teacher was simply looked upon as an auxiliary to the singing-master. His rank had sunk, and his fees had dwindled; and, in the same measure as his wares deteriorated, both in quality and price, the competition increased, owing to the constant influx of political exiles driven in shoals to these hospitable English shores by the calamitous vicissitudes of the Italian Peninsula—all the new comers taking to the teaching trade as to the only one for which they all deemed themselves fit, and by which they were deter-

mined to live. And of all these eager rivals hardly one but met with greater success than I did ; partly because my heart and soul were not in my work, but chiefly because I could not stoop to the undignified shifts and dodges by which some of my colleagues managed to get on ; I could tell no lies about the place of my nativity ; I could not smirk, and cringe, and truckle ; could not bribe the booksellers or music-masters ; and would put up with no lower terms than those who could not boast better qualifications. Everything seemed against me. Careful mothers and rigid governesses objected to me as still too young, while damsels allowed to have their own way naturally gave their preference to some one better-looking.

It was in the midst of this painful struggle for existence that I received an intimation from Messrs. Saunders & Otley to the effect that the (invisible) editor of the *Metropolitan Magazine* could not go on with the publication of my articles on Italy, seven of which had already appeared in as many successive months, but that they, the publishers, and some of their friends had so high an opinion of those papers, that if I would favour them with a call in Conduit Street at my earliest convenience, they hoped it might be in their power to come to terms with me for the publication of those

articles and of those that were to follow in the shape of a book.

It was not likely that I should lose much time in answering the summons. I saw Mr. Otley and signed with him an agreement, by which it was understood that the book should be published as a joint speculation, or, as the phrase is, "at half profits."

The work was to be ready for the early spring, the publishing season of the ensuing year, 1841; but I went so diligently to work about the revision of the last chapters as to be able to place the manuscript in the printer's hands before Christmas. What with that revision, however, and the articles I had engaged to supply for the January numbers of the *Foreign Quarterly* and *British and Foreign Review*, and the lessons which, few as they were, took up the best part of the day, compelling me to trudge all over London from end to end, I felt I had overtaxed my strength, and by the time the holidays began, I was in want of a few days of rest and a change of air.

On my journey from London to Florence in April I had met a young Oxford student, by name John Earle, whom his friends nicknamed John, Earl of Oxford, who was travelling as an agent for the British and Foreign Bible Society, and was trusted with a large pack of

Diodati's Testaments intended to be smuggled into Italy. I gave him all the help I could in his hallowed contraband trade, and reassured him about the terrors he had conceived as to the possible consequences of his rash enterprise by showing him that, whatever might be the case in other Italian States, Diodati's Italian translation of the Scriptures was freely exhibited for sale in more than one bookstall in Florence. In my subsequent intercourse I became so intimate with him that, on my leaving Tuscany in July, he gave me letters of introduction to some of his college friends, and among others to a young doctor, a native of Bristol, by name Thomas Thomas, whom, he said, I should find established as a medical practitioner at Tintern, on the Wye. Having heard, or read, good accounts of the loveliness of the valley of that name, and being indifferent as to the direction I might give to my holiday trip, so only I avoided the horrors of the Middle Passage, I left London by a night coach to Bath, two days before Christmas Eve; found at Bath the train of the newly-opened railway to Bristol; crossed the Bristol Channel over to Chepstow, and hence went five miles up the Wye Valley to Tintern by a magnificent four-horse coach, which carried the Hereford mail. The cold for a few days of that Christmas season was intense. On the

night when I sat outside the coach from London to Bath, several travellers doing the same on other routes in England, were, as we learnt from the newspapers, frozen stiff to death on their seats. And the Wye at Tintern, which flowed under the windows of the doctor's house where I was a guest, was choked up with large and thick cakes of ice, floating up and down with the tide, "cracking and growling, roaring and howling, like noises in a swound," as did the ocean ice-fields described by the Ancient Mariner in the tale of his dismal cruise.

The Valley of the Wye, so renowned for its beauty in its summer season, had assumed at that juncture all the sublimity of the most rugged Alpine scenery; but neither extreme cold nor the contrary excess ever lasts for more than three days in the West of England. We soon came to a thaw; then to days mild, moist, and sunny; and in a few excursions in which I accompanied my friend the doctor in his professional visits up the valley and across the hills, I had the best opportunities of seeing the country under that ordinary winter aspect which somewhat alters, but never altogether destroys, its picturesque character.

About four miles above Tintern we stopped at a little lonely and somewhat primitive village on the river-side, close to the right bank, nestling in a bend

of the valley where the hills sweep round, steep and precipitous like the walls of an amphitheatre, encircling and sheltering a glen down into which a brawling brook falls with a miniature cataract, described by the native peasantry as "The Shoots." On the hill-slope, close to the brook, about two hundred feet above the village, a new house or villa in the Elizabethan style had just been built on the ledge of a rock hewn out and levelled into a platform or terrace, whence one had the most charming view of the valley above and below, the hills on either side crossing, dovetailing, and overlapping their skirts for several miles before the house, and the river winding round and round, as if wooing it and loth to quit it. The house had been reared at a high cost by the wife of a wealthy gentleman, and was to be her dower-house on her husband's demise. The house was finished, though not inhabited, and bore, with the owner's crest, the date of that year, 1840.

I stood for a long time on that terrace—the doctor being busy with his patients further up on the hills—and looked with rapture on the surrounding landscape, in the midst of which the newly-erected habitation was enthroned, as if to be the queen of the valley; and as I gazed and gazed again a soft feeling stole over me, as Guy Mannering is described having experienced when

he stood on the turrets of Mr. Bertram's dilapidated ancestral mansion at Ellangowan. "How happily," I exclaimed, almost in his very words, "would life glide in this happy retirement!" Only there was no Miss Wellwood in my case whom I could apostrophise as he did: "Here, then, and with thee, Sophia!"

I have spent so many words in this account of my otherwise uneventful western trip, simply for the reason that the name of that village was Llandogo, and the brand-new house with its fine surrounding, which I then so greatly admired and coveted, was eighteen years later destined to become my home—the home to which for many years I flew on the wings of the wind during the brief intervals allowed by my incessant professional wanderings—the home where I am now, and hope to continue to be a fixture to the close of my days.

From Tintern and Llandogo I proceeded to Monmouth, and further up to Ross, whence I paid a visit to Sir Samuel Meyrick, the learned gentleman who had for a long time the care of the armoury of the Tower. Sir Samuel was now living in retirement at Goodrich Court, a castellated mansion built by him in the Norman feudal style on a hill facing the hill still crowned by the ruins of Goodrich Castle, and which he had furnished as a museum of arms and antiquities,

a valuable collection now filling several apartments in the South Kensington Museum. I stayed with Sir Samuel a week, discussing with him several subjects of Italian heraldry and genealogy, about which we had been in correspondence for several months, but in which he was in every respect my master. Sir Samuel was rather dreaded than loved by his neighbours in the county, who described him as a man of hot temper and many crotchets, and a sceptic in religious matters—probably because he harboured no good-will to the clergy of any denomination—let us hope, only to *bad* clergymen—a disposition of mind which my visit gave him an opportunity of indulging to his heart's content—and to my own benefit.

For it happened that one of that cloth who had been the incumbent of one of the best parishes in the suburbs of London—that of C——, had absconded and gone abroad with his family and household, bag and baggage, leaving no address, and only a large amount of unsettled bills behind, among which there was a trifle of sixteen pounds due to me for lessons given to his daughters. On mentioning the case to my host, and giving the reverend gentleman's name, Sir Samuel cried out: "What! Mr. W——? I hope it is not the new humbug upon whom our Bishop

here has bestowed the fat living of M——?" And upon inquiring, and ascertaining that the new vicar of M—— in the diocese of Hereford, was actually the same reverend defaulter and runagate from the parish of C—— in the diocese of London, he summoned his attorney from Ross, and set him at the vicar, and with such good effect, that at the end of three days the lawyer called and handed me my sixteen pounds.

On taking leave of my kind host, he traced out my back journey to London *viâ* Malvern, Worcester, and Oxford; gave me letters for this last-named place, addressed to the Vice-Chancellor and other "heads," as well as to the Librarian of the Bodleian—this latter a distinguished scholar and an amiable companion, with whom I dined at the Fellows' table in New College Hall, who showed me all the wonders of the University (which struck me only as the beau ideal of a vast mediæval monastery), and who both in this and in later visits endeavoured, zealously though vainly, to further my interest as a candidate for an Italian Professorship in the Taylorian Institution for the Teaching of Modern Languages—an institution the inauguration of which had long been expected, but was still put off from year to year.

On my return to London, after three weeks'

absence, I found the first proof-sheets of my book lying on my table, and went to work correcting and revising it till it came out in April, 1841, with the unnecessarily long title, "Italy, General Views of its History and Literature in Reference to its Present State," which in a second issue, following a few months later, was curtailed into "Italy, Past and Present."

The apparent success of that juvenile work was so great as might well have turned a much stronger head than mine. The publishers sent out ten copies as presents to literary gentlemen and ladies of eminence; first of all to Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer and Mr. Disraeli, both of them then at the height of their reputation as writers, and the first of whom had probably urged on Messrs. Saunders & Otley the expediency of publishing my work. Though I was as yet unacquainted with those gentlemen, I received their letters of thanks conveyed in such flattering terms, as were in all probability only meant for the encouragement of a beginner, but which seemed to me far to transcend all the limits of mere courtesy or benevolence.

Sir Edward declared himself delighted "to see an Italian taking up the cause of his country, and by

his noble enthusiasm awakening in its behalf the interest of the European nations." He described my English as "admirable," no foreigner, in his opinion, having ever attained such a style, "as beautiful in form as it was in thought."

Mr. Disraeli recognised in the work "the rare characteristics of genius," a vast acquaintance with the subject, a picturesque elocution clothing profound ideas, a passionate sensibility, etc., etc.

In a few days after its publication that book had won for me an altogether new social position. Lady Morgan, Lady Blessington, and other ladies who had recently written on Italy or on subjects connected with that country, were loud in my praises; and as their drawing-rooms were the resort of a variety of persons of distinction, I found, when I was admitted into them, that my name had preceded me, and my "Italy" lay conspicuously on their tables. Lady Molesworth, Mrs. Milner Gibson, and other leaders of fashion among a certain class in Belgravia, took me by the hand, and rare were during that season the afternoons or evenings in which I was allowed to attend to my occupations, or enjoy the quiet of my lodgings. Dinners, concerts, parties of all kinds followed without respite. I dined with Sir Edward

Bulwer, both in Piccadilly and in Hertford Street ; where I renewed my acquaintance with Robert Browning, and where I repeatedly saw Sir Edward's brother, Mr., later Sir Henry Bulwer, and later still, Lord Dalling. At Lady Morgan's especially, whose husband, Sir Charles, was still living, I was a daily visitor, and there was scarcely any notability among her acquaintance to which I was not introduced ; and though I did not always know how to turn my opportunities to the best advantage, many of those with whom I then was brought together were won as staunch friends for life. One of Lady Morgan's old cronies, Mr. Holford, a retired clergyman, a man of great wealth, and known for his sumptuous hospitalities, offered to enter my name as a candidate for election at the Athenæum Club, and, at his suggestion, I sent a copy of my "Italy" as a present to that institution.

Mr. Disraeli had at that time not long been married, and was often to be met at Mrs. Milner Gibson's, the two ladies continuing to be very intimate friends, though their husbands no longer mustered in the same political ranks ; as Mr. Disraeli, after several Protean changes, was then settling down as a Conservative, and had arrayed around him that golden youth which

was soon to take the field as leaders of the "Young England" Party. I distinctly remember dining at Grosvenor Gate with a large party, where every gentleman present, myself excepted, wore a white waistcoat—among them, Mr. Smythe, Lord John Manners, and others of that *clique*—and where upon the ladies withdrawing, both the host and his guests courteously for some time addressed me, as a stranger, plying me with questions about Italy; after which they turned the conversation to matters nearer home, and, either forgetting my presence, or deeming all caution unnecessary, they laid freely open their plans of action for open war with the Government; and even, half in jest, half in earnest, assigned to each other the part they were to fulfil in a future Cabinet. Upon which, on the following day, meeting a good friend of mine then in Parliament, I ventured to express an opinion that Disraeli aspired to take the lead of the Opposition, and eventually to be a Minister—an opinion for which I was scouted and laughed at by my friend, who pitied me for a poor benighted foreigner knowing so little of the prejudices and antipathies of his countrymen; and assured me that I myself, or the Lascar sweeping at the street-crossing, might as soon cherish the presumption of winning a seat in Her Majesty's Council

or Cabinet as "that Jew's son or grandson," adding that "Dizzy" was too shrewd a man even to *dream* of such a promotion. But I had read "Vivian Grey," and felt sure that the writer of that novel meant to be the maker, as he had evidently been the prophet, of his exalted fortunes.

Outside that circle which was already too large for me, my connections at this epoch grew wondrously extensive. I knew Leigh Hunt, and his son, Thornton, and his friend George Lewes; and Thomas Hood, then ailing and aged in appearance; and James Payne, at that time still a beginner; and Thackeray, as yet obscure; and William Harrison Ainsworth, at whose house I frequently dined with a lot of friends, and where I met Mr. Henry Chorley, who was my *bête noire*, with his carrotty whiskers and crimson necktie, his shrill voice and dictatorial tone, and who seemed to me never so happy as when he could, either talking or writing, have a fling at Italy and the Italians. Last, not least, I should name Thomas Carlyle, at whose request I was frequently taken by Mazzini to Cheyne Row, where in the evening I found the grisly philosopher seated in a low arm-chair near the fire, with his feet up to the chimney-piece, Yankee fashion, with half-closed eyes, and a meerschaum between his teeth,

holding forth in his own drawling Scotch sing-song, and so much in the phraseology with which I had become familiar in his writings—and especially in his “French Revolution,” which I knew almost by heart—that I often turned to him wondering whether he was merely talking, or reading, or reciting.

But, as I said from the beginning, the success of that poor book of mine was only apparent. I had but to go to Conduit Street, where I was sure to be met by Mr. Otley with a very long face, and the stereotyped phrase that the sale was “slow, sir, very slow.” How it was, why it was so, he could not explain. They had advertised, they had spread the presentation copies most liberally among the press; yet the book was hardly anywhere reviewed or noticed.

“Could I do nothing for it?” he suggested.

“Nothing!” I replied tartly. “An author’s task is ended when the book is written; it is the publisher’s business to sell it.” And I came away angry and disdainful, for to puff my own work, or to have it puffed by any act of mine, was repugnant to my old-fashioned Italian notions as beneath my dignity, though I have seen it done in England by men whose name sounds higher than a blast from the trumpet of fame, and no one seems to think that even the “greatest circulation

in the world" is sufficient to ensure notoriety even in London alone.

Notwithstanding all my repugnance, as month after month passed, and all the journals seemed to conspire to ignore my luckless production, I, taking good Lady Morgan's advice, wrote to her friend, Mr. Charles Dilke, the able editor of the *Athenæum*, complaining of the inhospitable treatment that a stranger, struggling to make his country known in England, met on the part of those critics whose duty to the public was to sit in judgment with impartial justice, and whose sentence, favourable or otherwise, might be claimed by every author as a right. Mr. Dilke, whose friend, as well as his son's and grandson's, I became in later years, answered somewhat vaguely, pleading press of work and lack of space, and adding that part of my book had appeared in a magazine, and it was against the rule for the *Athenæum* to take any notice of periodical publications. Nevertheless, two weeks later, a review of my "Italy" did appear in the *Athenæum*, not by any means hostile, but, as it seemed to me, flippant and supercilious, "damning with faint praise," in which I thought I recognised the caustic manner of my turkey-cock^u friend, Henry Chorley, though this latter very loudly asserted that his writing in the *Athenæum* was

limited to the treatment of the Music and Fine Arts department.

Be that as it may, I made no further application to the literary or political organs of the press, and these evidently did not even think it worth while to act on that charitable suggestion, "Hit him, he has no friends." They simply ignored me and my doing. Very little, to my knowledge, appeared in any journal, either to contradict or corroborate the *Athenæum's* oracle. The book languished throughout the year; and when I met Mr. Otley in Conduit Street, towards Christmas, the information was, "Dead, sir! Dead as a coffin-nail!"

The unsold copies were presently re-advertised as a "second edition," with a new title-page and binding, and the whole of the issue was eventually exhausted. But when we came to settle accounts, my "half-profits" were $0 \times 0 = 0$.

That same book, however, was, without my knowledge or consent, published in Leipsic, in a magnificent German translation by Julius Bernhard Seybt, a gentleman unknown to me; and a long *feuilleton* appeared in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, full of very warm and, as I thought, exaggerated praise. But what success the publication had in that country I never took the trouble to inquire.

CHAPTER V.

A SECOND TEMPTATION.

Despondency—Cesarini and Maltravers—A bishop's offer—Liverpool to Halifax—American notes—Windsor, Nova Scotia—College life—Halifax—Work and work's wages—A lecture and its consequences—Summer enjoyments—Winter prospects—Back to England.

THE depression of spirits into which I fell when the publishers announced to me the death of my book, was fully commensurate to the elation I felt when its birth was proclaimed. I sat down angry with the world and with myself, cursing the evil star which had launched me into a literary career, in which, had there even been a chance of success for me in any other country, I began to fear that nothing but failure would ever await me in England. "Of what avail," I asked, "had any amount of painstaking been to me? Had not that wretched book of mine been twice and three times written over? Was there a subject in

which I could hope to be more at home, in which all the faculties of my soul, all the purest, noblest, holiest feelings of my heart could be more deeply engaged? If love for my country has no power to win me distinction, what other theme will better inspire me? I have put my good-will to the test; tasked all my faculties, strained all my energies, and what is the final result? Plainly I am one of those men whose powers fall short of their aspirations."

I was still full of these disheartening thoughts when I went out; and as I was taking a short cut through the Albany, I was stopped by Sir Edward Lytton-Bulwer, who spoke to me with his usual courtesy; and, perhaps becoming aware of the cloud that darkened my brow, begged me to waive all ceremony, and dine with him *tête-à-tête* that evening in Hertford Street. I accepted and dined with him; and, when the dinner was over, we pushed forward two arm-chairs to the chimney-corners, placed our claret glasses on the mantelpiece, and the conversation began.

Somehow, though I had not seen much of Sir Edward, I had a vague idea that no one took as much interest in my well-being as he did, and on that evening I became convinced of it. He asked me how the world "wagged" with me, and when I

opened my heart to him, telling him of the disappointment caused by the failure of the book of which he had expressed so flattering an opinion, he endeavoured to soothe my wounded spirit by assuring me that he had said no more about my "Italy" than the book deserved, that publishers were an unsatisfactory set of men to deal with, but that, of course, he need not tell me that all beginnings were beset with hardships, that literature was a useful walking-stick but an unsafe crutch, and he hoped I was not depending on the sale of my books for my sustenance.

Having thus overthrown all my reserve, and made out from me of what nature were the difficulties I had to contend with in my various professional avocations, he asked me how far advanced I was in my knowledge of French and German, begged me to show him a sample of my handwriting, and explained how it had occurred to him that I might find an offer from him to take me in his service as a private secretary or amanuensis not too much beneath me—at least, "till fortune showed a better disposition to do me justice."

He stopped me by a wave of his hand as I was about to answer, begged me to take time and consider his proposal, and convey to him my decision by writing.

There was no man in England at the time for whose talents I had a higher respect than Sir Edward. I had read his novel, "Ernest Maltravers"—the second edition of which was just out—and not only placed it far above all other works of fiction of the day, but, had it not been printed before the author had heard anything of me, I should have thought that he had read me through and through, and had me before his mind's eye in his creation of his weak-minded Italian, Cesarini; a character evidently meant as a set-off to the sterner and loftier English type of Maltravers, in which the novelist had more or less consciously portrayed himself; the poor Italian pining for a fame which, strive as he might, he could never attain, while the proud Englishman, without giving it a thought, claimed and attained it as his indisputable birthright.

There was more than mere admiration for his writings, and more than mere gratitude for his benevolence, to bind me to Sir Edward Lytton-Bulwer. There was that harmony of souls which made me find in his pages the interpretation of my own thoughts and feelings. It seemed as if what was blindly and vainly struggling for utterance within me, took colour and shape in the flow of his language. His writings

revealed to me my own mind as a looking-glass would reflect my face. His was the influence which most powerfully contributed to make me known to myself—a self-knowledge which, in a well-constituted mind, seldom fails to lead to self-correction and improvement.

“Would not,” I asked, “the incessant intimate contact with this great man be the making of me? Would it not be an inestimable benefit as well as an honour?” Yet I hesitated, and ended by declining the well-meant offer “with thanks.” Not even for the advantage of constant intercourse with such a master-mind would I barter my independence. In the first place, indeed, I could not consider myself fit for the place intended for me; for my knowledge of German was as yet superficial and my handwriting detestable. But the strongest objection lay in this, that my temperament was too sombre, and my backbone too unbending to accommodate itself to a position implying subordination to another man’s habits and humours. After my experience of a life of subjection at Tangiers, at Nashville and Florence, I ought well to have learnt that it would never do for me to abide for a permanence under another man’s roof.

There was something also in Lytton-Bulwer’s outer man with which I doubted whether all my opinion

of his genius would in the long run have induced me to put up. No man, it is said, is a hero to his valet; and I dreaded an intimacy which might give me too frequent a chance of catching "Pelham" at his toilet, and seeing his character as well as his person in *déshabille*. Under the foppishness and effeminacy which, people said, made Bulwer put his hair in curl-papers, wear stays, and rouge his cheeks, there seemed to lurk a haughtiness and irritability of which I might not have long borne the outbursts. What his wife appears to have found him, what his son and biographer painted him, my knowledge of human nature had instinctively revealed him to me. Imagination had set up an idol which rude reality could hardly fail to hurl from its shrine.

But when this unexpected and almost providential aid was rejected, what was to be done? These last twenty months of my second stay in England had not greatly advanced me. The future in this country still loomed ominously dark before me. But—where else could I go? Back to Florence, or any other part of Italy? I could not. Back to the great transatlantic Republic, back to Boston? I would not. Yet, wonder of wonders! Just as I was mentally renew-

ing my resolution to "stick to London through thick and thin," and while I considered my purpose in that respect most unmovable, there came, towards the end of December, a letter, bearing the post-mark of that very city of Boston, that made me in an evil moment change my mind, and leave England—for the last time.

The Boston letter bore the signature, "I. Nova Scotia." The writer, Dr. Inglis, a Colonial Bishop, informed me that, being in Boston on some business connected with his diocese, he had picked up at a book-store a copy of my "Italy, Past and Present," which he had read with very great interest; and that, upon talking about it with some of the American friends who had known me, especially Ticknor and Prescott, he had heard more than enough to confirm the high opinion my writings had given him of my abilities; upon the strength of which he ventured to make me an offer which he thought might perhaps be worth my serious consideration.

They had, he went on, a King's College in his colony, at Windsor, Nova Scotia, of which he, as Bishop of the diocese, was the Visitor, and of which they were desirous to enlarge the plan and extend the efficiency. Among other improvements, they

wished to endow their institution with a Professorship of Modern Languages, History, and Literature; and he, having come to an understanding with the Council of the College, was empowered to recommend that important chair to my acceptance.

He concluded by referring me to his friend, the Reverend Ernest Hawkins, secretary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, to whom, he said, he had written on the subject. The Rev. E. Hawkins, a tall and large man, with a fair, smooth face and a velvety hand, had nothing to add to the Bishop's information, except that to the place offered a salary of £100 (£125, Nova Scotia currency) was assigned; besides which the Professor was entitled to students' fees, and would be free to seek employment, for six months in the year, as private instructor, or in any other capacity both in Windsor and Halifax. For his own part Mr. Hawkins was instructed to give me a cheque for twenty-five pounds for travelling expenses, the moment I felt inclined to accept the Bishop's offer.

I took time to think about the scheme, and promised to give an answer on the morrow. Those were the last days of the year, and Mr. Hawkins was anxious to communicate with the Bishop by the

next mail, which was to leave Liverpool for Halifax and Boston on the 4th of January, 1842.

How could there be any doubt about my answer? The Bishop's proposal held out the prospect of a certain fixed income; and it came when my position in England seemed most precarious. This decided me at once. On the following day I called again in Pall Mall and said that the offer was accepted, and that I should be ready to start by that very mail.

"Impossible!" exclaimed the Biblical secretary. "The *Britannia* leaves in three days from this."

"It seemed impossible for me to make up my mind," I answered. "But, that being done, I might be ready to set off this very evening."

Mr. Hawkins stood up and looked at me with admiration.

"Ah! If all our agents were as expeditious as you are!!!" he said, sighing deeply, as he thought of the delays and hindrances that the encumbrances of women and children caused in the movements of the common run of his clerical missionaries.

The voyage of the *Britannia*, one of the earliest steamers of the Cunard Line, in the month of January,

1842, was an epic event, and I am exempt from the duty of saying anything about it, as a narrative of it by the ablest of pens is given as an introduction to Dickens' "American Notes." All I have to say for my part is that we were sixteen days going from Liverpool to Halifax; that, like Dickens, I lay for nearly all the time sick to death in my berth—so sick that a shipwreck, of which we had more than one narrow escape, would have been hailed as a happy release.

Immediately on landing at Halifax, and taking up my quarters at the "Masons' Arms," I called upon the Bishop, who had not yet opened his budget of European letters, and no more expected the new Professor than the man in the moon; but who bade me a thousand welcomes, took me out in his carriage to introduce me to Lord Falkland, the Governor of the Province; and asked me to dine with him that same evening, with Mrs. Inglis and the four Misses Inglis, and with such friends as he could manage to summon at a moment's notice. The Bishop was a dapper little man with a lively face, on which the sense of what was due to his prelatie dignity was perpetually struggling to check the impulses of his bustling activity. There was something in him of the look and manner of Dean Stanley; and the resemblance would have been stronger, had not the good

Dean's quickness in his later years been somewhat tempered and sobered by his frequent residence at "The Castle." The Bishop's wife and her four thin and not very young daughters, had stateliness enough for the whole Episcopal Bench in the Lords. The Inglises were English, and very gracious to the colonists with whom the promotion of the head of the family compelled them to associate.

At dinner, in the evening, we had the Archdeacon and his strapping daughters, two or three Judges and members of the Provincial Council and Assembly—altogether a score of guests; but at a later hour, very nearly the whole of Halifax crowded in. For it so happened that the only cabin passenger with whom I landed in Halifax, a Mr. Shannon, a young wholesale and retail draper, well educated and very popular in the town—who had shared the same cabin on board the *Britannia* with me, and with whom, in the intervals between the paroxysms of sea-sickness, I had struck up a friendly acquaintance—had had a great deal to say about me to all he met; and this circumstance, coupled with my visit at Government House, had given my arrival the importance of "quite an event."

The very interest, or curiosity, evinced by this good people in my behalf soon satisfied the Bishop about the

expediency of sending me off to my destination with the least possible delay ; for the College term was just beginning ; the sooner I was at my post the better, and, had I tarried only a day or two, no one could say how long the kindly-meant hospitalities of those eager friends might have detained me. And as I, for my own part, was also in a hurry to see what berth fortune had in readiness for me at Windsor, on the very morning after landing I took my seat in a sledge doing duty for a stage-coach bound to that place.

The forty miles' country between Halifax and Windsor was at that season a mass of snow and ice, all dimmed and blurred by a thick white fog, through which a scene of utter desolation was barely visible. The journey ended at the door of the main hotel at Windsor, whence, followed by two or three black porters with the luggage, I made my way on foot to the College.

Windsor was something between a town and a village, on the estuary of a little river at the head of the Bay of Fundy, on the north-west of Halifax, from which it was divided by the whole width of the Acadian Peninsula, here only forty miles across. The little town was surrounded by low hills, on the summit of one of which, about half-a-mile outside the town, stood the College, while on another hill, facing the

College, was then the residence of Judge Haliburton, the humorous creator of "Sam Slick." The College—"King's College and University of Nova Scotia"—consisted of one building divided into five large and lofty wooden barns, called "Bays," in one of which resided the President, Dr. MacAulay, with his wife and an only child, a daughter, ten years old. In the bay next to that the ground-floor was reserved for the Professor of Modern Literature. On the floor above it lived Mr. Stevenson, a raw Scotchman, the Vice-President and Bursar of the College. The students, at the time eighteen in number, were quartered in two of the other bays. The fifth contained the dining-hall, and the apartments of Mr. Mahon, the steward, who, with his family, had charge of the whole domestic service of the establishment.

The President alone had a separate household; the students were Mr. Mahon's boarders. The Professors were privately attended to in their own apartments. For my own part, I might have been privileged to reside out of the College grounds, in the town or wherever I liked; but I preferred to live *en famille*, which cost me next to nothing; and even in my anxiety to conform to local usages, I wore the academical cap and gown, to which no rule of the College bound me. It

did not take long to acquaint me with the real nature of the institution I found myself connected with, and to which I had been inveigled under what might be called false pretences. The College was merely a divinity school, a nursery for clergymen of the Church of England, in a diocese in which the members of that establishment even in Halifax barely constituted one-third of the population, and were considerably outnumbered by the Roman Catholics. The whole staff of the instructors consisted of the President, who, besides theology, taught Latin and Greek; and the Bursar, who had charge of the Mathematics and Humanities. Connected with the College was the Academy, a preparatory school standing about half-way on the slope of the College hill, in the keeping of a Mr. King, also a clergyman, who lived in the premises with his wife—a portly woman, still handsome—and a rising family of half-a-dozen children. The school accommodated about a score of boarders, and was attended by about the same number of day scholars.

With Dr. MacAulay I was soon on good terms. He was a ripe scholar and at the same time an eager learner, passionately fond of the study of languages, dead or living, and had inoculated with the same ardour his wife, a pale and frequently ailing lady, with

whom he sat up till the short hours of the night, poring upon elementary books on the Ollendorf system, by which he had attained a good smattering of French and German, writing his themes correctly, though somewhat at a loss for the right pronunciation. Mr. Stevenson, the Bursar, was a half-educated, uncouth, conceited animal, from the University of Aberdeen, who pronounced Hallam "Halam;" oblige, "obleege;" and neither, "nother;" and professed the blindest Puritanism both in faith and morals, but who ended by running away with a rich farmer's wife and her money at Annapolis, to the grievous scandal of the community and the dire vexation of Bishop Inglis. Mr. King, of the Academy, was an obese man, in perpetual dread of being smothered in his own fat. The students, both at the College and in the preparatory school, belonged to those middle and lower classes among whom the Church, for lack of better, was compelled to recruit her clergy. The youth of the best town or country people mostly went for their education to England or the United States.

Under such circumstances it was evident that the place I had come three thousand miles to fill must needs turn out a sinecure. The Bishop or the London Society had thought it would sound well to have a

Foreign Professor merely “for the honour of the thing ;” for, otherwise, the poor students were already crammed more than to their hearts’ content with studies about which they knew they would have to undergo an examination, and they were not likely to volunteer to add to the classical lessons a task about the fulfilment of which no one would call them to account, and in pursuit of a branch of knowledge not of the least use to them in the profession they were brought up to. I wrote and delivered an introductory lecture—which, besides the students and Professors, the magnates of the town, and, among others, Judge Haliburton, honoured with their presence—and formed classes, to whom I imparted as much French, Italian, and Spanish as could be managed without the books, which no one had had sense enough to provide. The classes, of course, soon dwindled away, and I was left with two or three pupils.

Nothing to do—that was death to me. As soon as the weather allowed, I bought a horse, hired a black groom, rode with Dr. and Mrs. MacAulay, sometimes with Judge Haliburton or some of his daughters, dined with them or with other neighbours, read German—Ollendorf’s German—and killed time as I best could ; but it took a great deal of killing. Windsor had its balls and concerts ; and there were, besides the Sam

Slick girls, the Miss Murphies, the Miss Heads, the Miss Uniackes, and other spinsters wanting neither prettiness nor animation, and showing no invincible objection to a little bit of innocent flirting. But all that was not work, and the weather was not fair, the country not interesting, the company not lively enough to fill up a vacant existence. The plain College fare, the primitiveness of the people, the sameness of the daily routine, would not have been irksome if I had been for anything in it, if I had had my share in it. But no! Everybody had something to do around me, and I was the only man unemployed. And in such a state of things the terrible question, "Is life worth living for?" never failed to present itself.

How the winter months were spent I need not describe; but Easter came, and in due time the summer holidays, and of all that time I disposed for a prolonged sojourn at Halifax.

Halifax had at the time a population of about 30,000 souls; it was the capital of the province, a garrison town, and a naval station. Halifax harbour, as everybody knows, is one of the finest roadsteads in the world. The town was a busy place, in a pleasing situation on the slope of a hill, mirrored by the Bedford Basin, an inlet of the sea, like Southampton

Water, all shut in by wooded ridges not deficient in beauty in the freshness of their summer verdure. The houses, with most of the public buildings, were in my time all of wood, with the exception of Government House and the Roman Catholic Cathedral; this latter shaming by its loftiness the wooden church, and the low, though comfortable, dwelling in which Bishop Inglis officiated and lived; for Anglicanism, as I said, had not the upper hand in the town or province. Dalhousie College, Acadia College, the Picton Academy, and other Presbyterian and Dissenting institutions, were better attended and endowed than the so-called "University," which the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel supported at Windsor.

The population, mostly of Scotch or Irish extraction, with a few remnants here and there of the old Acadians, were partly British, partly French, partly Yankee in their refinement, and contrived to keep on friendly terms in spite of either religious or political divisions. In less than a week I was at home with all whose acquaintance was worth making, from Government House, where the official world congregated, to my draper friend Shannon's shop, which was the house of call and mart of harmless gossip for the best class of people.

I found on my arrival that everything had been prepared for my reception, and that there was work enough before me to make up for that long winter of forced idleness against which I had fretted at Windsor. Some good souls among the ladies, and especially Mrs. Bliss—Judge Bliss's wife, and the leader of the highest social circle—had formed various classes, chiefly among their young lady friends; and it was settled that, by way of inauguration, I should repeat the same introductory lecture I had written for the students at Windsor.

The lecture was well attended and highly applauded. The Governor was present, and Lady Falkland, a lady of Royal blood, and, what is more, a Royal beauty—now in mourning for her brother, the Earl of Munster, who had died by his own hand three months before—and with them the little provincial court, the Bishop and his clergy, with the head and staff of Dalhousie College, and of other rival educational establishments, the Roman Catholics alone holding aloof, probably from a natural abhorrence of a professed foe to the Pope-King.

When the lecture was over, and I was leaving the Hall with Mrs. Bliss, I was stopped at the door by Lord Falkland, who was just handing his wife

into her carriage, and who thanked me for my lecture, "which," he said, "had it had no other merit, was the shortest it had ever been his lot to sit out;" rather a blunt compliment of which Lady Falkland, with feminine tact, perceived the awkwardness, and for which she endeavoured to make amends by graciously requesting me to call at Government House on the following morning, as she "wished to read a little Spanish under my tuition."

That same evening, however, I was already engaged to dine at Government House, a very private entertainment, owing to the recent domestic affliction, and where, besides the family circle, none were present but the Bishop and my staunch friends, Judge and Mrs. Bliss.

As I was leaving the house not long after dinner, Lord Falkland entrusted me to the care of his private secretary and master of the ceremonies, Count Barruel de Beauvert, who, as he showed me the way out, begged me to step into a little antechamber, as "he had something very particular to say to me." Count Barruel was quite a character, and a study for me during many years' acquaintance in London in later days. He told me he was a Frenchman, a Legitimist *émigré*, at war with Louis Philippe's Govern-

ment; his father having been one of the noblemen who offered themselves as hostages to the Convention to obtain the release of Louis XVI. from his confinement in the Temple. He was now here a tutor to Lucius Cary, Lord Falkland's only child, and nominally his lordship's French secretary. Having thus given me all particulars about himself, he congratulated me about the success of my lecture, but warned me of the serious danger to which some untoward expressions in that discourse had exposed me. He explained that among the audience were some young officers of a French frigate anchored in the roadstead, who, not being well conversant with the English language, had asked him, Barruel, whether they had rightly understood me when I called their countrymen a "nation of hairdressers and dancing-masters, half-tigers, half-monkeys"—"expressions," Barruel concluded, "which I could not deny you had used; whereupon the officers had gone on board, and intended to come back on the morrow with the Admiral's permission to send you a hostile message."

I answered that those offensive words had certainly occurred in the lecture; but that they were only a quotation of the usual compliments that the Europeans and all other nations exchange between them in their

mutual animosities; that I had equally observed how the English were spoken of as "a race of shopkeepers," the Italians as "daubers and fiddlers," the Swiss as "base hirelings," etc.; that every nation was known under the denomination of some animal emblematic of its peculiar characteristics—the English as the impetuous bull, the German the patient ox, the Italian the sly fox, the Spanish the ruthless catamount, etc., etc. My object in recommending the study of languages being precisely to bring the various people to obtain a thorough knowledge of each other, as the best means of curing them of their absurd prejudices and illiberal rancours and jealousies.

Barruel seemed easily persuaded, and he told me he would go on board the frigate and bring his naval countrymen to hear reason; adding that, if he was unsuccessful as a peace-maker, "he would stand by me as a second to the last drop of his blood." He called at my hotel on the following morning, with a message that he had put the officers into the best of humours, and he was even charged with their request that I should go on board and drink a glass of *ponche* with them.

After this little incident, of which my new friend had possibly exaggerated the importance, I spent in

Halifax four of the pleasantest summer months, the example of Lady Falkland and the zeal of Mrs. Bliss having enlisted nearly all the fair sex of the place in the ranks of my pupils ; so that I had hardly an hour of the day to myself, whilst the evenings were taken up by the endless gaieties of a place which combined the advantages both of a garrison town and a naval station.

Boating parties in the "Basin"; picnics at the Duke of Kent's Lodge ; *réunions* at Government House, all the pleasanter for being strictly unofficial and private owing to the family mourning ; and balls given in turn by the officers of the garrison at the Assembly Rooms, or by the naval officers on board the Admiral's frigate, were almost daily occurrences—balls with such a show of beauty as hardly any other town of the same size and pretension could exhibit, and to the charms of which I, though I never danced, could not be blind—the charms of acres of dazzling-white bare necks and shoulders of the Archdeacon's strapping daughters, of the bright eyes and elegant figures of the four Miss Cunards, of the fair complexions and sweet expression of the four Miss Uniackes, two of them stars of the first magnitude—all of whom whirled before me as creatures of another orbit, happy in the arms of the red-coated or blue-

jacketed gallants encircling their waists, and hardly bestowing a pitying glance on the moping Italian master, before whom they would appear in the morning not fully awake, but sober and demure, with unsought apologies for the truant idleness which had made them scamp through their themes, and forget everything about the conjugation of their verbs, beyond "Amo, I love."

With respect to all these Halifax beauties, however, and in general with respect to my pupils wherever they were, I was thoroughly heart-whole. But there was in Windsor some one who would be sure to be seen at morning service at the College Chapel, and in order to see that one, and with hardly a hope or a wish to be seen, every Saturday evening, my duties being over for the day, I had my horse brought round to the hotel door, and sallied out at dusk, riding all night, moonlight or starlight, fair weather or foul; riding the whole forty miles' distance to Windsor, barely stopping for two hours to bait at the half-way house, and only arriving at King's College at break of day.

At the College I breakfasted with Dr. MacAulay and his wife, went down with them to the College Chapel, where the Doctor preached, and Mr. King, of the Academy, read prayers; dined with this latter and his wife; and when all good people went to evening service, I

shook hands at the church door with all of them and left them, who said nothing, but no doubt wondered and thought me crazy, as they saw me mount my horse and ride away into the night. I rode back the way I came, and arrived at Halifax in time for my earliest classes on Monday morning.

This was all the enjoyment of my day of rest. I remember one instance when my ill-shod steed fell lame, and I had to walk two-thirds of the way, leading him by the rein. I remember other times when I left him knocked up at his stall in Windsor, and ordered out the mail-coach horses, changing at every stage of ten miles, the pace of those great hulking brutes bringing up my heart to my mouth. Those two lost nights, however, and that hard trotting did me a world of good; and the scenery along the road, bare and bleak as it was in the glare of day—a mere wilderness of rock and stunted forest—assumed in that weird solitude, and amidst those fitful night-shadows, all the character of a phantom region; giving full scope to the imagination, and harmonising with the half-morbid state of my feelings. For those were still, though I was now past thirty, the days of romance; and I fancied myself another Ritter Toggenburg, sitting up all night out-

side the cloister, waiting, waiting for the morn that was to bless him with a mere glimpse of his lady-love—"the long-loved lady who was now Heaven's bride, and who would presently appear at her open casement, looking down on the valley; looking down, calm, pure and holy—meek as an angel."

But why should I prolong this account of the fifteen months which I miserably wasted in that "Land of the Bluenoses"? When the summer was over, I shuddered at the prospect of a return to Windsor for another term of ignoble idleness at King's College. I went through it as I best could, nevertheless; but at Christmas I was back again at Halifax, and threw myself upon the Bishop's mercy, giving him to understand that my first experiment of colonial life was sufficient; and that I was fully bent upon going back to England—that dear Old England which I had been a fool—an egregious fool—to quit upon any imaginable consideration.

The good Bishop vouchsafed me his sympathy and allowed me to have my way, only, however, upon two conditions: one, that I should not leave till Easter—though without going back to King's College; the other, that I should write to some of my colleagues in the teaching line in London, who might be willing

to take the vacant place—my duty being to abide in Halifax and await my successor's arrival. Upon these terms the matter was settled, and from the moment that I was not tied to it, a Halifax winter residence, with its sledge-drives, and tandem club, and dinners at officers' mess, and evenings at Government House, became more endurable. The Bishop, the Bliss, the Cunard, the Uniacke, the Wilkins, the Halliburton and other families, constituted a refined and really pleasant society; and when the Cunard steamer *Acadia* called at Halifax harbour on her way from Boston to Liverpool, and I embarked in her for my homeward voyage, most of the gentlemen and some of the ladies of those families were on board to bid me good-bye.

My successor in the Professorship of Modern Languages in King's College, Windsor—my friend, Signor Mantovani, a Milanese—was a wiser man than I was, and had all the success he deserved. He throve, however, only nominally as a teacher, but actually as a farmer: buying and selling land, and embarking in various speculations—the best of which was marrying one of the Miss Murphys, with whom he managed, at the end of a score of years, to go back almost a wealthy man to Milan, where I saw him in 1874.

CHAPTER VI.

FIVE YEARS IN LONDON.

Back to England—A Yorkshire friend—Yorkshire to London—A break-of-day adventure—A windfall—Unfrosted monks—A dead man's shoes—Work under difficulties—New books—Prosperous life—Longings for happiness—Love and marriage.

BETWEEN the spring of 1843 and that of 1848 five years elapsed, during which I made London my home, hardly allowing myself more than a week's absence at any time.

As I landed at Liverpool after those fifteen months' experience of colonial existence, I bitterly reproached myself for my baseness in suffering any craven consideration of the safe haven of a dull province to make me turn my back upon those storms of metropolitan life, to which I had, rashly perhaps, but deliberately chosen to commit myself. I was now going back again to the angry waves of this same great London ocean,

fully determined not only to retrace my course, but also to strain every nerve to make up for lost time.

I was at this time thirty-two years old; not far from that midway of life when some men have already reached the goal of their ambition, while again, others are only setting out towards it. To what object my inmost aspirations really tended, I hardly dared to avow even to myself; but there were two verses of Dante on which I endeavoured almost instinctively to frame my rule of life, and from which I never suffered my purposes to swerve. One of them is to the effect that "Man should not allow himself to sink to the level of the brute;"* the other, that "he should stand in awe of the generations yet unborn;"† in other words, that he should respect himself and dread the judgment of posterity.

It is easy to laugh at the presumption and conceit of these youthful yearnings; but I always deemed it a man's duty to aim high. There would always, I thought, be time to abate some of one's loftiest

* "Considerate la vostra semenza;
Fatti non foste a viver come bruti;
Ma per seguir virtute e conoscenza."

† "Perchè se al vero io son timido amico
Temo il giusto giudizio di coloro
Che il secol nostro chiameranno antico."

aspirations, and to make allowance for exhaustion of energy or infirmity of will. But youth should always be sanguine and confident. A man should have faith in himself, though he can only keep faith to himself to the best of his powers. I knew, at all events, that I had in my country the best of causes, and felt that even that could best be served in honour and by truth; and for the triumph of Italy and truth, I really looked upon myself as capable of any amount of self-denial and sacrifice.

Have I ever departed from that line of conduct? Let us see. Anxious as I was to see myself in London, I did not, on landing at Liverpool, proceed at once in that direction, but travelled eastward, across Lancashire and Yorkshire, on a visit to one of my best English friends, Harry Silchester, at Beverley. I had known him a young student in London, devoted to his widowed mother, who had given him the most careful education, and suffered him to dabble in poetry and light literature, till it became time for him to think of a career, which, upon taking a survey of domestic circumstances, it was found could only be a junior partnership in a country attorney's office.

He was already half a Yorkshireman. He gave me a ride after the Holderness hounds, when, at the

first stiff fence, down I came a famous cropper; he took me to see the old Gothic Minster; he showed me some of his translations from Heine; and finally—this was his main drift—he introduced me to a fair and sweet young lady, asking my advice as to the expediency of making her his wife—a matter on which both he and I well knew that his mind was irrevocably made up.

I left him to his happiness, and went my way to London, a sadder, albeit perhaps a wiser man, not envious of my friend's wedded bliss, but measuring in imagination the abyss of time which I might have to get over before I could hope to attain the same happiness. Italy, truth, and honour were all very well as the ultimate scope of all a man's actions; but in the meanwhile, bread was the first requirement, and how could I provide so much for myself that a little might be offered to just so sweet a companion as the one with whom my friend—ten years younger than myself—had contrived to link his destinies? A grave question, and one which haunted me with an incessant alternative of stern and soft thoughts as I crossed the Humber between Hull and Great Grimsby, and thence by a Lincoln night coach I proceeded to London.

But no man's mind can ever be so deeply attuned to tragedy as to be quite safe from some sudden fall into unmitigated farce. When I came into town at break of day, all full of sad and anxious thoughts, of which the long sleepless hours of the dark journey had intensified the gravity, I little expected the absurd adventure which was to make me an object of ridicule in my own eyes.

I had written from Liverpool to my former landlady in Devonshire Street, Portland Place, informing her of my arrival in England and preparing her for my arrival. She was a poor widow, about sixty years old, who herself waited on her lodgers, with the help of a maid-of-all-work, who did not sleep in the house. On the first summons of the bell, the lonely old woman, waking up in a fright, jumped from her bed in her nightgown, and partly from fear, partly from modesty, she opened the door ajar, carefully holding her candle before her to reconnoitre; but no sooner had the light flashed on my face than, uttering a mad piercing scream, she stepped back and shut the door with a bang. Surprised and annoyed at this unexpected reception, I stormed at the door, thumping at it with both fists, calling her a thousand bad names, till, gradually reassured by the sound of my voice, yet screaming again, "Is it you—

quite you? Lor, sir; what a scare you gave me, to be sure!"—at last she made up her mind to admit me. I stepped, all in a rage, into my old ground-floor parlour, still fuming and asking for an explanation of her idiotic behaviour; but she simply fell back, pointing at me and gasping: "Look at yourself, sir; there is a glass—look!" And now, fully recovering from her fright, she broke out into a wild, hysteric, uncontrollable laughter. Meanwhile the street-porter from the coach office, whom I had left outside at the foot of the steps in charge of my luggage, and a policeman, who was lurking in the neighbourhood, alarmed by the woman's shrieks, had followed us through the open door, and at the first glimpse they caught of my face they joined the woman in a chorus, their mirth very nearly throwing them into convulsions. I looked at last, and *tableau*—I saw my face black as that of a chimney-sweeper or an Ethiopian serenader, or, as the landlady's startled fancy first suggested, a burglar.

There was nothing unnatural in the metamorphosis. I had sat all night outside the coach, on the seat behind the driver, and, as I dozed towards morning, my head went nodding over one of the coach lamps, and the smoke and smuts from the vile oil stuck to my skin till I looked like an actor of olden times when

he tricked himself out for the part of Othello. There was nothing to do but grin and bear it, give the laughers a drink, and soon see what soap and water would do to remove that African dye.

Upon settling in London with a full determination to "do or die," I found that the mere question of a livelihood would give me this time less trouble than I had encountered in my two previous experiences. In the first place, out of my earnings in Nova Scotia I had what would support me for a few months. Then something turned up that I could have little expected, and from the quarter least likely to bring me any good.

There came in those days to London, under the false category of political exiles, a number of runaway priests and monks, chiefly from the Papal States, men who had awful tales to tell of the martyrdom they had suffered in the dungeons of the Inquisition, on a charge of heresy—their tales being in some cases absolutely false, in others mere exaggeration of the penalties they had endured in consequence of their immoral conduct. The first thing these unfrocked shavelings did was to declare themselves Protestants, or to express their readiness to embrace Protestantism. This at once won them the good-will of the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel and other honest

and zealous, but credulous Anglican divines, who took these worthies by the hand, provided them with well-dowered wives—matrimony being a kind of baptism to wash away the vows they had made on their Catholic ordination—and in every case, supplied them with profitable occupation, especially as teachers of the Italian language. Some of them turned out arrant scamps and knaves. One of them, Dr. Achilli, lived a most scandalous life, till Dr. (now Cardinal) Newman openly denounced and annihilated him. Another, a Signor Raffaele Ciocci, who so won the good-will of a pious old lady whom he chanced to meet at a dinner-party, that at her death she left him a £12,000 legacy, abandoned himself to so desperate a career of profligacy, that he was in the end brought into court, not as a thief, but as a receiver of stolen goods on a large scale, and is even now in durance vile under sentence of fifteen years' penal servitude. A class of bad men, most of them, of which the occupation of Rome by the Italians in 1870, has in a great measure delivered well-meaning, but indiscriminating English society.

One of them, not the worst of them, an Ex-Barlabite monk, by name Bompiani, with whom I had had a slight acquaintance in the way of business, came

to me soon after my return to London, filled my ears with a long tale of his domestic calamities, and threw himself upon me for relief in his sore distress. He was a middle-aged man who had married a pretty English girl of eighteen, a musical genius, and had lived happily with her several years, his wife's talents and connections procuring him employment as an Italian teacher wherever she herself gave singing lessons. Bompiani's evil fortune made him fall in with a young and handsome Milanese fencing-master, whom he found in a state of utter destitution and ill-health, and to whom, with true Christian charity, he offered the shelter of his wedded home. Months passed before the stranger recovered under the nursing cares of his host's wife, and the result was that patient and nurse ran away together, not only taking with them all the poor man's valuables, but also leaving him to settle a considerable amount of debts contracted in the guilty wife's name.

The forsaken husband bore up against his ill-fortune for a season; but his health failed, he was threatened with arrest, and his only chance of giving his creditors the slip was to steal away under another name, and take refuge in a large manufacturing town in the North, where a countryman and friend offered him assistance;

but where illness put an end to his sufferings before the lapse of twelve months. What the ruined man appealed to me for before he left, was simply to make over his professional engagements to me. In his distress he had won the sympathies of his employers to such an extent as to persuade many of them to help him by the prepayment of a quarter of his fees for tuition. It was this debt of honour that he wished me to take upon myself. On the day after his departure I was to go wherever his pupils expected him at the appointed hour, deliver the letters in which he named me his substitute and successor, and fulfil the duties for which he had already received his remuneration, thus lending my services gratis up to the extinction of his debts. There was a chance that, at the end of three months, I might find myself permanently installed where I went in provisionally, and reap from the *damnosa hereditas* a position by which my trouble would be eventually repaid.

I accepted the poor man's proposal. In some of the houses where I presented myself with his introduction I met with no flattering reception. They were angry with the man, who, they truly said, had "swindled" them, "selling" them to an unknown master. It was "all a job, a conspiracy," and they preferred to lose

their money rather than submit to an imposition. But by far the greatest number gave in with a good grace. They acquitted me from all blame, thanked me for the disinterestedness with which I consented to assume another man's liabilities, and to atone for another man's offences, and all was well that ended well.

There was amongst others a family of the name of Montalto, the head of which had made a large fortune in the Colonies, and lived now in great splendour near the Regent's Park; an M.P., a tall man, with a countenance and address of great dignity and authority—but who harboured somewhat uncharitable John Bullish prejudices against everything French or foreign. This gentleman had at first looked with disfavour on the transaction which brought me to his door; but when he saw that there was no deceit on my part, that the result of my intervention was only to screen him from loss, and that I strictly abode by the terms of an evidently onerous contract, a revulsion of feelings in my behalf set in. There seemed to be no limit to his admiration; he thanked and praised and honoured me as “a gentleman and a credit to my country.” Of himself and every member of his family, of his relatives and dependants I had made friends for ever—such friends as the English are when they choose

to be ; and henceforth, whenever a day of trial arose, wherever there was an obstacle to be overcome, or a blow to be parried off, I was always sure of a Montalto of either sex ready to stand by my side and fight my battles against all odds.

Henceforth things went well with me. Poor Bompiani had only achieved his success by making himself cheap, underbidding his competitors. Many of the connections he made over to me were not worth having at any price, and most of these I was glad to drop as soon as accounts were squared ; but some of his young ladies' colleges or academies would repay cultivation, and these, with the help of a few private lessons in great houses in Stanhope Gate, Hamilton Place, and other localities round Hyde Park, which I chiefly owed to old Lady Morgan's heroic exertions in my behalf, yielded an income which, had it been permanent, would have been amply sufficient.

With all my distaste for the teacher's trade I thus found myself bound to it faster than ever, and it so absorbed my time as to preclude all hope of my ever being able to emancipate myself from it by literary employment. Those ladies' schools and colleges lay at unconscionable distances, at Richmond, Wimbledon, Hounslow, Hampstead, and other still farther suburbs,

where omnibuses did not reach and cab-fares would have been ruinous; and though I was indefatigable as a walker and fond of riding even hired hacks from livery stables, there was not much strength left in me at the end of my day's excursions. Luckily, I had the very early morning and the Sunday all to myself, and though I was neither a Bulwer nor a Trollope, I also found out, with those distinguished writers, how much can be done during the three or four hours taken out of a man's night's rest before breakfast.

Though I still did some work for the *Foreign Quarterly*, the *Westminster*, and other *Reviews*, I soon found that such a task involved a vast amount of reading, a constant resort to books of reference; in short, much more preparatory study of my subjects than I had leisure to bestow upon them. I took, therefore, to a lighter kind of writing; chiefly tales and sketches for the magazines. I had already left a first essay in that style in the hands of Theodore Hook, then editor of the *New Monthly*, previous to my departure for Nova Scotia. On my return I was informed that, at Hook's death, the magazine had passed into the hands of Thomas Hood, who had found my article among his predecessor's papers,

printed it, and now encouraged me to send many more, which were equally accepted, and by which I was brought into frequent contact with that poor melancholy Jaques of English humanity, seeing him frequently at his house, till his sufferings ended with his life in 1845. With him and with *Ainsworth's*, and *Fraser's*, and *Tait's*, and other periodicals, now all dead and buried, and especially with my old friend, the *Metropolitan*, I kept up a more or less desultory connection, and I even managed to supply some letter-press to Lady Blessington's Annuals—the *Keepsake* and *Book of Beauty*—for which my only remuneration was the honour of seeing my name by the side of those of some of the greatest in the land.

I was not equal to the task of writing a novel. I felt I had neither ability to begin nor perseverance to go through with one. But some of those short pieces I put together, and published half a score of them in two volumes entitled the “Blackgown Papers,” followed at a later period by another volume of “Scenes from Italian Life.” The subjects dealt with were, with hardly an exception, purely Italian. Carnival tales, carbonari tales, smuggler and banditti tales, Christmas stories, sketches of rural life, college life, etc.,

etc., all grounded on the youthful reminiscences of my own country. A series of papers in the *Metropolitan* of "Memoirs of an Italian Exile," were nothing but a record of my own exploits during the political disturbances of Central Italy in 1831, and these came out as a book in two volumes under the title of "Castellamonte."

The more serious and elaborate essays written for reviews were also for the most part intended as illustrations of Italian topics, political or social, literary or personal, and a number of these also I put together in a proper form, to be published as a second part of that work on "Italy, Past and Present," the first edition of which Messrs. Saunders & Otley had been perhaps in too great a hurry to drop, but of which the Press still to some extent kept the memory alive. Among the many American friends I had in London—besides the publishers Wiley and Putnam, of Paternoster Row and Waterloo Place—there was also John Chapman, (no connection with Messrs. Chapman & Hall) a well-educated man, who had taken in hand the *Westminster Review*, both as editor and publisher, and for whom I had the good fortune to write two or three articles that met his approval. It was at his request that a second edition of my "Italy, Past and

Present" was projected, with the addition of long chapters on Foscolo, Manzoni, Pellico, Giusti, Mazzini, Enrico Mayer, etc., in an additional volume entirely devoted to the present phases of Italian intellectual and moral life. The republication of that book established me on a more satisfactory footing, both financial and social. There was no man of distinction to whose familiar acquaintance I could not aspire; no learned body, no fashionable circle into which I could not obtain admittance, had I not been in a great measure kept aloof by my invincible shyness and rusticity, my contempt for small talk, my fits of almost misanthropic pride and disdain—but above all things by the weariness and fatigue brought on by overwork, which unfitted me for company, and warned me not to "burn the candle at both ends" by the sacrifice of the late hours of the evening after so awful a waste of the early hours of the morning.

The days meanwhile flowed rapidly and not unpleasantly. Steady, all-engrossing occupation allowed no leisure for brooding cares; and here I was in London, in the centre of the world's life and action, whirled by the turmoil of its brain, thrilled by the pulsation of its heart, placed within reach of its work,

though I had so little share in it, and with free access to its pleasures, though I so seldom indulged in them—for the very reason that we often care least for what we have most conveniently at hand.

So highly did I value the privilege of living in London, that it was with an incredible reluctance that I ever dreamt of a move for that change of air which all Londoners deem indispensable. Here I was, in the deadeast of the dead season, in spite of the pressing invitations of the dearest friends and the temptations of the most frequented localities. The only diversions I allowed myself in five years were, one week's tour to the Belgian cities with some Italian friends one summer, and a month's run up the Rhine and into Switzerland on the following, when my fellow-traveller was Marmion Savage, a gentleman who had been married to one of Lady Morgan's lovely nieces, and who was then rising to fame as a humorist by the publication of "The Falcon Family," "The Bachelor of the Albany," "My Uncle the Curate," and other novels, chiefly of Irish life; for he was an Irishman, and had lived in Ireland all his life, though, like many of his countrymen, he delighted, as he said, in "blackguarding" the Irish to do them good, for his own part professing himself "*Hibernicus nativitate, non moribus.*"

Savage was then a widower, but he expected to marry again immediately on his return to Dublin; and his endless rhapsodies about the wedded bliss he had experienced with his No. 1, and the still greater bliss he looked forward to with his No. 2, had so tantalising an effect on my imagination, that when, on our return to London, we parted at Albert Gate, I assured him that many months would not elapse ere I was transformed from a "lucky dog" into a "happy man."

Yet how was that to be accomplished? My yearly income very seldom exceeded £300. With that, by dint of thrifty management, I had ventured to give up my lodgings and to furnish a little suite of apartments in one of the tiny houses in Pont Street, Belgrave Square—now all fast disappearing—where there was certainly room for two, and where, what with books on the shelves, and prints on the walls, and flower-pots on the window-sills, I might have been as comfortable with a companion as I had hitherto been without one.

The difficulty was to find an Eve for the Adam; but when a man is, as I always was, in love with the whole sex, the *embarras du choix* is soon overcome. The mere process of intensifying one's general adoration of the species into a particular worship of the

individual—singling out the woman who is to efface all other women, the sun eclipsing all stars—is a matter that only requires leisure. Leisure, however, was precisely at that time what I could least afford; and I never could have afforded it, had not help come from a combination of unexpected, fortuitous circumstances.

The reader has, perhaps, not forgotten two of my Italian friends, Giovanni Paggi and Spiridione Gambardella, whom I had met in Boston towards the end of my stay, and whose solicitations had, in some manner and under Providence, influenced my determination to quit the United States and seek my fortune in England. Both of these friends had also come over to this country at various intervals, the last-named of them pouncing upon me at my lodgings in Devonshire Street, and taking up his quarters in an upper floor in the same house, whence he broke upon me at all hours, consulting so much more his own inclination than my comfort that in the end he drove me mad, and sent me in quest of new apartments, first in Down Street, Piccadilly, and eventually in my *maisonnette* of Pont Street, Belgrave Square.

Both these Italians, however, had achieved great success, each in his own peculiar line—Paggi as a music master, and a very first-rate performer on his

favourite instrument at private and public concerts; Gambardella as a portrait painter of the highest talent. This latter was young and handsome, and had somewhat odd and rough, yet amusing manners, a ready wit, and great volubility of language. He easily fitted himself to all humours, and rushed in with rare audacity on every variety of topics. He had thus made his way with astonishing quickness, and was welcome into the best circles of the Upper Ten Thousand, while he was extremely popular with those whom to know was distinction. There was no vain boast in his saying that he was on "hail-fellow-well-met" terms with "Douro," "Brougham," etc., etc., and he had taken the latter's fancy to such an extent that, as he boasted, "they were often in Paris together, the ex-Chancellor, a sexagenarian, delighting to run the *bonnes aventures* after the *grisettes* as the companion and rival of the good-looking young Neapolitan artist."

The extremely officious friendship of these two countrymen, which had already been troublesome enough to me in America, became a positive nuisance as it persecuted me in this country. They always talked about me in absurd superlatives; they wondered and fretted at the neglect and obscurity to which a blind, cruel world doomed me. They volunteered and

would have forced my acquaintance upon persons who expressed no wish to know me; and, had I suffered them to have their own way, they would have made me the *bore* of London society. It was a mania on their part, and though their patronage was perhaps kindly meant, I revolted at it, and resented it as neither more nor less than meddling impertinence.

It happened that Gambardella, having made the acquaintance of a young art-amateur who belonged to a family of rich merchants in Manchester, was commissioned to paint the portraits of the youth's father and mother, which turned out masterpieces, and for which he was paid a high price. He had made himself very agreeable to the old couple, talking all the time he painted about many things, and especially about his favourite topic of the great and ill-acknowledged talents of his countryman and friend Mariotti; and he never stopped till he had talked the old lady into sending me an invitation to deliver my four lectures on Dante—those lectures which I had written and delivered in Boston, and had lain idle in my desk ever afterwards—before a select class of her friends, offering me at the same time the hospitality of her house during my stay in Manchester.

I received the old lady's note with surprise, and not

without somewhat gratified vanity, wondering how my name could have managed to travel so far North; and though I had no particular gifts as a lecturer, and never took to it without reluctance, I was somewhat flattered by the unexpected offer. I accepted it, and, managing to break off from my London engagements for a couple of weeks, on the 4th of October, 1846, I took the evening train for Manchester.

My host and hostess were both Germans by extraction. But they had lived all their lives in England, and their children, two sons and one daughter, all grown up, were English by birth and education. They belonged to one of the two sets of German colonists in a great measure monopolising the export trade of Lancashire and Yorkshire; one of which, consisting of Jews, baptized or not, clustered round Mr. Salis Schwable, whilst my host, with his large clan of nephews and cousins, was at the head of the Old German and purely Christian settlement. Both colonies, but especially the latter, were a well to-do, thoroughly educated, and more than half anglicised race, on friendly terms, yet never, or very seldom, amalgamating with the native people around them; eminently sociable, amiable, and hospitable among themselves; rolling in wealth, or rapidly accu-

mulating it; but in both cases minding their business with equal assiduousness, and at the same time cultivating music and all the arts, more especially that of enjoying life.

I was with them, and saw a great deal of them during that fortnight; went back again to them in April, and a third time in July. On the 12th of this latter month, in the year 1847, I married the only daughter of my host and hostess, at the Unitarian Chapel of the Rev. John James Tayler, in the neighbourhood of the residence of the bride's family, in Green Heys.

It was at this juncture, when, for the first time, I had to sign an important legal act, that I resumed my real name, though that of Mariotti still appeared for several years as a *nom de guerre* in all my literary publications. But for the rest, my marriage did not to any extent affect my style of living, or materially interfere with my usual occupations. The first month was spent in a pleasure trip to the English Lakes and the Scotch Highlands. But about the middle of August we took leave of my wife's kith and kin, and travelling southward, took possession of our London home. I had set my eyes on one of the two-floored houses in Pelham Place, Brompton, the yearly rent of which in those happy times varied between forty

and sixty pounds; but I was overruled by my wife's parents, who expressed a wish to be our guests from time to time, and settled at last on one of the best houses in Thurloe Square, a locality recently built, and leading out into a maze of green and flowery Brompton lanes, which before the invasion of bricks and mortar consequent of the two Great Exhibitions of 1851 and 1862, had still all the character of a secluded rural district.

My wife was sixteen years my junior, but she had quiet domestic tastes, and took pleasure in all that pleased her husband, as before her marriage she had subordinated all her desires to the wishes of her parents. I was out all day giving lessons as I had done in my bachelor years; the only difference being that instead of hiring hacks from Cates's livery stables, as I did when I lived in Pont Street, I had now a horse of my own, a powerful gray, the present of one of my brothers-in-law, a gallop on which over Putney Heath or Wimbledon Common, Richmond Park or Battersea Fields, was one of the few real luxuries by which a life of constant toil and not unfrequently of disappointment was sweetened.

But it was chiefly on my return from these professional excursions, in the evening, that the manifold blessings attendant on my new mode of existence were

most keenly appreciated. For I came home long expected and anxiously watched for: and the open arms and happy face which met me on the threshold were something different to the bed-room candle and box of lucifer matches up to which my latchkey enabled me to grope my way in the dark at the close of the chilly days when "I was a bachelor and lived by myself."

And there were light and warmth to welcome me home, and the tale of little domestic incidents appealing to my interests; and a tidy room and neatly spread board; and love and rest, to reconcile me to the snubs and buffets, the wear and tear of outdoor life.

At the end of barely seven months—March 2, 1848—a child was born; a pale, old-looking baby-girl, evidently premature, and to all appearance not destined to a long lease of this earth. But the care of that frail creature filled up as much of her mother's existence as was not engrossed by the other elements of her domestic happiness, and this was now, both for her and for myself, as complete as it is ever allotted to any of Adam's brood.

But we were now in 1848; a year in which the peace and well-being of many a human household besides mine was destined to meet with sudden and severe disturbance.

CHAPTER VII.

PATRIOTIC EXPERIENCES.

Wedded life—A year of revolutions—The outbreak in Italy—Italians in London—Italians in Paris—Paris to Milan—A fellow traveller—A crisis at Chambéry—Milan after the barricades—Camp life—Volunteering—A younger and a wiser brother—Politics at Parma and Milan—Alarming news—Back to England.

ALTHOUGH my wife belonged to a wealthy family, and was appointed in her father's will co-heiress with her two brothers, no pecuniary advantage had accrued to me from my marriage. There had been no contract; no dowry had been assigned, or settlement made. The only verbal condition I had willingly assented to was that I should look upon England as a permanent home for my family, in return for which I had reserved for myself the right of going to Italy, and bearing a hand as a combatant in her cause, should any chance ever present itself to that country of striking a blow for her emancipation.

Nothing in my father-in-law's opinion, and in the opinion of all sane men, could seem more unlikely than any insurrectionary attempt in Italy at that juncture. Pius IX. had ascended the throne in June, 1846, and the amnesty by which he had inaugurated his pontificate had not only raised wild hopes in Italian hearts, but also struck such consternation among the rulers of the peninsula that a rupture between Austria and the Holy See appeared imminent. But Louis Philippe was as yet firmly seated on the throne of France. All international differences were still referred to diplomatic arbitration. The quarrel between Rome and Vienna was patched up; Pius IX. soon showed himself "every inch a Pope"; and so long as the peace of Europe was safe, there was neither prince nor subject in Italy who could think an unarmed and divided nation a match for the 150,000 bayonets that Austria mustered south of the Alps.

The year 1848, however, rose, and with it a complete change of the situation. A revolt in Sicily early in January was attended with sufficient success to wrest from the Bourbon at Naples a proclamation of a Liberal Constitution. Before the end of that month Constitutionalism became the watch-

word throughout Italy, Germany, and Austria itself. In February Louis Philippe's throne was overthrown, a French Republic proclaimed, and by the time my tiny girl was born, before my wife had risen from her confinement (March 18 to 22) Milan and Venice were in full insurrection, and the Austrian army south of the Alps was little better than a routed and disbanded rabble. The time had come for me to claim my right and redeem my pledge. I had no longer home, wife, or child. My country called: I must answer her cry. I was Italy's soldier, and must join her standards.

No objection was made on my poor wife's part. She looked resigned and proud of her husband. Her child lay by her side on her bed. Her parents had come up to her when her time came, and they would be sure to abide with her during my absence. To them also my resolution appeared perfectly natural. Events crowded upon us so suddenly, so rapidly, the turmoil seemed so universal, that a breaking down of all domestic ties, the sacrifice of all private affections was deemed as reasonable as it was inevitable.

In those days there was a permanent council of Italian patriots of all parties in London under Mazzini's presidency. Mazzini had lately lost ground in his

countrymen's estimation. His ultra-democratic and socialistic theories, his domineering temper and, above all things, the lavishness with which the blood of the Bandiera and others had been shed "to feed the flame and hallow the ground for the triumph of the sacred cause," had cooled the heads of the most enthusiastic friends of the arch-conspirator to such an extent that even the Brothers Ruffini, Usiglio, and other household friends had fallen from him one by one.

But with the report of the Palermo insurrection and of the Milan massacres in January, Mazzini had soon recovered his ascendancy. He had proclaimed a new "National Association," in which all political questions as to forms of government should be adjourned till the liberation of every inch of Italian soil from the foreigner should be accomplished. And on these terms we had all again rallied round him.

For my own part I was still on good social terms with Mazzini, far asunder as I was from him on all political subjects, and unfit as I was by my free and open nature from any participation in the tenebrous work of his incessant, abortive plots. I stood by him manfully when Sir James Graham broke the seals of his letters at the Post-Office, and even humoured him by occasionally attending his ragged schools in Hatton

Garden, where he assembled hundreds of organ-boys and image-sellers; though even in that task we were actuated by different motives—my chief object being to put an end to the kidnapping of those young vagabonds, which I denounced as an iniquitous slave-trade in whites in a tale written about that time,* while Mazzini's aim was to enlist and drill those poor starvelings into a "band of hope," a reserve to be kept in hand to fight their country's battles.

But we were now all impressed with the necessity of prompt action, and it was soon settled that such of us as had travelling means of our own should set out at once for the scene of strife, leaving the rest to organise themselves in volunteer battalions and follow at greater leisure. On the 27th of March, in the night, accordingly, we crossed the Channel, and the next morning but one we were in Paris where another meeting of our countrymen awaited us.

The news in London, at the time we left, was that Charles Albert, now Constitutional King of Sardinia, had mustered his army on the Ticino frontier, as if bent on marching to the rescue of the Milanese insurgents; but that he had hitherto not only not budged an inch himself, but had even opposed the movements of the

* "Morello, or the Organ Boy's Progress," in *Blackgown Papers*, vol. ii.

Turin and Genoa students, who were up in arms and on their way across the border.

Nothing could equal the bitterness of our feelings against that "recreant prince," we said, "who had already twice forsaken the Italian cause, and was now so basely deserting it for the third time." But on our arrival at Paris we found the situation completely reversed. The intelligence was that the King had proclaimed the national war, that he had reared the Savoy shield on the Italian tricolour standard, and that his vanguard had already crossed the frontier-stream.

It would be impossible to describe the change that these great tidings wrought on Mazzini's countenance. He was dumb-struck for a few minutes; but when he rose to speak he declared that it was necessary to suspend our judgment, to mistrust mere appearances; that the King's aid came too late and when it was no longer needed; that the Lombards had won the battle, and the Piedmontese would only come in to snatch from the conquerors the prize of victory. He added that we had gone back to the days of French Revolutions; that France was now a Republic; Republicanism was sure to make once more the tour of Europe; and Italy would have reason to repent the haste with which she saddled herself with a king, just as the days of

royalty were numbered. He concluded that our Association was bound to neutrality on all political questions as to the form of government; that we represented all parties; we were the nation; we should have a war-cry, a standard, and a force of our own; that we should march, indeed, but in "God and the People's" name, to uphold the people's cause, not to swell the pageant of that *Esecrato Carignano*, who, if he had indeed taken up that cause, had only done so with a design to betray it.

Mazzini's deep-seated conviction gave his words a power that made them irresistible to the majority of his susceptible audience. His last sentence was drowned by a tumultuous acclamation, at the end of which it was resolved that all should tarry in Paris till we had assembled a volunteer force and collected subscriptions for their armament and equipment.

But when the meeting broke up, I stepped up to Mazzini and told him privately that those were not the terms on which we were agreed in London, and that now the war was declared, I was no longer a politician but a soldier of Italy, whose duty was to join those Italians, no matter of what party, who were the first to draw the sword in their country's cause.

Thus we parted, and in the same evening I left Paris on my way to Milan, *vid* Lyons and Turin. It was not without a struggle that our diligence could make its way through the crowded boulevards, crossed in every direction by frantic bands of *Voraces* and *Vesuviennes*, swarming with drunken groups of workmen of Louis Blanc's *phalanstères*, exhibiting, in short, all the hideous scenes of riot and debauch of which Paris becomes the theatre whenever its populace is king. Everywhere along our route we descried the symptoms of a society in complete dissolution, and it took all the energy of our *conducteur* to drive us through the mob-beset *barrières* of Lyons.

The diligence conveyed no other passenger than myself and a Turin merchant, by name Vincenzo Denina, a tall, fine-looking man, of an intelligence above his station, a loyal subject, devoted to his country, but professing himself a business man, neutral on political subjects, and never meddling with them. He was withal a very agreeable fellow-traveller, and a two days' and nights' companionship through Savoy and across the Alps made us fast friends.

I had soon an opportunity of seeing what stuff he was made of, and of perceiving what ascendancy

may in great emergencies be exercised over an excited multitude by mere loftiness of stature and dignity of presence. On alighting at Chambery, where we were to dine, we found the hotel and all the accesses to it thronged with half the population of the place, all bawling and gesticulating together, wild with some sudden and startling intelligence. On making our way to the landlady, we learnt that bands of working men out of employment, from the Lyons silk looms, had crossed the frontier at Pont Beauvoisin, struck across the Mont du Chat, and were now in force on Lac Bourget, only six miles from Chambery, bent on storming and sacking the town.

It was a ticklish moment. For the troops and gendarmes of the ordinary garrison had left for Turin to join the King in his Lombard campaign, and were now already half-way across Mont Cenis; and the craven civilians had deserted their posts on the first alarm, so that the town saw itself forsaken both by its defenders and its rulers.

Denina alighted from the diligence a very *Deus ex machinâ*. He addressed a few reassuring words to the terrified landlady and her maids, who instinctively clustered round the big man for protection. Then he with little ceremony cleared the hall of the noisiest

intruders ; and, standing on the steps, he drew himself up to the fulness of his commanding height, squared his broad shoulders, and thus harangued the scared hinds who crouched before him :

“ What is all this panic about ? Are you men, and do you come here for shelter behind helpless women’s petticoats ? Have you no hands—no weapons ? Will you allow yourselves to be slaughtered like sheep or swine—to be devoured by a pack of wolves who would run away on your only showing your teeth ? Have you not your fowling-pieces, your scythes and hay-forks ; nay, your flails and cart-whips ? For shame ! Get out of this ! Go and toll your alarm-bell ; go and see what paltry knaves they are who have frightened you out of your senses. Though I see no heroes among you, surely you are not such arrant cravens as those you will have to meet outside the town.”

Abuse and upbraidings are bitter medicines to administer to abject fear. But they had a wholesome effect in this instance. The men cheered the orator ; they took heart, flew to arms ; held a hasty meeting in the square. They found a few rusty swords and flint-muskets at the Arsenal. They formed in strong sallying parties, and as it was naturally expected, on the first shots being fired, the vagrants from Lyons

broke up, clambered up the steep sides of the Mont du Chat, and at daybreak they were nowhere to be seen.

Denina laughed at the issue of the adventure, as we sat down to our dinner or supper, where the grateful landlady treated us to her choicest Barolo. But, I am convinced, had it not been for my friend's timely interference, the marauders would have come in in the night; they would have found plenty of wretches to make common cause with them among the scum of the population, and Chambery and all Savoy would have come under the sway of French Republican "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity."

Attempts at similar inroads were renewed at various later periods. But the town was now better prepared to act in self-defence, and stood out manfully till the grape-shot of Cavaignac had restored something like order in the French cities, when diplomacy warned the Republic of the danger she would incur by this insidious violation of her neighbours' territories.

I left Denina at Turin, and proceeded all alone to Milan, where I found the streets still encumbered with the barricades before which Radetzky's Austrians had had to retire inch by inch, but where there was no certainty that they might not soon reappear. I

was an utter stranger in the city, but introduced myself to the Myliuses, very near relatives of my wife, who were also to be my bankers, and would gladly have claimed me as their guest, had I not announced my resolution to leave Milan the same evening. Though these connections of mine were Germans (from Frankfort) they had taken to heart the cause of the country where they had long been at home and highly respected, and their house was the daily resort of Cattaneo, Cernuschi, Terzaghi, and other hot-headed patriots whose political passions had not as yet become dangerous. The younger son of the family, Frederick Mylius, hearing that I was bent on setting out for Charles Albert's camp without delay, volunteered his company, and towards evening we set out, I hardly allowing myself more than five minutes on the square of the Cathedral to gaze at the wonders of that great mountain of white marble.

We found at the gate a company of volunteers on their way to join the Griffini Column, and travelled with them all night through Melegnano and Lodi, arriving in the morning at Cremona. Here young Mylius and myself separated, as I was bound to the Piedmontese headquarters, and he preferred to offer

his services to the Republican Government at Venice. I hired a conveyance to Bozzolo and Asola, where I fell in with the first divisions of the Sardinian army, preparing to undertake the blockade of the water-girt stronghold of Mantua.

I shall not attempt a description of that campaign of Charles Albert, of which I had hoped to be *pars magna*, but in which hardly anything but disappointment awaited me.

I had left London full of genuine enthusiasm, proud of my readiness to sacrifice myself—and, alas! not myself alone—to a cause which had been sacred to me from childhood. The presentiments by which I had so long been haunted, that I should not outlive the days of my youth, revived now, though I had already attained the meridian of life; and as I caught up the dirge-like notes of the Chorus of the Girondins, “*Mourir pour la patrie!*” with which the streets of Paris then resounded, I really thought that the fate which had spared me so long had overtaken me at last, and that I was now bent on a journey from which I should never return. I had received from my friends Boulton and Leslie, two officers in the Life Guards, whom I often saw at Knightsbridge, a magnificent cavalry sword, as a parting present, and

had bought a fine pair of holster pistols at Lyons, my intention being to enlist in a cavalry regiment as a private trooper, ready to submit to all the drudgery and discipline of the service. I had provided myself with a passport from the Sardinian Legation in London, and with letters for various officers of high rank; among them one for General Sommariva, a gallant commander, who went by the name of the *beau sabreur* of the army. I was shown a café at Asola, where the General then was; he received me with great cordiality, admired my sword till I felt bound to offer it to him as a present; he praised the patriotic zeal which had brought me there from so great a distance, but—but he added that he had no power to accept my services without an order from the War Office; and he thought I could not join the *Novara Cavalleria* Regiment, where I had friends, without going back to the depôt at Turin, and fitting myself for active service by at least a six-months' drill.

I fell from the clouds; but on applying to the Minister of War, I found that the rules were inexorable, and would at least be strictly observed in my case.

In my anxiety to do something, although I did not lay aside the hope of overcoming all obstacles, and even thought of appealing to the King for his interference,

I got myself enlisted in the Griffini Column, which had done good service at the bridge of Goito, and marched with them from the environs of Mantua to those of Verona, where we were encamped near the King's headquarters, now removed to Somma Campagna. Here I was for two or three weeks, engaged with our column in almost daily reconnoitring incursions, overrunning the plain up to the walls of Verona—our instructions being to advance from one farmhouse to another, and taking them by storm one by one, till we fell in with the Austrian pickets, from which we were to retire after the exchange of a few volleys. It was work of a sufficiently exciting nature, but it was only the prelude of an attack on the place, which seemed indefinitely put off, and it became somewhat wearisome—at least to me, who had come up with the expectation of a more brisk and decisive warfare.

I felt strangely out of place among my comrades of the Griffini Column, a motley crew, a few of whom were very young students from the University of Pavia, but the greatest number the mere riffraff of Milan, all of whom had shown themselves heroes at the barricades on the “five great days.” But all people who knew nothing about me took me for an Englishman, and wondered what had brought me *dans cette galère*,

hardly disguising their "suspicions;" while their chief, Colonel Griffini himself, a valiant fellow, but with the mien and manner of one of the *condottieri* of old, eyed my holster-pistols with eager covetousness, and expressed a hope that those "superb weapons" should fall to him to have and to keep, "should anything happen to me;" looking all the time as if he would gladly have had me shot for my pistols.

By good fortune, and before anything "happened," our column fell in with a volunteer band from Parma, who were quartered at Santa Giustina, and were under my brother's command; and leave for me to pass from one band to another was easily obtained.

My brother—only brother—ten years my junior, had succeeded as head of the family after my father's death and during my absence, and had done good service as a clerk in the Court of Accounts under the auspices of our maternal uncle Lombardini, the Minister of Finance under Maria Louisa, and also, in later years, under the last Duchess, Louise of Bourbon, the Count of Chambord's sister. On the first outbreak of the revolution, my brother had shown rare pluck in some street skirmishes with the Austrians quartered as the Duke's auxiliaries at Parma; and, after the flight of the garrison, he had, in consideration of his gallantry, been

sent out in command of the first Volunteer Company, at the head of which he had behaved so well at Pastrengo as to receive the gold medal from the King's own hand, followed at a later time by the Cross of St. Maurice.

This brother of mine, though younger, had always been and was unquestionably wiser than I was; and, indeed, the very reverse of me in almost everything. I only remembered him as a little, lively, and mischievous urchin, and found him now a mature, sensible fellow, grave and reserved, easily extending over others that control which he always knew how to exercise over himself.

We talked that night—the whole night—chiefly about my doings; about the erratic impulses which had ruled all my life, and brought me here regardless of all the ties and interests of my English home, and especially about that strange, Quixotic crotchet, that duty to my country made it imperative on me to court a soldier's death.

My brother listened to me patiently with downcast eyes, lest, if he looked at me, his face might betray the mirth or compassion that my high-falutin excited in his sober mind; then he began to reason that “the war was at an end almost before it began”—a mistake on

his part, but which he shared with every being in or out of Italy at the time—that “even if the war went on, it would have to be fought by soldiers, not by adventurers, however enthusiastic; that his volunteers, like those of Griffini and the rest, were a mere rabble, a hindrance and encumbrance, sure to scatter like chaff when they had done all the mischief they could towards demoralising the regular army; and that he was himself only anxious to resign his command as soon as he could do it with honour, enlisting, even as a private, in a disciplined Piedmontese regiment.”

Then, proceeding with the *argumentum ad hominem*, he asked me if I forgot that I was “verging on forty, though, to be sure,” he added, “I looked, and he had no doubt I felt portentously young for my years, and my mind and heart were ‘fresh and green’ in proportion.” He was quite convinced “no recruiting sergeant in any country would enlist an old man, near-sighted as I was, at any price; and I could never endure the roughness, the harsh rule—above all things, the dirt—with which a man in the ranks must put up in barracks or at the bivouac”; and, after all, “there was no certainty that, with all my enthusiasm, I might not, like any private, be told off to some fortress or hospital on garrison or ambulance duty, and

thus never have a chance of firing a shot from the beginning to the end of the campaign."

"It was natural," he allowed, "that I should wish to be with my countrymen at this crisis; but there were a thousand ways, now I was there, to make me of some avail to my country's cause. It was the pen, not the sword, that should be my weapon; and even if I was so desperately bent on soldiering, he advised me to be off to Milan or Turin, to buy a horse or two, to hire a servant, to put on an officer's tunic—my service as an ensign in 1831 entitling me at least to a lieutenant's epaulets—and to get myself attached to the staff of either some Piedmontese or Lombard corps, when I would at least be able to see the game near enough to take any part in it my *valour* might prompt."

The advice, with all the sneers which seasoned it, was humiliating and stinging, but it was unanswerable; and I had to bow to it. I tarried with my brother for a few days, while the King's army seemed to have sunk into complete inaction; and as the heat reached its height at the end of May, I turned my back to the camp, and, choosing a roundabout route least likely to bring me on the ground trodden by the belligerents on either side, made my way to Cremona and Casal

Maggiore, where I crossed the Po to Colorno and Parma.

I had not seen my native home for eighteen years, but was not forgotten by the friends of my youth, among whom my exploits of 1831 had won me a name; and for a few days I was welcome everywhere as a veteran of the cause that was now triumphant. There was as yet no misgiving as to the possible issue of the Lombard campaign. At Milan the rash assurance "*A Milan i ghe vegn pu*" (Here at Milan they, *i.e.* the Austrians, will never be seen again), met you at every step; and the same insane confidence was everywhere the order of the day. The only question was, now Italy was her own mistress, how should she dispose of herself? for most men at that time looked upon the unity of the country as a Utopia, and only speculated on what terms a National League or Confederacy might be established. On the first outbreak of hostilities the Piedmontese had seized on the strong place of Piacenza, and, carried away by a fit of natural enthusiasm, that town had by popular acclamation demanded its immediate annexation to Piedmont. But Parma, in her capacity of capital of the Duchy, and from time immemorial jealous of the sister city,

seemed unwilling to abdicate her sovereign rank and to sink to the level of a provincial town; so that the majority there, as at Modena, Lucca, Florence, and other former seats of Government, stood up for their local rights and honours, and were staunch Federalists.

Not a few of the men of the rising generation, however, had been won over to the ideas of the *Giovine Italia*. These felt that in spite of the wonderful success that had hitherto attended the national movement, Italy would require the joint effort of all her living energies to accomplish her regeneration; and they were anxious to carry on at least the work of *unification* or amalgamation, as far as circumstances would allow.

With these practical Unitarians I communed eagerly. The strength of my convictions acted magnetically; and I had already won over many of our opponents, when, as I happened one day to argue the point in the *Piazza Grande* with a small knot of friends, I soon found myself in the midst of a crowd, all pressing round to hear. That was the very main square where, at a memorable juncture, eighteen years before I had harangued the people; and some of those whom my voice now could not

reach, remembering that former achievement of mine, called out: "*Alla Ringhiera! Alla Ringhiera!*" The "Ringhiera" was the balcony of the *Palazzo del Governo*, or Home Office, whence official acts and proclamations were read to the public. To that balcony I went up, or was carried up on men's shoulders; spoke a few words to the purpose about the difficulties and dangers of the crisis through which the country was passing; dwelt upon the reasons favourable to annexation to Piedmont, and ended by an earnest exhortation to my fellow-citizens, urging them to give the first example to the cities of the Emilia, and to come to some immediate resolution which should solve the problems about the future destinies of the country.

I had been, it seems, well inspired, and had spoken at the right moment. There was a loud, far-reaching cry of assent, and my advice was instantly acted upon. Registration books were opened at all the *cafés*; the voters' names and their votes were taken down and numbered; and, after three days' scrutiny, the result of that clumsy and somewhat informal but *bonâ fide plebiscite* was a vast majority in favour of annexation of the city and Duchy of Parma to the Sardinian Monarchy, henceforth to be the nucleus of a great North-Italian kingdom.

For my own part, however, I barely waited to see the issue of the vote. I took the diligence to Milan, and settled there at the Myliusés', who kindly helped me in my quest of saddle-horses, while a military tailor measured me for a Staff uniform. Saddle-horses, however, for the last few months, were hardly to be had at any price, and army tailors could scarcely keep up the supply with the demand that pressed upon them on all sides. Whilst I was waiting, at a loss how otherwise to employ my time, I frequented patriotic clubs, was admitted to the councils of the Provisional Government, saw Mazzini twice or three times at the Hotel Marino, and was absolutely terrified at the violence of the political passions by which the great city, as well as the whole country, were distracted.

Here also I was able to do some good. The report of what had been done at Parma had preceded me; I was looked upon as a pronounced *Annexationist*. As such I was highly favoured by the Provisional Government; and, on the other hand, became decidedly obnoxious to Mazzini and the Republicans of all colours. But at Milan, as at Parma, I succeeded to some extent in throwing some oil on the troubled waters, especially by the publication of a series of articles in the

Lombardia, an influential daily print, in which I carried out the same views which I had advocated from the palace balcony in my native place.

While I was thus employed, patiently bearing the delay which kept me away from the scene of war—where, as far as we in Milan knew, everything went on propitiously for the Italian arms—a large parcel of letters, which the Myliuses had sent out to me by the military post at headquarters, and which had wandered there from place to place, following the King's movements, came finally into my brother's hands at Santa Giustina, and was by him despatched to Parma, whence it now reached me at Milan.

Many of those letters bore old dates, and were perfectly reassuring as to the well-being of those I had left behind. But one of them, bearing the Kensington post-mark, was comparatively recent, and was signed by a Miss Bassett, an old maid who had struck up an acquaintance with my mother-in-law, and was a frequent visitor at our house in Thurloe Square.

Her intelligence was that my poor little infant had died after little more than five weeks of precarious existence, and that my wife, worn out by my prolonged absence, and further distracted by that recent loss,

had been attacked by an illness of which neither herself nor her parents were allowed to perceive the gravity, but by which the doctors had been so greatly alarmed that they had requested her—Miss Bassett—to send me word in their name, bidding me hasten on my way to England without a minutes loss of time, “*if I wished to see their patient alive.*”

I travelled post—*posta forzata*—from Milan to Como and Lake Maggiore, across the St. Gothard and down by Lucerne and Basle to the Rhine; proceeded by steam on the river to Strasburg, and thence by the Malle Poste to Paris and Calais, never allowing myself one moment's rest till the cab set me down at my house-door in Brompton, barely one week after the arrival of Miss Bassett's terrible news.

CHAPTER VIII.

DIPLOMATIC EXPERIENCES.

Milan to London—An anxious journey—A cruel hoax—All's well that ends well—New travelling schemes—A family council—Terrible tidings—A hurried journey—Alpine travelling—The news at Aosta—Chaos at Turin—Italian disasters—Oil on troubled waters—Every dog has its day—Popularity and promotion—A diplomatic mission—Turin to Frankfort—Anarchy and reaction—A scheme of pacification—Its failure—Frankfort to Turin—A warlike ministry—Turin to Frankfort—Reaction triumphant—Back to England.

OF all the journeys I ever accomplished in my life none was ever undertaken under so cruel a pressure of anguish as the one which brought me home to England in the early days of July, 1848. I was then, as I am still, too often under the influence of a gloomy temperament, which prompts me to look at things under their most ominous aspect; and under the threat of some dire calamity my first instinct is to anticipate the worst. This does not, perhaps, make me a greater

coward than the generality of my fellow-beings in facing evil when it becomes inevitable; but it causes me to go through a vast amount of self-torture in the mere expectation, before the blow falls—a torture which has been needlessly endured, when, as in the present instance, the blow is eventually averted.

There was nothing unexpected in the tidings of my child's death; for no one except a fond mother could have hoped to rear so frail a being. But my poor wife! Had my heartless desertion of her so soon after her confinement, and with that infant life slowly wasting before her eyes, been too much for her? Had I killed her?

She looked so calm, and even cheerful, when I left her. Her letters which had reached me at the camp in April and May were so far from evincing any symptoms of bodily ailment or mental distress. She had her parents with her. I was unremitting in my correspondence and certainly not niggardly in my expressions of conjugal affection. She knew she was all that was dearest to my heart—next to Italy—and she had assured me a hundred times that my love for my country caused her no pang of jealousy.

Miss Bassett's letter was at least a fortnight old. The Myliuses were in constant weekly communication

with their partners and relatives in England. For two weeks nothing had been heard about Green Heys or Thurloe Square. What did that silence portend? Had the worst happened? Had Death achieved his work? And had either that or the suspense of a prolonged agony so utterly paralysed the faculties of all in attendance upon that deathbed that none of them had thought of writing one word to bid me hope or despair?

Frantic with anguish and remorse I stepped up to my house-door and rang the bell. And—and in the hall I was met by my wife, who was rushing down the stairs, and who threw herself into my arms, half-fainting with delight and surprise.

When that first emotion was over, I handed her up to the drawing-room; looked at her, hardly believing my own eyes, for there was no trace of suffering in her face; and, soon completely reassured, I asked: "Well, little wife! And how have you been all this time?"

"Pretty well on the whole," she answered. "I was a little put out by poor baby's death, you can imagine, and fretted a great deal about you; but I have been up and going about all this last month, and felt so well since Sunday, that papa and mamma

have gone home to Green Heys, leaving me here just to shut up the house and join them."

"All is well that ends well," thought I. And "One moment," as the poet says :

"One moment may with bliss repay
Unnumbered hours of pain."

But my curses on Miss Bassett for the distress of mind her cruel hoax had caused me were not less deep and hearty for being at that moment denied a vent. Had the scheme of frightening me back to England by that false alarm sprung up spontaneously in that old tabby's fertile brain? Or had it been concocted between her and my mother-in-law whose natural anxiety about her daughter's health was at least more excusable, and may have gone the length of coaxing or bribing her gossiping friend to charge her conscience with what was, if not pure fabrication, at least gross exaggeration? Who can say? On my first relief I deemed it hardly worth while to inquire. And before I had leisure to take the meddling spinster to task, I heard that she had fallen ill, and been summoned to her last account.

There was, meanwhile, peace and happiness in Thurloe Square that evening, and for the two or three ensuing days. After which I humoured my

wife by taking her to her parents' old home at Green Heys, where we were soon projecting a summer excursion to the Peak of Derbyshire, or to some sea-bathing place on the Welsh coast.

Letters from the Myliuses, however, following close upon my arrival, spread a report of my doings in Italy—especially respecting the good influence I had exercised towards soothing the animosities arising from conflicting political views at Parma and Milan—the letters expressing the writers' regret at the domestic troubles which had determined my sudden departure, and adding a hope that, its cause being now removed by my wife's sudden recovery, I might soon be induced to go back to Italy, not necessarily as a combatant, but as a peace-maker, a right-thinking and well-meaning leader of public opinion; in which capacity I might take up my residence in Milan, accepting the hospitality in Casa Mylius both for myself and my wife; my pacific mission no longer rendering a separation in the least necessary.

These letters created not a little stir among my wife's relatives, especially in the families of two of my father-in-law's nephews—able young men, whose enterprising talents had given a wider scope to the business in which they were partners, who thought

well and spoke sensibly on all political subjects, and took almost as great an interest in the emancipation of Italy as in the reconstitution of their own German Fatherland.

These, knowing perfectly well what had been passing in Thurloe Square, were ashamed and disgusted when they heard of the ignoble stratagem by which I had been recalled from Italy, and in a kind of family council that was held at Green Heys they declared that I had been ill-used, no matter by whom or at whose suggestion, and that the least that could be done to make me amends would be to allow me to accept the Myliuses's invitation, and go back to Milan, taking my wife with me to remove any chance of her again repining at her forlorn condition.

There were sense and justice in the propòsal, and it was backed by so general an approval of all the little German colony in Manchester, that my wife's parents themselves warmed up to the scheme as if it had been something of their own contriving, and we had soon no other thought than that of making ready for our departure.

A lady's preparations for a journey, however, especially when there is a mother to provide for

what she deems "the needful," is apt to take time; and we had come to the end of July before we had made up our minds to be off. And then such appalling news broke upon us, day after day, as gave us reason to be thankful that we had never stirred at all.

News travelled lamely at that time, and the intelligence from the seat of war suffered such delays, curtailments, and additions in the transmission, that the truth of anything that was happening took an unconscionable time in reaching us. When I left Milan at the end of June there could be no doubt as to the full success of the Italian movement. When, one month later, the day for our journey to Milan was appointed, our Italian cause was lost past recovery.

The real truth is that since the outbreak of the Milan insurrection the Italians had managed to live in a fool's paradise, which they soon turned into a hell of discord and anarchy. The Milanese, flushed with the astonishing results of their five days' street-fighting, fancied they had, single-handed, utterly annihilated the Austrian army. That army, however, was surprised and scattered, but not beaten. The unlooked-for defection of many thousand native Italians had thinned its ranks, but not broken its backbone, not loosened its fundamental organisation, or overcome its cohesive

instincts. What Radetzky had with him in his retreat was merely a nucleus of what his force had been ; but with that he was still unresisted wherever he marched, and found that he was soon able to rally new forces wherewith to regain his lost ground.

For their own part the Italians seemed at first stunned with their portentous victory. Had they been all wide-awake and quick, the triumph might indeed have been complete, for Mantua and Verona would as easily have fallen into their hands as Milan and Venice. But the people suffered the right moment to slip ; and Radetzky, safe in his lion's den of the Quadrilateral, had time to take breath, to look about him, and to stand fast, however rapidly Lombardy, Venetia, and the whole Empire might be toppling about his ears.

The war, however, the Italians thought, was not between Radetzky and Lombardo-Venetia. It was between Radetzky and all Italy. What Italian citizens had begun, Italian soldiers would be sure to achieve. There were the armies of Piedmont and Tuscany, of Rome and the Two Sicilies, coming to the rescue ; not to reckon myriads of volunteers. It was all Italy against one man ; for Austria was nowhere. Beyond the Alps the Austrian Empire was in utter dissolution, Vienna a pandemonium, the Emperor a fugitive ; while

Italy, it was supposed, was "acting together as one man."

Alas! all that was true, but only for one day. On the morrow after that first exultation, the seeds of Italian dissension broke out. The Lombards soon found that their auxiliaries too far exceeded their need. And the auxiliaries were too much in each other's way. Rome and Naples became jealous of Piedmont's preponderance. So far as lay in their power, the Pope and the Bourbon withdrew from the contest. Left alone, Charles Albert would not in the long run, and even under the most propitious circumstances, have been a match for his Austrian adversary; for this latter had the advantages of wiser generalship, steadier troops, and an infinitely stronger position. But independently of all these drawbacks, poor Charles Albert had to contend with implacable enemies behind his back, if not in his own camp—the partisans of Mazzini, Cattaneo, and other harebrained agitators, who turned the fatal precedents of the King against him, proclaimed him twice and thrice a traitor, and flattering the municipal jealousies of the Milanese against the Piedmontese, and the senseless propensities of the populace for ultra-democratic institutions, denounced the royal champion of Italy as the greatest

stumbling-block in the way of a triumphant Italian Republic.

Before I left Milan at the end of June, as far as we were allowed to know on our side, everything seemed still favourable to our cause; for the only field action of the campaign, at Goito, was claimed as a splendid victory of the Piedmontese, and its immediate result had been the surrender of Peschiera, one of the four impregnable Austrian strongholds (May 30th). But since then large reinforcements from the Tyrol and Friuli had joined the army of Radetzky; the strong places on the frontier had fallen one by one without striking a blow. Vicenza had succumbed (June 11th), and, before the end of the month, all Venetia—the city of the Lagoons and some Alpine fortresses excepted—had come into Austrian hands. Throughout all that period the King seemed to have lost all initiative; he let slip the opportunity of either relieving Vicenza or carrying Verona by a *coup-de-main*, and hovered helplessly between Verona and Mantua, with his army scattered along a line reaching from Rivoli to Governolo—till all Radetzky's plans were laid, when the Austrians came forth against that thin line with a compact mass of 60,000 men, broke it and crushed it at Custoza (July 25th), and compelled

it to fall back from the Mincio to the Oglio and Adda, till it came to a halt under the walls of Milan.

Further than that, nothing was known in Manchester. For several days the despatches were confused and contradictory, and I was racked with uncertainty and suspense. All ideas of the journey to Milan with a wife's encumbrance had, of course, to be given up; but my wife herself, sympathising with the anxiety which allowed me no rest day or night, was the first to suggest that I should at once proceed on our projected route alone, and ascertain the real extent of the disaster that was too sudden to be thought absolutely irreparable.

I parted with her, leaving her in her old home, under her parents' care; hurried through London and Paris, vainly endeavouring to pick up such information as might guide me in my further progress; then went on at haphazard by the diligence to Besançon and Geneva, with a vague idea of making my way over the Simplon to Lake Maggiore, whence it would be equally easy for me to join the last defenders of the country at Milan or Turin; for the news, even in Geneva, left me still doubtful as to what was going on south of the Alps, some reports being that Charles Albert had shut himself up in Milan with a determination to defend that town *à outrance*, while other statements were that the King

had continued his retreat to his own frontier on the Ticino; that Milan had been surrendered to the Austrians, and that Mazzini, Garibaldi, and other Republican leaders had withdrawn to the mountains above Como and Varese, bent on prolonging the struggle by a guerilla warfare.

The route of the Simplon and Lake Maggiore was evidently no longer safe. That from Geneva back to Lyons, and thence over Mont Cenis to Turin, was long and circuitous; so I chose a middle course, took the early morning steamer from Geneva to Villeneuve; walked, the same forenoon, up the broad Valais Valley to Martigny; and hence, after a two hours' rest, I undertook, still on foot, the narrow ascent to the Grand St. Bernard. Darkness and fatigue, however, compelled me to remain for the night at the *Cantine*, two hours from the summit of the pass; but on the following morning I went up to the Hospice, shared with the hospitable prior his twelve o'clock dinner, which, although *De Maigre* (that being a fast day) was one of the most succulent and toothsome I ever ate in my life; and leaving, immediately after rising from table, I walked down in six hours to Aosta.

The St. Bernard's Pass, nearly 9000 feet high, was at that season clear of snow; but there was ice in th

little lake near the Hospice when I bathed in it early in the morning. The weather was bright and lovely, and the transition from the northern to the southern watershed had all the sensation of a passage from death to life which every traveller experiences on crossing the Alps from any northern land into Italy—an exhilarating sensation of which even dumb cattle seem susceptible, as we read that Alfieri's fourteen English blood horses on the descent of Mont Cenis "hailed the land of the sun with neighs that had no end."

Like one of those animals, I also cried out "Italy! Italy!" as the rugged sides of the valley of the Dora widened out into a garden before me. That morbid gloom, that weighed upon my mind all along the way, haunting me with dark presages of the fate which, as I fancied, awaited me at my journey's end, making me, as I toiled up the ascent, break out into the dismal notes of my favourite "*Mourir pour la patrie!*" was softened, if not dispelled by the unutterable smile of that southern region. Stirred to the depth of my heart I stood still, and, in the midst of that vast solitude, I fell on my knees, and lifted up my voice to the Almighty, with a faith and ardour to which I had long been a stranger, and prayed—prayed that His will should be done, but that "living or dying

my coming should not be without some good result for my country."

As I proceeded, the cheerful look, the holiday dress, the festive gathering of the sparse population, and, above all things, the lively peals of bells from every church steeple, struck me as something extraordinary, and recalled me from my inward meditations to a less abstract sense of the things of this world.

"What is all this?" I asked myself. "What makes these good rustics so merry? Has the fortune of war turned? And are they celebrating a victory?"

I stopped the first decently-dressed man, a stout countryman, riding, on whose brow a cloud of ill-humour was perceptible, and asked "the news?"

"No news, sir," he answered, laconically.

"What!" I insisted. "All these merry peals, all these peasants in their Sunday best——"

"Bah!" he interrupted. "C'est la quinze Août—l'Assomption de la Bonne Vierge! Ce sont ces sacrés prêtres qui font leur *gazzarre*. Qu'est ce que cela leur fait, la débâcle de l'armée, ou la ruine du pays? Leur boutique va toujours. La patrie est en deuil. L'Eglise est en fête. Ainsi va le monde."

And in a few words he informed me that Milan had risen against the King, who was bent on defending it;

that it was with difficulty he escaped from the rifle shots of the *Barabbas* of the populace, and that he had crossed the Ticino with his scattered army, accepting the hard terms of the armistice which had been negotiated for him by the diplomatic representatives of France and England. A few steps further I met some of the soldiers of the routed army, who had already struggled so far on their way home, ragged and worn out; and who held out their hand like beggars, charity alone keeping them from dropping down wasted by hunger and fatigue on the roadside.

At Aosta, in the evening, I found the diligence for Turin; and on the following day I took up my quarters at the Hôtel Feder in that city.

A more disheartening and perplexing situation of affairs than what met me in Italy at this juncture, it would be impossible to imagine. With the King, and with the remnants of his beaten army, swarms of homeless and in many cases, penniless fugitives from all parts of Italy had crowded in upon exhausted Piedmont. Among them were the bitterest enemies both of the King and of his people. The municipal jealousy which had shown itself between Lombards and Subalpines on the first success of the campaign was not likely to be soothed by the smart of its final

reverse. Every man you spoke to, every paper you took up, gave you merely a repetition of the same senseless and relentless mutual upbraidings. Treachery on one side, supineness and cowardice on the other, were the charges with which the contending parties met each other in their envenomed controversy. It seemed as if the Austrian had ceased to be the enemy. It was as much as the police, backed by a large military force, could do to prevent the sword which had been powerless against the foreign foe, being drawn in a deadly feud between countrymen and brethren.

In the midst of that chaos of evil passions, the voice of any *bonâ fide* peace-maker had a chance of being listened to.

I tried what mine could do. I had asked divine aid, and I felt the *Deus in nobis*. I sat down and wrote. It seemed as if I alone, arriving as a stranger and neutral in the heat of the quarrel, had still sufficient control over my feelings to be able to talk reason. I wrote an appeal to all parties, proving—as it was only too easy—how grievously all and each of them had been at fault, how they all needed indulgence, mutual forgiveness, oblivion. I acted the part of the chorus in a Greek tragedy; threw all the blame on a blind, inscrutable, inexorable fate. The thoughts came from

the heart. The words were written in blood. For once in my life I was as one inspired.

I wrote—and went with my broad sheet to the office of *Risorgimento*, a daily print which owed its rise to Count Cavour, but the apparent editor of which was Michelangelo Castelli, Cavour's most faithful and trusted agent and friend to the day of the great statesman's death.

That first appeal was followed by another, and a third and a series: Of the impression those articles made I am almost afraid to speak. Suffice it to say that that was the only occasion in my life in which I felt conscious of having done any good in this world.

Cavour came to the office on purpose to see and know me. He thanked me in the name of the country. My name was soon popular. I was pointed at as the man who by the annexation of Parma had given a powerful impulse to the work of national unification. General Menabrea, the same who was for several years Italian Ambassador in England—then a dashing young officer with a handsome head reminding one of the early portraits of the First Napoleon—happened at the time to be in command at Parma, and now bore witness to the “wonderful effect my

harangue in the square had had on my townspeople." The King's Government set great stores by those spontaneous votes of annexation. Worst of all in the field, the Piedmontese statesmen still hoped to retrieve their fortunes by their wonted ability in the Cabinet. They were anxious to claim the unification of North Italy as an established fact, and with that view they set up a new administration at the head of which they placed Count Casati, the former Mayor of Milan, and President of the late Provisional Government of Lombardy, with other members chosen from the various Venetian and Emilian provinces. As they were especially anxious, if no more could be gotten, to secure for themselves the fortress of Piacenza, and the whole or at least part of the Duchy of Parma—they set their eyes upon me; and Castelli came, in the name of Count Cavour and of the Marquis Alfieri di Sostegno, to offer me the portfolio of Public Instruction.

Thank Heaven, my vanity, however flattered by that mere breath of popular favour, had not blinded me to such dangerous extent. I did not plead false *nolo episcopari* modesty, self-denial, or mistrust of my own abilities. I simply told those gentlemen that my domestic ties to England did not allow me to

prolong my stay south of the Alps, and that I was already on the move towards home. I tarried on the spot, however, all the latter end of the month of August and part of September; and with the help of my friend Castelli, and Francesco Ferrara, one of the Envoys from Palermo who had come over to Turin to offer the crown of Italy to the King's younger son, the Duke of Genoa—hit upon a scheme which seemed at first to have every chance of success. I laid out a plan of an Italian Confederacy, of which the leaders were easily and immediately found among the distinguished refugees from all parts of the country with which Turin was then swarming, and the first use we made of the new political power placed in our hands by this association, was an endeavour to rehabilitate King Charles Albert, on whom the hostile parties were only too glad to throw the main responsibility of all the recent calamities of the country.

Poor king ! He had had noble aspirations at various periods of his life. He had wished for good, but evil had been again and again too strong for him. He was in earnest now, at this last stage in his career, but how could any man know it ? A few might love him, but no one trusted him. And yet everything was in his hands. Piedmont was the last, the only resource of

Italy, and we must make the best of its king, and stick to him till he gave us up.

We drew up a deputation and went to him. In the name of the Italian Confederacy, and as deputies of the cities and provinces which had voted for annexation to the Sardinian crown, we came "to tender our homage, and to pledge our faith and honour to stand by him to the full extent of our power; trusting that he, for his own part, would never forsake or disavow us, and never yield to adverse fortune as long as even the faintest hope remained for the triumph of our hallowed cause."

He stood before the open window, all clad in his blue uniform, with his plumed cocked hat resting on his arm; a tall man, stiff and erect, lean and gaunt, all yellow like boxwood in his face, old, worn, broken in mind and body. He listened with some embarrassment, he thanked us rather coldly; but asked "how any one could doubt the earnestness and steadfastness of his devotion to the nation's cause?"

"Sire," I replied, "your Majesty must be aware that reports are current about town that peace with Austria has already been secretly signed."

My words touched him to the quick. His eyes flashed fire, and he moved forward a step or two, as if unable to control his emotion.

"Peace signed!" he exclaimed. Then he burst out into a bitter laugh. "Gentlemen," he said, "if you know that, you are much better informed than I am, or ought to be."

"We do not, we will not believe the outrageous rumour, sire," I insisted; "and it is to be able to give the calumnious report your decided contradiction that we stand here in your royal presence."

"Take the word of a king and a gentleman (*parola di Re e di Cavaliere*) then," he said. "Tell my people and your people that I have staked my crown, my life, and that of my sons on the issue of this contest, and that my sword shall never be sheathed till we obtain a peace with which Italy may have reason to be satisfied. Our allies of France and England hold our hands while they endeavour to patch up a peace. I am convinced that they are wasting their time, and the moment the mediation is at an end our new campaign must begin."

With this we withdrew. On the following morning the King's words appeared in the *Risorgimento*, with a warm appeal to the people's loyalty and sense of justice. From that moment the ungenerous suspicions about the King's good faith were in a great measure allayed; but my chance of doing any further good was but small.

The country was restored to some calmness—resigned to hope and wait; but the success itself of my pacific mission made me obnoxious to the party that was bent on disorder and strife at any price. It was time for me to be off, for my further stay in Turin was incompatible with the domestic duties which recalled me to England; and I was making ready for my departure when something happened to interfere with my movements.

The guerilla warfare which had been proclaimed by Mazzini and Garibaldi ended in a failure almost ere it began. Its leaders went across the Swiss frontier; but its scattered legionaries crept into Piedmont one by one, and came to Turin to swell the ranks of those mischief-makers, who, under the false cry of Democracy, hoped to pave the way for a Republic. At the head of this faction was now the ex-priest, Vincenzo Gioberti, who, as a precursor of Pius IX., had made himself extremely popular by his scheme of a reconciliation between the cause of Italy and that of the Papacy. After the Pope's desertion of the National Cause, Gioberti had still a large party among the liberal priests and their flock in Piedmont, and at the head of a so-called Democratic Club he might still be considered a power in the State. In

an evil moment he proposed a fusion of his club with our National Confederacy; and his ascendancy was strong enough to effect his purpose, and to place himself at the head of both associations, using them as an instrument in his opposition to the ministry. Upon a new Cabinet being formed under the presidency of the Marquis Alfieri di Sostegno, a place in it was offered to Gioberti; but as it was not the first place that was intended for him, the ex-priest broke out into open war, and joined Rattazzi and others of the Left who were clamouring for a "Democratic Administration." The Alfieri Ministry, hoping to rid themselves of a formidable adversary, tempted Gioberti with the offer of a great diplomatic mission, proposing to send him to Frankfort, where a national assembly was now sitting, busy with a reconstitution of the German Empire. The mission was undertaken with the hope of winning over the Frankfort Assembly to the cause of Nationality, a principle which would make the interests of the German Fatherland identic with our own. Gioberti took the bait, and was appointed Envoy Extraordinary; and it occurred to my friend Castelli and Count Cavour, that I, knowing a little German, might be induced to go with the Envoy as his secretary and interpreter. This happened to suit me, as I might

thus still hope to make myself useful at Frankfort, where I should be three or four days nearer home, and my wife could join me; and where the honourable errand on which I was sent might flatter the vanity of my wife's family, many of whose nearest relatives were among the most conspicuous people in the town.

All was arranged, and the day of our departure appointed, when, at the eleventh hour, the ex-priest listened to the suggestions of crafty advisers who would have lost in him the trump-card in their game against the ministers; he changed his mind, and threw up the mission. The King's Government, the arrival of whose Envoy was formally announced and expected in Frankfort, were at a loss for a proper substitute; and in their hurry and helplessness, nothing better occurred to them than to send me out, no longer in the suite, but at the head of the mission. Only, instead of dubbing me Envoy Extraordinary, they appointed me Secretary of Legation and *Chargé d'Affaires*, reserving the power of accrediting an ambassador with full powers when the German Empire should be actually reconstituted.

I felt that a diplomatist's business was as little suitable to my peculiar cast of mind as that of a Cabinet Minister; but the Minister for Foreign Affairs,

General Perrone, the Marquis Alfieri, and their colleagues, saw no better way out of the embarrassment in which Gioberti's defection placed them ; they insisted upon my acceptance as a personal favour to themselves and would take no denial. They gave me the young Marquis Doria di Ciriè, Alfieri's nephew, as an attaché, and we set out without further loss of time. We travelled *viâ* the St. Gothard to Lucerne and Bâle, and hence by coach to Heidelberg ; whence, if I well remember, the railway was opened to our destination. At Frankfort, not many days after our arrival, my wife came in from London, under her brother's escort, and we moved from the Hotel de Russie on the Zeil to a neat little villa on the Anlage, just out of the Eshenheimer Thor.

My mission turned out a failure as I expected, and ended in a perfect sinecure. The Germans, though so wise a people, blundered in the management of their affairs even more deplorably than we Italians had done. We were weakened by our internal divisions, no doubt ; but only succumbed to an overwhelming foreign enemy. The revolutionary party in Italy was powerful, but it would never have gained the upper hand, had the war been successful. Had Charles Albert beaten Radetzky, Mazzini would have been as powerless against

him as he was twelve years later against Victor Emmanuel. The Germans had nothing to fear from foreign Powers ; they had no quarrels with any of them but of their own seeking. A big warlike nation, never conquered or permanently invaded, Germany would at all times have been mistress of her destinies, if she had only ever known her own mind. The people there had no other enemies than their six-and-thirty Governments, and on the first outburst of their revolutionary passions they found it only too easy to trample their sovereigns under their feet. At the time of my journey to Frankfort, complete anarchy reigned at Vienna, at Berlin, and all the minor courts or capitals. As I crossed Baden I met the Republican bands of Hecker and Struve in possession of the highways, and I reached Frankfort on the 20th of September, only two days after the riot in the *Pfingstweide*, where two of the most conspicuous members of the Assembly, Prince Lichnowsky and General Auerswald, had been barbarously murdered, and where the mob was only overpowered by reinforcements of troops from the garrison of Mayence. Martial law had been proclaimed in the town before my arrival, and the glare of the bivouac fires of the soldiers encamped in the Zeil under my hotel windows kept me awake part of the night. Revo-

lution had everywhere been disgraced by assassination, and order was everywhere re-established by massacre. And in the midst of that general reaction, Germany, as represented by her National Assembly in Frankfort, was only stultifying herself. Instead of simply discussing a scheme of government, the Assembly took upon itself the authority of actual government. Whilst basing its power on the principle of nationality, it trampled upon the national rights of the Danes of Schleswig, of the Poles of Posen, of the Italians of Trent. Unable to smooth down the difficulties arising from the old rivalries of Prussia and Austria, it set up a third power by a league of the minor States, thus further widening division and making confusion worse confounded.

In so difficult a position of affairs, what chance had I of success in my position? The Germans looked upon us as the main cause of their misfortunes, as Radetzky's victory had in some measure restored the fortunes of Austria; enabled Windishgrätz and Jellachich to crush Hungary and Bohemia, and bring back the fugitive Court to the Capital. In Frankfort itself a league between the Absolutists, the Catholics, and the ultra-Radicals had given the Austrian party the upper hand, and it was to an Austrian, the Archduke John,

and to his Ministry, of whom an Austrian, Schmerling, was the head, that I was accredited. The Archduke, whom, in the interest of Germany herself, I tried to induce to mediate between Vienna and Turin, with a view to obtain a peace on what might be to us acceptable terms, answered me in very good Italian (for he was a native of Florence) that he was "a German, no doubt, but an Austrian first. He was a Hapsburg prince; and, however inclined to all liberal reforms, he could be no party to any transaction which might endanger the integrity of the Austrian Empire or lessen its ascendancy on either side of the Alps. If Piedmont wished for peace," he concluded, "it should be free to settle its own affairs as it listed, but should not presume to interfere with those of its neighbours." I expected such a reception, of course, but I turned to Von Vinke and other members of the Prussian party, and asked them whether, in their contest with Austria, they did not look upon us as their natural allies. Their answer was that "they were as anxious for the welfare of Italy as for their own, but that at Trent, at Trieste, and the shores of the Adriatic, Austrian interests were also German interests, and the *natural* frontier of Germany must be drawn at the Mincio, or, at the utmost, at the Adige." I found Mr. Karl Vogt and other Republicans more

amenable to my arguments. They were willing enough to do full justice to Italy, "but it must be a Republican Italy—the Italy of Mazzini."

I felt that I had been sent on a fool's errand. But my position was not unendurable; for my wife's relatives, both at Frankfort and Heidelberg, stood by me, and I was on good terms with the diplomatic body, especially Lord Cowley, the English, and with the French and Belgian Ministers, the French especially, an aristocrat and a humorist, who assured me prophetically that, come what might, "*On était Catholique en France*," and that "the first campaign the French Republic would undertake abroad would be in support of the rights of the Pope-King." For in those days the Pope's Government was on its last legs, and it was not long before the world was startled by the atrocious murder of Count Rossi—November 15th, 1848—a murder of which, desperate as I felt it made the Italian cause, I tried to palliate the enormity among my German friends by a *Tu quoque* argument, quoting the cases of Auerswald and Lichnowsky at Frankfort, of Latour at Vienna, and Lamberg at Pesth; but all in vain, because, I was answered, "in all those instances the murders had been the deed of an excited and brutified populace, while Rossi fell a victim to a conspiracy, and the majority of

the Roman Chamber, of the Press, and the people exulted and gloried in the dastardly deed."

One chance of doing something in the diplomatic line, however, presented itself to me in the midst of my weariness and depression in Frankfort. Among my diplomatic colleagues I had made the acquaintance of Bruck, the director of the Austrian Lloyd's at Trieste, a first-rate man of business, who had come to Frankfort as a member of the Assembly, and was subsequently appointed Austrian Plenipotentiary. When, after the new disorders in October, the Emperor Ferdinand abdicated, and his successor, Francis Joseph, had been so firmly set on the throne as to reorganise the Government, Bruck was called to Vienna, and, as Minister of Commerce, exercised a considerable influence over the Cabinet.

Bruck was a North German, native of Elberfeld, and in the talk I frequently had with him respecting Austro-Italian matters, he agreed with me that the Lombardo-Venetian provinces were a burden and a weakness rather than a useful possession to Austria, and that the day in which she could give them up with honour would mark the beginning of a new and happier era for the empire. On the ground of that understanding, hearing now the report of his promotion, I drew up a scheme of pacifica-

tion between Austria and Italy, which, I trusted, must meet Bruck's own views, the conditions of which were that "Piedmont should renounce all hope of aggrandisement for itself; that Lombardo-Venetia should be raised to the rank of an independent State in favour of an Austrian Archduke, and that State, with Piedmont, Tuscany, Rome, the two Sicilies, and the Duchies, should constitute a National League or Confederacy, with a diet in Rome of which the Pope might have the nominal presidency, the Papal State being in all other respects secularised."

I need not here dwell on the particulars on which my scheme developed itself as I brought it to maturity, nor do I think it necessary to point out the circumstances in which Europe was then placed, and which made it the only plausible and practicable plan of a pacific arrangement. Suffice it to say that it was all carefully drawn up on paper, and the only difficulty lay in having it safely conveyed to its destination in Vienna.

I had an intimate friend in Frankfort, in the person of Mr. Killias, a Swiss engineer from Coira, who had been sent as an extra-official envoy of the Swiss Confederacy to the German Government, especially to deal with the question of a railway across the Alps from the Rhine to the Mediterranean, a subject in which I was

myself strongly interested, and which I often discussed with him, though I was a partisan of the Gothard Line, while he, as a Grison, was bent on favouring the Luckmanier. This Killias had lived and worked nearly all his life in Italy, chiefly in Milan, was an extremely intelligent person, the greatest linguist I had ever known, a great traveller and a cool-headed fellow, almost invariably correct in his judgments. He was withal, rather a rough diamond; he had a plain Socratic face, was short and thick, careless in his dress, rather short and abrupt in his manner. I explained to him what I wanted; instructed him to deliver my dispatch to Bruck, to explain it verbally at full length, bidding him, if he acceded to my proposal, send a secret agent to Turin to come to some understanding, while I, for my own part, should prepare our Minister for Foreign Affairs, General Perrone, to receive Bruck's messenger.

Killias left for Vienna; had a long conference with Bruck, and waited for several days to give the Austrian time to win over his colleagues to his views. At last he came back to me with the intelligence that Bruck's agent would be in Turin at the appointed day, in the expectation that my communication to Perrone should arrive simultaneously with that agent. In my letter

to Perrone I took care to say that "I had done my best to serve my country; but that if he did not like my project, he should not hesitate about disavowing and recalling me."

A peace such as I proposed could not be acceptable to Perrone. In the first place the general was a good Piedmontese of the old school. He thought that Piedmont could not and should not recede from the contest without some territorial gain; without some leaf out of that Italian artichoke the whole of which was ultimately to be swallowed by the House of Savoy. He insisted on annexing, at least, the Duchy of Parma or the stronghold of Piacenza, and it was on the rock of that condition that the mediation of France and England had hitherto foundered. Perrone had spoken at the Chamber of the insurmountable obstacle that still rose against peace, and when urged to denounce the armistice and recommence hostilities, he answered he "was not such a fool as to grapple with a mad dog which, left to himself, would soon die of its own rage."

But, as I knew too well, and as it was soon found out, Austrian hydrophobia was not past cure. The dog recovered from his madness, and it became clear that not one inch of ground should be vouchsafed to Piedmont without a new appeal to arms. In such a position, my

letter and Bruck's agent found our Foreign Minister in the greatest embarrassment. He declared that "the question of peace or war lay in the hands of the Mediating Powers; that any direct negotiation of Piedmont with Austria would be disloyalty to France and England." He dismissed Bruck's agent with scanty ceremony, and bade me "give up the affairs of my Legation to the secretary, and go back at once to Turin." I obeyed at once. I travelled over the St. Gothard early in January, 1849, in the midst of heavy snow storms, and arrived in Turin to find Perrone and the Alfieri Cabinet on the ground, and a Democratic Ministry, with Gioberti at its head, installed in their place. I presented myself to Gioberti *ad audiendum verbum*, and was told that "he would, for his own part, fully have approved of my pacification scheme, if he had any hope of a possibility of peace; but that he and his colleagues saw that war was inevitable, and prepared themselves accordingly." With that understanding, he invited me to go back to my duties in Frankfort. But I told him that "I considered my mission had miscarried, and my resignation of my diplomatic office was irrevocable."

I tarried in Turin, nevertheless, for the whole of that month and part of February, shocked at the head-

long rashness with which that vain ex-priest, the Prime Minister, now at the height of his ambition, was committing his country to a contest in which nothing but a disastrous and ignominious defeat could await it. For the Piedmontese army, now swelled to more than 100,000 combatants, was chiefly made up of the most discordant and riotous elements that revolutionised Italy could muster up. It was utterly democratised, *i.e.*, demoralised; I could hear the soldiers on the frontiers of Lake Maggiore declaring, loudly enough almost to be heard by the Austrians on the other side, that "they were tired of their officers—a pack of aristocrats and *codini*, or retrogradists, as well as of their generals—all idiots or traitors—and that for their own part, they—the soldiers—would make it a point to run away on the first shot being fired."—a promise which bad soldiers of all countries are at all times only too apt to maintain.

Aware of the desperate situation of our affairs, I tried to describe it in a pamphlet published in February, and entitled, "*A che ne siamo?*" which won the suffrages of many sensible people. And, when I left, towards the end of that month, I carried with me the strong conviction that all the Government's bellicose proclamations were mere bluster, and that no man

in his senses would, under present circumstances, dream of denouncing the armistice.

And yet almost before I had reached Frankfort it was done. Rattazzi had managed to trip up his chief, Gioberti, who had all this time been a mere puppet in his crafty colleague's hands, and whose courage broke down at the last moment ; Rattazzi now put himself at the head of a hastily reconstructed democratic administration, and on the 13th of March, 1849, he sent Major Cadorna to Milan, bearer of his hostile message to Radetzky. Ten days later the Piedmontese, or Italian army, was utterly prostrated at Novara.

Though no longer detained by diplomatic duties in Frankfort, I had to abide there for several weeks ; for a son was born to us on that very 13th of March which gave the signal for the ill-omened campaign of Novara ; and neither mother nor child was strong enough to bear a journey. Presently, weary of the dull and empty debates of the German National Assembly, and somewhat sick also of the endless convivialities with which our Frankfort friends and relatives, counting their chickens before they were hatched, celebrated the "second birth" of the German Empire—we withdrew, first to Soden and the Taunus, then to Heidelberg and Baden, and at last to Switzerland—a country which,

in that year, tourists being seemingly scared by the all-pervading expectation of political disturbances, we had almost all to ourselves.

By the time that summer was over, despotic reaction had done its work all over Europe. In Italy, the extreme revolutionary party gave proofs of brilliant, though unavailing valour at Rome and of heroic endurance at Venice. In Hungary, where all the power of Austria proved unable to put an end to the conflict, the Restoration was determined by Russian intervention. By the time "order" was everywhere completely re-established we went back, through Germany and Belgium, to England.

CHAPTER IX.

LITERARY EXPERIENCES.

Back in England—Home comforts—Outdoor sorrows—Love and hatred—Italian disasters—English sympathies—Literary employment—"Italy in 1848"—"Fra Dolcino"—An unexpected visit—London to Italy—"History of Piedmont"—Authors and publishers—"An Italian Grammar"—"The Age of Humbug, and Bull, and Nongtongpaw"—The Athenæum Club—Club life.

TOWARDS the end of October, 1849, after an absence of nearly twenty months, I was back again in Thurloe Square, under the impression that I was now more permanently established in England than I had ever been on any former occasion. I had every good reason to be contented with my lot. I was comfortably housed, blessed with a beloved wife and a healthy, fine-grown boy; a good number of valuable friends, plenty of work, and no absolute dependence on its profits for subsistence.

But a man's happiness, his loves and hatreds, his

hopes and fears, cannot be wholly centred on himself, or even circumscribed within the limits of his domestic circle. What was dearest to me above all things in the world was my country—which had never done me any particular good. And the enemies I most cordially detested were men against whom I had no personal grievance—those who had dealt the fellest blows to my country's cause—not Radetzky or the Austrians, who came in at least as open foes and in obedience to what they deemed their sacred interests; but France, and her rulers—especially Louis Philippe, in 1832, and Louis Napoleon, in 1849, both of them renegades and hypocrites; who, as in France they owed their rise to a revolution and ushered in a ruthless reaction, so in Italy they reversed Balaam's mission, and ended by cursing those whom they professed to have come to bless.

The convulsions of that terrible twelvemonth had been so general throughout Europe, that each nation, wholly absorbed by its own vicissitudes, seemed hardly aware of its neighbour's calamities. It was not yet as evident as it became in later times that at the head of the whole movement, and sure to bring about the ruin of the noblest causes, was that rabid French democracy which never fails to wage war against other people's

liberties when it has not put an end to its own. Most certainly no right-minded Italian could have any faith in Mazzini's Roman Republic, but when it was seen that the vast majority of a lawless and godless French Republican Assembly sent a vote of thanks to the brutal soldier, who, under pretext of delivering a people, had gone to set up a Pope, it was easy to explain, though no one would justify, the feeling which found its utterance in the Orsini bombs.

It was long before I could dismiss from my mind the thought of that utter downfall of our dearest hopes. "Surely," I reasoned, "such a happy combination of circumstances as Providence had contrived in our favour would never occur again—never, at least, in my lifetime. What am I, that I should be privileged to witness the fulness of the times? Have not prophets and kings—lofty minds like Dante and Machiavelli—desired to see the day of Italy's redemption, and have they not been mouldering in their graves for centuries with the longing of their souls unfulfilled? When and how can Italy hope for such another chance as she has now wantonly thrown away? When will she again muster strength to fight Austria single-handed? Or when will her trust in the aid of France lead to anything but to a well-deserved disappointment, like that

of Ancona of 1832, or that of Civita Vecchia seventeen years later?"

The reception we, the vanquished, met everywhere north of the Alps, and especially in England, was not calculated to temper our hearts' bitterness. No doubt, our ill-luck had been in a great measure our own fault; but it seemed hard that a cool "Serve you right" should be the first words of comfort with which our best friends greeted us on our return. The English, accustomed to constant success, were ashamed of our failure, and no wonder. The very men who had most consistently taken up our cause, felt now as if they had been swindled out of their sympathies. As to the Ultra-Tories, the men for whom Austria had always been "England's natural ally," and Italy merely a "geographical expression," they treated us to their sneers about the "heroic patriots who had gone back to eat their macaroni in a whole skin"—an ungenerous taunt, unjust to Manara, Mameli, and the thousand others who had been lavish of their blood—but with which men, like myself, who had only wished to do the same, and had come back safe and sound—had no right to find fault. On the other hand, those English Liberals, whose love of Italy resolved itself into mere blind idolatry of Mazzini, put no limits to

their abuse of what they called the "Savoyard" or "Royalist" party; and I have never forgotten the little scented note with which a gushing fashionable lady in Wilton Crescent intimated that "She would never again be at home to any of those apostates who had forsaken Mazzini"—little imagining that the reverse was the truth; that it was Mazzini who had deserted us. For Mazzini himself, whom I had lately met at the Hotel des Bergues on my way through Geneva, puffed up as he was with the glory of his defence of Rome, seemed at a loss for words in self-justification when I freely upbraided him for his unpatriotic conduct at Milan.

As a refuge against the bitter thought of that sad wreck of our dearest hopes, I went back to my former incessant occupation; but even then out of my full heart the tongue spoke. It was only on one subject the pen wrote. I contributed a long article to *Colburn's New Monthly Magazine* for November, 1849, entitled, "Eighteen Months of Political Life in Italy," which I subsequently stretched out into a thick volume on "Italy in 1848," published by Chapman and Hall at the beginning of 1851. My intention was to follow up that first volume with a second, on "Italy in 1849"; but in spite of my most strenuous

endeavours to divest myself of all predilection or prejudice—to place country above party, and truth above both—I could not help giving offence to many Italians; while I found English critics unable or unwilling to sit in judgment between me and my adversaries. By the time the book was ready, the subject had lost much of its interest for English readers; for I know no other people in the world more consistently practising the poet's maxim:

“Act, act in the living present;
Let the dead past bury its dead.”

There are subjects in England apt to become irksome as well as stale, and about which the least said is soonest mended—subjects in which people here feel as if they had been in the wrong and were loth to avow it, and deemed it childish “to cry over spilt milk.” They were not sure whether the sympathies they had lavished on Italy were well bestowed; not sure whether all that Italy expected from them were merely barren sympathies. They felt towards us as a generous host in whose house the man, who is entertained as a guest, unexpectedly turns out a beggar.

Being compelled thus to drop the subject of living Italy, I looked for a theme among the records of

mediæval Italy, and gave the *New Quarterly Review* an essay on "Fra Dolcino," which grew in my hands till it came out as an historical work, entitled "Fra Dolcino and his Times." It was published by Longman in the early part of 1853, and was announced as "An Account of a General Struggle for Ecclesiastical Reform, and of an Anti-heretical Crusade in Italy in the Early Part of the Fourteenth Century." The name, at least, if nothing more, is familiar to all the readers of Dante, and the catastrophe to which the poet alludes rests on historical documents on which an authentic narrative could most easily be based. And I took considerable pains to do the subject full justice, and placed the book in the hands of the most honourable publishers, who bought the copyright for £100. I confess I relied on the interests of a Protestant community for its success; but the book fell flat nevertheless. The press had hardly anything to say in its praise or blame. The publishers dropped it at once as if it had burnt their hands; and up to this day it is the most neglected and utterly forgotten of all my poor productions. It was by the sheerest chance that in a book published by Charles Kingsley four years later—in his "Two Years Ago"—I found a reference to the subject. "A noble subject," he says, "which ought to have been taken up by one of

our poets ; for if they do not make a noble poem of it, it will be their fault. I mean that sad and fantastic tragedy of Fra Dolcino and Margaret, which Signor Mariotti has lately given to the English public, in a book which, both for its matter and its manner, should be better known than it is."

I say *Amen* to all you say, worthy Canon ; but the fact is "*Habent sua fata libelli*," and even your good opinion, coming unsolicited from a man utterly unknown to me, except by fame, was given too late to rescue my poor essay from the limbo of still-born books to which the cruel world had doomed it.

Another witness, whose judgment somewhat soothed my wounded author's pride, and reconciled me to my failure, was an elderly lady, the wife of a distinguished divine, and herself well versed in all subjects of Church and Church history, who, upon closing the book, turned to me, observing : "What I should like is to know whether the author is Catholic or Protestant," a question, in my opinion, conveying the highest compliment as to the moral character of the book, and one to which a few writers—besides Von Ranke in Germany, and Hallam in England, can lay claim. For a historian, in my opinion, should be a judge, placed so far above all human feelings and interests as to allow his bias to

appear on neither side of any question. A judge's charge, however, will not easily elicit the same noisy popular acclamation as is apt to welcome the merest clap-trap of a special pleader.

In the interval between the publication of "Fra Dolcino" as a review article, and its reappearance as a separate work, my thoughts were recalled to what was going on in Italy. We had, in 1851, gone through that first "Great Exhibition" that was to usher in a universal and durable peace and brotherhood among nations. Reaction under the plea of order had crushed thought and feeling throughout the Italian peninsula ; but somehow its tide had been stemmed at the foot of the Western Alps, where, after the disaster of Novara and the abdication of Charles Albert, Victor Emmanuel II. was now reigning. Placed between the Austria of Radetzky on one side, and the France of the *coup d'état* on the other, Piedmont dared to uphold the standard still reeking with the blood of Novara ; and its king chose to abide by the compact made by his father with his subjects. It was rather with wonder than with hope that I, a man of little faith, and always slow to expect what I wish, listened to the glorious tidings of the progress of that little constitutional kingdom under Victor Emmanuel's ministers, and especially under that Massimo d'Azeglio,

who was the *Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche* among Italian patriots. Nevertheless, great was the interest I felt in whatever news reached us from Turin, and partly to test the truth of that intelligence, partly to procure some books of reference on the subject of "Fra Dolcino," which even the British Museum library could not supply, I was now contemplating a few weeks' trip to the Continent for the summer of 1852, when one morning in July a distinguished visitor was announced. A ministerial crisis had occurred in Piedmont, where the President of the Council, Massimo d'Azeglio, in consequence of some divergence of views with his Minister of Finance, Count Cavour, had broken up his Cabinet and reconstructed it out of the former elements, but with exclusion of Cavour. This latter, always eager in his pursuit of knowledge, was no sooner rid of the trammels of office, and free during the recess from his Parliamentary duties, than he was off on a tour across the Alps, where he went in quest of the most conspicuous statesmen of other countries, and also of the few Italians of any name who from whatever cause still lingered abroad. He honoured me amongst others, just as I had moved my residence from Thurloe Square to Kensington Gate. He came in all fresh and brisk and bustling, as was his wont, sat down with us *en famille*,

plying us with questions, though not always waiting for an answer, and at last, coming to the point, he told me that Italy was in need of all well-thinking Italians, and that I, especially as a Piedmontese, was bound to bear a hand in the unequal struggle in which little Piedmont was engaged in behalf of the whole peninsula. He went on naming Bezzi, Radice, Ruffini, and other old exiles, who, like myself, had cast deep roots in England, but who had deemed it their duty to tear themselves from an alien soil at the call of their mother country, all of whom were now members of the Subalpine Parliament, and among whom he felt confident at the next general election to secure me a seat—if I would only promise to accept it.

Of course I was greatly flattered by the notice the great statesman—who was then not so universally known as he soon became—was so good as to take of me; thanked him very warmly for the honour that he wished to confer upon me, expressed my willingness to serve both him and the Piedmontese Government in anything in which my good-will might be deemed available, but added that I could only do so from England, a country which was now my home, to which a variety of indissoluble ties bound me, and where alone a useful and honourable career was open before me.

He did not give up his suit at once, but when he perceived that my objections were insuperable, he turned the conversation to other topics, explained the circumstances that had led to the rupture between him and D'Azeglio, and expressed his firm conviction that the elections which were now imminent must needs place him at the head of affairs. Here my frankness got the better of my discretion. I told him I should sincerely rejoice at any new combination which should give back to the country the benefit of his inestimable services; but that I trusted the breach between him and D'Azeglio would not prove incurable, as D'Azeglio's high character was the best guarantee of the King's loyal devotion to the cause of Italy and to Piedmont's liberties; so that no one could hope for the prolonged success of any cabinet of which D'Azeglio was not a member. He seemed to wince uneasily as I said this, and gave no immediate answer. But when he got up to take leave, and I as well as my wife went downstairs to see him off and stood at the door where his brougham was waiting for him, he called me aside, and told me with an unusually earnest countenance: "You will see, Signor Gallenga, that it will be possible to govern Piedmont even without our good Massimo."

I saw him no more in London. But as, on my

way to Turin, I chanced to meet him in Paris at the Sardinian Legation, he asked me to join him in the visit he intended to pay to Daniele Manin, the ex-dictator of the Venetian Republic, whom he wished to induce to take up his residence in Turin, "trusting," he added, "that in his offer to procure him an election to the Piedmontese Parliament, he might meet with better success than he had had in the same proposal to me."

We found Manin—on the third or fourth floor of a house near the Boulevards—a modest-looking, deep-eyed, high-browed personage, who, knowing more of Piedmontese politics than I did, received Cavour, the rising man, with greater deference than I had shown, but was no less firm and explicit in his refusal of the parliamentary honours intended for him, on the score of his inability to live in Turin without the income he made in Paris out of his business as a teacher of languages—an income which had enabled him to decline the pension, or subvention, with which the French Government had offered to relieve his wants. Cavour soon perceived that he was in presence of too lofty a character to be tempted by any proposal likely to clash with the man's proud spirit of independence, and he pressed his offer no further. He could, however, hardly

hide his vexation. "I see that I have no luck anywhere," he said. "Our friend here," pointing to me, "will not consent to come to Turin, because he is too well off in London; and you—you refuse because you are afraid of finding in Turin a harder life than you have here in Paris. The one is too rich, the other too poor for my purpose. Never mind! It is always well to have friends everywhere. And I know that Italy can always count upon you, whether you live at home or abroad."

With this the visit ended. Cavour prolonged his stay in Paris. I set off the same day with a friend for Lyons, and followed my route to Turin across the Mont Genève, *viâ* Grenoble, where we stopped for one day to climb up to the old Monastery of the Charreux. In Turin Cavour's friends supplied me with letters of introduction to Vercelli, Biella, and all that mountainous district of the Upper Val Sesia, every spot of which had been the scene of Fra Dolcino's exploits. The information I brought back, authentic, legendary, or even plainly fabulous as it was, interested me, not only in as far as it related to the subject immediately before me, but also in its bearings to the general history of those Alpine regions, to such a point as to induce me to prolong my stay and extend my excur-

sions from valley to valley all over the Provinces of Biella and Ivrea far into the *Canavese* or Val d'Orco the rugged district where my forefathers came from, and where a mountain stream joining the Orco at Cuorgnè, opposite to Castellamonte, still bears our family name—*La Gallenga*.

The local knowledge I gained from my visits to places, and intercourse with men, and from the books which an old dealer in antiquities collected for me in Turin, so strongly appealed to my feelings in behalf of what was really my "father's land," that I came away with a settled determination, the moment I should have disposed of "Fra Dolcino," to undertake a larger work on the "History of Piedmont." The little I saw of the attitude that "plucky little State" had assumed in its dealings with its overbearing neighbours east and west, the influence it exercised on public opinion throughout the Peninsula; the fear it inspired to the petty despotic States on its frontier, the firmness with which it held its own against the pretensions of the Papal Court, and chastised the arrogance of its refractory prelates—the whole conduct of the King's Government during the last two years—began to work upon me the pleasing conviction that Piedmont had a great future before it, and that now

more than ever it was desirable to know, and to make known, its past.

I worked hard on the subject of the History of Piedmont for two years. Two volumes of it were ready in May, 1854, and I had the honour to present a copy of them to King Victor Emmanuel on the occasion of his visit to the Court of Queen Victoria on the following year, when His Majesty held a levée in Buckingham Palace, to which all respectable Italians resident in London were admitted. The third and last volume appeared at the end of 1855, and a translation of the whole work into Italian, done by myself in three months, was published under the title, "*Storia del Piemonte*," in Turin, 1856.

The "History of Piedmont" was the first publication that ever appeared under my real name—the one given me at my christening. That of Louis Mariotti, with which all my previous writings appeared in print—from the time I assumed it, when smuggling myself into Italy in 1833—was only definitely dropped on this occasion, after answering the purpose of a *nom de guerre* for one-and-twenty years.

The history of Piedmont, though that State may not perhaps have all the importance of a Monarchy of the first magnitude, undoubtedly possesses at least as much

interest. It seemed to me well worth while to inquire how, "out of the various mongrel communities emerging from the fortuitous aggregation of feudal estates, rather than from the cohesion of national elements determined by ties of race or language, at the time that the European families came into being, and before the limits of their respective abodes were distinctly established—to inquire, I say, how, out of all frontier states, like Navarre, Lorraine, etc., Piedmont alone escaped annexation, absorption, or permanent invasion, and attained in course of time a separate independent position and a nationality of its own?" My task was to show "to what extent the long-continued success and advancement of that little State might be owing to the mere advantages of geographical position, and how much should be ascribed to the peculiar genius of its princes and the rare temper of its people?"

This was the task I set before me. I looked then, as I do now, upon Piedmont as one of those products of Nature which are intended rather as a means than an end; a small means to a great end. It may seem easy now, after the event, to recognise in that little Subalpine State the instrument by which Providence designed to bring a future Italy into existence, just as it was natural to see in Prussia the basis on which a new

German Empire was to be reconstructed. But that which *post factum* strikes us now as so natural and obvious, was still very problematic at the time I began to write. The idea that Piedmont was to absorb all Italy, or at all events North Italy, may have occurred to such men as Emmanuel Philibert, Charles Emmanuel I., Victor Amadeus II., or his son, Charles Emmanuel III. Any, or all of those princes may have aspired to step forward as "the Sword of Italy," long before that proud title was bestowed upon Charles Albert at Goito, or upon Victor Emmanuel at Palestro and San Martino. But it was rather rash in 1852 or 1854 to look forward to the portentous events of 1859-60. It was rash, as I dropped my pen on the last page of my work on the 11th September, 1855, to speculate as I did on the probable career of the young heir of Sardinia, who happened to bear the very name of the white-handed founder of the dynasty—a name, too, only revived now after an interval of above six centuries—asking "whether the work of the first Humbert was to be completed by the fourth? Whether the alternative should be last King of Sardinia or first King of Italy?" The upshot was inevitable, the prophecy was natural; but what genius, even of a Cavour, could have foreseen the series of almost miraculous circum-

stances by which its fulfilment was to be brought about?

So much for the subject. With respect to my treatment of it, it would ill beseem the author to express an opinion, even after the long lapse of years that have gone over it. I am afraid that I dwelt too long on the early annals of the House of Savoy, whilst its princes were only the feudal lords of an obscure mountain district—the mere doorkeepers, so to say, of two great realms, uncertain to which they belonged, but all intent on enlarging themselves at the expense of either, and firmly determined to hold their own against both. Possibly, also, in my endeavour to follow the progress of the reigning house on the two watersheds of the Alps, astride which they established themselves, I may have kept the narrative of their exploits in Italy so distinctly apart from that of their achievements in Burgundy, France, and Switzerland, as to disturb to some extent the chronological order; and had, consequently, in more than one instance, to go twice over the same ground; and, in this respect, the fault which occurred in the original English was carefully avoided in the Italian translation which, I think, with any reader acquainted with the language, ought to deserve the preference. The work, indeed, was originally attempted on too large

a scale. What concerns the five mediæval centuries should have been considerably condensed, as the history of Piedmont proper only begins with Emmanuel Philibert, in 1559.

The book, however, was not likely to be judged on its merits or faults. It was easy to write and also to print it; the whole difficulty was in finding a publisher. Messrs. Chapman and Hall, to whom alone I offered my MS., would have nothing to say to it. I brought it out "on commission," *i.e.*, I had to pay, I hardly dare to say how much, for the printer's, binder's, and publisher's expenses, and I hardly ever knew how many copies actually found their way among the reading public. The recent revelations of Anthony Trollope and other distinguished authors respecting the dealings of a book-writer with his book-seller, are quite sufficient to reconcile obscurer men to the disappointment to which they may be subjected. Historical works, I was told, even on English subjects, unless recommended by such names as Macaulay, Froude, Kinglake, or the like, have little chance of finding purchasers. Even with respect to novels, books of travel, gossiping biography, and other light literature, publishers are aware that their custom is limited to the requirements of the circulating libraries. Of a first edition of any work of that nature

they feel sure that they can always dispose by that means with more or less profit to themselves ; but they are loth to proceed any further, unless the author's popularity or some very uncommon merit of the book—which they were themselves unable to discover—creates so strong and so loud a demand on the part of the public as to compel the issue of new and cheaper editions. Owing to the enormous price of books in this country, the circulating libraries, as the only purchasers, decide the fate of books. Books are sent round to them for subscription, at trade prices. They must, without looking further than the mere title pages, make up their minds as to the number of copies for which a demand may arise ; for they know that if they have to apply for more copies they must give a higher price than they would have paid on the terms of the original subscription. Consequently they are interested in putting up a book of which they have made a large purchase, and in crying down any book that had little or nothing to tempt them on the first offer. When Mudie advertises that he has bought one thousand copies of "*Altiora Peto*" or "*Trollope's Autobiography*," he is sure to take care to force those publications down the people's throats—at least till he has made them over to his associates of the second-hand libraries in the suburbs and provinces.

All I know is, that of another book of mine intended for light reading, and entitled "Country Life in Piedmont," Chapman and Hall, in 1858, published and sold one thousand copies in less than three months, and were so pleased with its success that when they informed me that the first issue was out of print, they asked me to revise the book for a second edition; but I had no sooner set about the work than they changed their mind, for they did not see their way clear with the circulating libraries, and they very reasonably made it a point always to keep on the safe side.

There is no doubt, however, that in many cases booksellers carry their caution to an excess that makes them blind to their own interests; and I have a case in point which I think may be taken as sufficient evidence of their flagrant lack of judgment and foresight.

I had been appointed Professor of Italian Language and Literature in London University College in 1848, a place which turned out a mere sinecure from the beginning, and which I resigned, without ever being much burdened with its duties or enriched by its emoluments, in 1859. Throughout all that period, in spite of frequent and long interruptions, I attended to my business as a teacher of languages, though my improved position made me less anxious about the number, and

more particular about the character of my pupils. It had been my custom throughout my tuition to use no grammar, but to jot down for my pupils, lesson by lesson, such rules, examples, and themes as might equally fit the requirements of the highest and of the meanest capacity. The practice of a score of years had wrought a great improvement on those written lessons, and by the time I felt disposed to retire from business, in 1851, I had in my hands all the elements on which a practical grammar could best be based. I went with it to Rolandi, who then monopolised the Italian, and to a great extent the foreign book trade, and, after much higgling, sold him the MS. for the paltry remuneration of one guinea a lesson. Two or three years later, as he told me the first edition was nearly exhausted, I proposed to come to terms with him for a second edition. But he answered he looked upon the book as "a dead failure," although the *Athenæum* had declared that "for the English student of the Italian language there could be no better grammar." I, however, reminded him that I had only sold him the copyright of the first edition, and reserved the right of disposing of my property as I thought best, a statement to which he raised no objection. I then came to terms with Messrs. Williams and Norgate, who went to work with energy and intelli-

gence, and have ever since brought out new editions of the grammar, year after year, making a very good business out of it for themselves, and faithfully and punctually sending me, unexpectedly and without any solicitation on my part, my own share of the profits, though they had to make allowance to Rolandi, who, unfairly as I thought, contended that neither they nor I had any right to publish a second edition while some copies of the first—no matter how few—were left still unsold in his hands. So much are the fortunes of a book dependent on the exertions and connections of the publisher.

The disappointment I felt about the sale of my works, especially about that poor "History of Piedmont," did away with any conceit I ever harboured about my fitness for a literary career, and made me shrink more and more into that sanctuary of private life which all domestic circumstances combined to sweeten. I never sued for admission into any learned society, nor for many years belonged to any club. My personal acquaintance with Mr. James Silk Buckingham induced me to become a member of the British and Foreign Institute, an establishment devised by that gentleman as the means of a civilising international intercourse, and about which Mr. Punch, then in the vigour of his youth,

made himself most cruelly merry. It was for the benefit of that institution that I wrote two lectures, which appeared later in *Fraser's Magazine*, and were eventually published in a pamphlet by Wiley and Putnam, in Waterloo Place. One of these lectures was entitled "The Age we live in, or the Age of Humbug;" the other "Bull and Nongtongpaw, or British and Foreign;" and both indulged in a few playful hits at the Association before which they were delivered. It was only in 1853 that my name came in for ballot at the Athenæum Club, Pall Mall. My proposer, Mr. Holford, who had put down that name in the club books nine years before, had by this time withdrawn from the club and left no seconder. I had the awkwardness of an *alias*, and the objection felt in all English clubs against aliens, to contend with; and, as a political exile, I was rather gratuitously supposed, by those who least knew me, to be a rabid Radical in politics. Such, however, is the nature of that club—intended to bring together men of *distinction* in letters, arts, and sciences—that the best recommendation to the suffrage of its members is *absolute obscurity*; for where is light there follows shadow; and as one black ball, prompted by personal envy or simply by ill-nature, has power to neutralise ten white votes, the least-known

candidate may deem himself safest. Backed as I strenuously was by my friend Montalto, and lost in the crowd *obscurorum virorum*, I might easily have got in unnoticed and unchallenged, had it not been for the crabbed disposition of an old member, who turned against me the very means which I had hoped might plead in my favour. Following the advice of my proposer, I had, nine years before, sent in, as a present to the club library, a copy of my "Italy, Past and Present." And it was with that very book of mine open in his hand that this unexpected enemy went round from man to man, as the ballot was at its hottest, crying out: "See here! read this!" and himself reading aloud a passage in which, stung by the selfishness of those peace-loving politicians who looked upon Austria as "England's natural ally," I quoted, with a slight modification, Queen Constance's fierce invective:

"War, war! No peace! Peace is to me a war.
O England! Mighty England!
Thou ever strong upon the strongest side!
Thou wear'st the lion's hide," etc.

These lines he declaimed to the end, and then asked all who would hear him: "Is this signor, this traducer of our country, a man to be tolerated amongst us?" And yet, in spite of his ill-will and of the in-

auspicious circumstances above enumerated, my valiant Montalto managed to bring me in, though, as he said, "by the skin of my teeth."

I cannot say I much valued the mere honour of belonging to a learned society; nor did I, at that time a quiet domestic character, frequently look in at the club. As members have to wait at least a score of years before they are balloted for, by far the greatest number consisted of twaddling and cackling fogies, whose bald pates, toothless gums, and rickety limbs sent a chill through my veins, and acted as an unpleasant reminder that I also had left the mid-career of life behind me. I met but few old friends, and made fewer new ones. My cronies were, besides Montalto, John Crawford, Crabbe Robinson, and a few other veteran members, looked upon as original founders of the club. There were some of the younger ones, whose acquaintance was problematic, and, as it were, intermittent; men, like myself, absent-minded and near-sighted, with whom I never really knew on what terms I stood, and whether the intercourse between us should be a friendly greeting or a cut direct. I certainly never willingly gave offence to any living being; but was half blind, a most unfortunate forgetter of names and faces, and of a shy retiring dis-

position. Like the ghost in Hamlet, I "would be spoken to." All friendly advances were thankfully received; any one who might wish to know me would find me ready to meet him more than half-way; but those who preferred to ignore me were perfectly safe from intrusion on my part. And yet, even on these, that seem to me fair terms, the number of enemies which I unconsciously and most unwillingly made, exceed all belief.

With respect to positive club bores, I never roughly shook them off, but got rid of them homœopathically by showing them what a bore I also could be, on provocation.

CHAPTER X.

PARLIAMENTARY EXPERIENCES.

A visit to Italy—Its consequences—A seat in Parliament—Piedmontese politics—The Crimean war—The Convents Bill—Royal funerals—Recess in England—Domestic bereavement—A second session—My unpopularity—Its causes—Its consequences—A trumped-up old story—Timid friends and bitter enemies—A Royal friend—An English friend—The storm allayed—A home in Piedmont—Quiet pursuits—Away to England.

TOWARDS the end of August, 1854, we left home for a pleasure trip to Italy and Switzerland. I had my wife and child with me, the first object of the journey being to take my little English family to Parma, and there make them acquainted with what still remained of my Italian family.

At Parma, Charles III. of Bourbon, the last reigning Duke, had been murdered in full daylight, in one of the most frequented streets of the town, on the 26th of March of that same year; and his widow, Louisa

of Bourbon, sister of the Count of Chambord, filled the throne as Regent for her eldest son, Robert. This Duchess, a high-minded but well-meaning Princess, showed great eagerness to reconcile the subjects whom the hated rule of her mad and bad husband had driven to despair. She had called wise and honourable men into her Council, and put especial trust in her Minister of Finance, my maternal uncle, Antonio Lombardini; and it was through the influence of this latter that it became easy for me to obtain a special passport and safe conduct, enabling me to cross the frontier of the Duchy and revisit its little capital, where, however, my stay was limited to three days and three nights. We travelled through France by easy stages, crossed the Alps at Mont Genève, and through Turin, Alessandria, and Piacenza we reached our destination. There the Duchess, still shut up in her palace in deep mourning, bade her Minister take my wife and child to her, that they should see whatever might be worth seeing in her state apartments, and showed them as much benevolence as her position allowed her to bestow on the family of an old rebel. At the end of the three days we went back to Piacenza and Alessandria, and hence north to Novara and Lake Maggiore, where we met my wife's parents, with whom

we crossed the Splugen, tarried for a few weeks on the Swiss lakes, and, *viâ* Lindau, Stuttgardt, Heidelberg, and Frankfort, we wound our leisurely way to our home in London.

I have deemed it necessary to allude to this summer tour, simply because something happened towards the end of it which compelled me to retrace my steps in the same direction much sooner than I could have anticipated. On board the Zurich steamer, which took us on our way to St. Gallen, I met some Italian friends, members of the Piedmontese Parliament, who had run away from the Turin cholera during the summer recess, and who showed me the official *Gazzetta Piemontese*, with the announcement that I had been elected deputy for the "College," or electoral district of Cavour.

So it was; though I neither knew nor expected the intended honour, nor was more than moderately pleased with it. It was all owing to Count Cavour's contrivance. Count Cavour had, as he expected, ousted Massimo d'Azeglio from his place at the head of the Government, in December, 1852; he had formed a new administration of which he took for himself the Presidency with the two portfolios of Finance and Foreign Affairs, entrusting the interior to Rattazzi; and he had, during the last two years, given both his domestic and

foreign policy a momentous impulse, which, although it rather severely strained the resources of the little kingdom, still sent it forward at a great rate on that career of liberal progress which centred upon it all the hopes of afflicted Italy. I had not seen Cavour as I went through Turin on my way to Parma, and I avoided that town on my return. But Cavour, who was then away with the King at his hunting-grounds of Valdieri, had heard of my hurried visit, and being thus reminded of me, he had, without consulting me, prevailed on his friend, Count Pallieri, a magistrate on his promotion, to accept a place in the Senate, and to use the influence which he possessed over the district which he must vacate, to ensure the new election in my favour. Cavour was a rural district round the singular isolated rock on which the little town of that name is built; a constituency as easily amenable to the wishes of the great statesman, as any English pocket borough would have been to Sir Robert Peel or Lord John Russell before the passing of the first Reform Bill. There was therefore no difficulty in eliciting an almost unanimous vote of the electors in behalf of a candidate whose very name had most probably never before been heard among them.

There was a short consultation in the bosom of our family, the result of which was that though it would have been madness on my part to think of a place in Parliament, yet it would hardly be civil to refuse it, coming, as it did, unsolicited. So we shut up our London house at the end of October, and at an early date on the following month we came down once more, this time across Mont Cenis, to Turin.

I had but little inclination, and no aptitude, for Parliamentary life. I could boast neither the presence, nor the fluency, nor the self-control of an orator, and the long-winded speeches of some of my colleagues—especially of those who inflicted long written lectures upon us—wearied me to death. The Subalpine Parliament was a model of order and propriety in comparison to what it became as Italian Parliament in later years. Still, even in its early days the sitting which was appointed for one o'clock p.m., seldom began before two or three; the House was frequently counted out; a division put off from day to day for want of a *quorum*, and the members who, like myself, were strongly impressed with strict ideas of duty and punctuality, were doomed to dance attendance on those who had learnt from experience the wisdom of making things easily.

The session that year, however, opened under peculiarly exciting circumstances. The Military Convention by which Sardinia bound herself to furnish her contingent to the two Western Powers engaged as Turkey's allies in their campaign of the Crimea, was to be submitted to us for our sanction; and Rattazzi, as Home Minister, had laid before the House his Bill for the Suppression of Monastic Orders.

Cavour had reckoned very correctly that I, fresh from England, should be disposed to give my strongest support to his scheme of a Crimean expedition. And truly my own impression was that no patriot could hesitate about seizing the first opportunity of redeeming the character of the good Piedmontese army, whose ancient glories had lately been somewhat dimmed by the disasters of Custoza and Novara. What was my surprise to find Cavour himself still harbouring some misgivings about his hazardous policy, and complaining of the opposition he had met in his own Cabinet, and especially on the part of Rattazzi and La Marmora, the men at the head respectively of the Home and the War Offices.

I was zealous in the cause, even to indiscretion; wrote down my name among the first orators in support of the Bill, an absurd piece of presumption in a new

member; spoke with the warmth of conviction in the *Bureaux* and Special Committees, apostrophising even Cavour when he was in attendance, and exhorting him to "have the courage of his convictions;" and when at last my turn came to speak in a full house I was so sure of the reasons on which I had so long insisted that I stood up on my legs without any preparation, trusting that neither ideas nor words would fail me—and lo! when I came to the point I found that all my ideas had made themselves wings, that words would not come; and after an awkward attempt to bring forward the mere bare bones of my argument, without the least attempt at clothing them with flesh and blood, I sat down, warm and red in the face, amid the silent wonder of the Chamber, at the close of an address which had barely lasted ten minutes—some of my colleagues stepping up to me with compliments which sounded like sneers, congratulating me on my first attempt "to introduce the plain, business-like, matter-of-fact style of English Parliamentary eloquence into an Italian Assembly, where so much time was wasted in the merest verbiage."

That, it may be readily believed, was the first and last set speech on which I ventured during the session—one experiment satisfying me that, if it is true that

"*oratores fiunt*," the making of them requires an early training and practice which I had never gone through. The Military Convention with the Western Powers was, of course, voted triumphantly, at the close of a debate in which almost all the orators of all parties distinguished themselves, and no one more so than General Giacomo Durando, a man who had hardly been ever heard before, but who ransacked all the records most honourable to Piedmont in bygone ages, in illustration of the policy now under discussion; teaching me what I, fresh as I was from my studies of Piedmontese history, might well, and should have said, if I had only thought of saying it. The Convention was voted; Piedmont found itself at war with Russia; Durando was trusted with the management of the War Office as Minister during the absence of La Marmora, who was to go out to the Crimea in command of our contingent; and during the remainder of the session our attention was too strongly absorbed by the progress of the war in the East to allow us sufficient calmness for a discussion of the Bill for the Suppression of Monastic Orders.

That Bill was, however, laid before the Chamber, and we had to deal with it. It had been drawn up by the Home Minister, Rattazzi, a man who brought his mean pettifogging spirit to bear upon his legislative schemes;

and it contained so many unfair and apparently irrational restrictions and exceptions that I was strongly inclined to vote against it, and did not hesitate to anger Count Cavour by declaring in the *Bureaux* that the measure was iniquitous and immoral. That measure was, however, only an affair of expediency, and its object was financial. What was contemplated was the *Incameramento*, or confiscation for the benefit of the State of the superfluities of the Church property. Consequently the religious Orders to be abolished were only the wealthy ones; for it was, of course, necessary to indemnify the dispossessed brotherhoods and sisterhoods, by allowing life pensions for the sustenance of existing members, and such a rule could not, from want of means, be extended to the vast rabble of the mendicant monks, from whom nothing could be taken, though it was precisely from these cowed beggars that the lowest classes in our country learnt their grovelling superstitions and idle improvident habits.

With all these drawbacks, and after a great deal of tinkering, the Bill passed in our Lower House, and I gave my vote for it, learning, for the first time to my cost, how in a Parliament the instincts of conscience must give way before the interests of party.

In the interval, however, in which the Bill was sent

up from the Chamber to the Senate, a perfect hurricane of domestic calamities swept over the Royal House, where, within less than a month, the King's wife and child, his aged mother, and his gallant brother, the Duke of Genoa, were carried off by a variety of deadly ailments. Left desolate in his palace, and exposed to the attacks of his priestly advisers, the King was easily brought to look upon his bereavement as the undeniable evidence of Heaven's wrath, a visitation called upon his head by his complicity with his Ministers in their attempted spoliation of the Sanctuary. There was a moment in which poor Victor Emmanuel's firmness was shaken. He felt tempted to throw up the Bill and to dismiss Cavour; but the cold fit was soon over. The King's loyalty and sense of duty prevailed over his fears for his immortal soul, and the Bill became law after nearly six months of desultory discussion; for the work of death in the Royal household sadly interfered with our Parliamentary deliberations. Week after week, and sometimes twice in the week, we Senators and Deputies were bidden to do duty as mutes in official funerals; following the royal dead all along the Turin streets—the most zealous among us all the way to their resting-places in the vaults of Superga; trudging along on foot in our thin evening-dress and bare-headed, under the

pelting sleet, and in the deep slush of one of the most inclement winters ever known in North Italy.

I had enough of it all, for my own part, by the time our task was over, and the Chambers were adjourned for the summer. And as I crossed the St. Gothard on my way to England, with the snow still so deep on the high-road, even at the end of June, that I had some trouble in conveying my family across on open sledges, I began to consider whether that Parliamentary game was "worth the candle," and had almost come to the resolution to give up my seat and wash my hands of Subalpine Legislation.

But, alas! what do we know of the incidents that may at any time break upon our purposes and frustrate our designs? I had only been four months in England when all my plans were upset by the most appalling disaster that could have befallen me. My poor young wife, who had been so happy with me for more than nine years, was snatched from me by the scarlet fever at Blackpool, where I had taken her for the benefit of sea-bathing; and although I tarried in England for some time, putting my house in order, providing for the bringing up of my boy, now only five years old, and attending to the printing of the third and last volume of my "*History of Piedmont*," I obeyed the strong impulse

that prompted me to run away from the scene of my misery, and found myself again in Turin at the end of November, 1855, where, at the reopening of the session, I resumed my attendance at the Chamber.

My interest in the performance of my Parliamentary duties had greatly abated. The debates became more flat and lengthy than ever. There were hardly any subjects of general importance before us ; and for my part, after my first failure, I was well determined that my voice should not often be heard in the Chamber. Something to beguile the time which hung so heavily upon me both in the House itself and at my lonely lodgings, must be provided ; and I found solace in the work I undertook as a contributor both to the English and Italian press. It so happened that my friend Ruffini, the author of "Lorenzo Benoni," "Doctor Antonio," etc., who had sat for two years in the Chamber, had during that time acted as correspondent for the *Daily News* in Turin. Being now tired of the work, both of a deputy and a journalist, he struck work and withdrew to the solitude of his native place near San Remo, whence he wrote begging me to take his connection with the *Daily News* off his hands. Upon which I sent weekly reports to that London journal during the Session 1855-6, and at its close,

in September, 1856, I crossed the Alps to Berne, where there was some expectation of a warlike outbreak between the Swiss Bund and the Prussian Government on the subject of the *Suzerainty* of Neuchâtel. That question, however, soon came to a diplomatic settlement, and I, going back to Piedmont, spent the latter months of that year in the Canavese, province of Ivrea, whence I wrote for the *Daily News* a series of rural sketches, which appeared in a book on "Country Life in Piedmont" a couple of years later.

It was in the month of November of that year that an unexpected storm burst upon me. Both within and without the Chamber, both as a deputy and as a writer, I had managed to make myself generally, and I must confess, not undeservedly unpopular. I had left my country at so early an age, and my visits had been so short, so few and far between, that my acquaintance with the real nature of my own people was necessarily vague and imperfect, falling greatly short of the ideal type which I had conceived in my absence, and losing by comparison with what I thought I had learnt of the character of the other nations with whom I had been mixed up in my wanderings, and especially of that Anglo-Saxon race among whom I had taken, as it were, a new start in life.

I had not been many days in Turin before I had unconsciously won the reputation of an incorrigible grumbler and irrepressible fault-finder—a very unenviable distinction—and was set down as an “excentric,” and an “Anglomane,” in a country where all the absurd prejudices and malevolent assertions, in which the French press so freely indulged against everything English, were received as gospel by a people among whom all native literature was at the lowest ebb, and the writings of any foreign nation, other than French, were as yet, so to say, a sealed book.

I had already found much to reprove in what I saw of the frivolousness, the effeminacy, the incurable idleness of the Italians during my visit to Florence in 1840, and again at the time of the great revolutionary crisis of 1848–9. But my time, both in Tuscany and Lombardy, had been short. The rapid course of events had left me little leisure for observation ; and, besides, I was disposed to make allowance for the corrupting influence of the religious and political rule which had for centuries been at work among an uneducated people. But now here I was, among the Piedmontese, whom I had always, and justly, considered the soundest and manliest race in Italy ; a race, too, which for the last six or seven years had been invested with all the responsibility

of self-government—a privilege involving the duty of self-knowledge and self-improvement—and among whom I found no abatement of what I denounced as the besetting sins of the whole nation. My first appeal was to my honourable colleagues in Parliament. I cried out: “*Nos, nos, dico aperte, Consules, desumus.*” I thought that the fault lay chiefly with us Legislators, and that we ought to think a little less of political and much more of social and moral reforms. I proposed—as the Constitutional Charter wisely forbade Members of Parliament receiving “any salary or indemnity of any description for their services”—that we should renounce the privileges of franking letters, of travelling by free passes on all State railways and steamers, etc. I thought we should establish fines or other penalties against the too frequent non-attendance or unpunctuality of Members at the Chambers, under the impression that it behoved us to give the first example of a strict observance of duty—a duty which ought to have been thought all the more binding, as it was voluntarily self-imposed. And, proceeding to enactments aiming at the amelioration of the lower classes, I brought in Bills laying a stamp duty on the tickets at all the theatres, concert halls, and other places of public entertainment; raising the excise duty on playing cards,

enforcing the existing Acts against carrying knives, pistols, and other *armi insidiose*, or treacherous weapons, of which our hot-headed people were apt to make too free a use; and, in one word, wherever I saw an evil, declaring that it was the Legislator's business to devise a remedy. The measures I proposed were fair and reasonable, and were often discussed and most of them eventually adopted at later and more propitious moments. But I was too much before my time; my motions were not put forth in the best technical and practical form, and above all things it seemed egregiously presumptuous that I, almost a stranger, should make so little of matters which to some of my colleagues seemed fraught with so much difficulty; that I should be the fool venturing "to rush in where angels feared to tread." What I evidently could not hope to achieve as an orator, I thought I might perhaps better attempt as a writer. And to work I went in grim earnest. I had already, in former years, in leisure hours, both from London and Manchester, sent long letters to my old friends of the *Risorgimento*, Cavour's paper, describing English life, English manners and customs, especially with reference to the condition of the working classes, both agricultural and industrial, and these had been received with applause; and the

instruction they conveyed was supposed to have sunk deeply among Italian readers of all classes. I followed up, now, the advantage which I seemingly had gained, dropped the anonymous which had hitherto screened my correspondence, and in the *Risorgimento*, in the *Parlamento* or *Piemonte*, which successively took its place ; in the *Espero*, and other papers of the Moderate or Conservative party ; and especially in the *Cimento*, and *Rivista Contemporanea*, monthly publications—I stuck to my task as the censor of the faults and vices of the Italian people, going to it tooth and nail ; using all the weapons that my real ardent love of my countrymen could suggest, and that my command of style and language could supply—trying now gentle reproof, now bitter invective, now grave argument, now light pleasantry, now gentle raillery, now withering sarcasm.

It is a perfect wonder for me to think, now, after so long a lapse of years, what a prodigious ass I made of myself ! I had read “St. Ronan’s Well,” and well knew what thanks Mr. Peregrine Touchwood met with at the hands of the cottagers of a Scotch village when he advised them to remove their “hereditary dunghills” from the immediate proximity of their doors and windows. I had by heart the

German song "Herr Urian," and I knew how welcome that free-spoken traveller was when his description of the many lands he had visited ended with a statement that "he had found men everywhere just as great knaves and as great fools as he had left behind him at home."* I was familiar with the Italian proverb which warns us of the hopeless task of attempting to "*drizzar le gambe ai cani*;"† of insisting on setting to right what we fancy nature has done wrong. I knew all that, yet I went on tilting, not like Don Quixote, against Spanish windmills, but, like Touchwood, against Italian dunghills; and not, like Urian, telling my countrymen that their neighbours were no worse, but actually, and in some respect, that they were better than themselves;—recommending soap and water, cold-bathing, pure air, cleanliness akin to godliness, manly sports and games, common decency, a laborious life, self-control, self-denial, a better command of their temper, some restraint on their immoderate love of pleasure, a truce to their fiddling-faddling, to their raving about opera-singers and ballet-dancers, to their unwholesome preference for the noisome streets of their cities, and a return to the blessed freshness and purity of country life.

* "Und eben solche Narren."

† Straighten dogs' legs.

It seemed as if, since Piedmont was blessed with a free constitution, I expected that there should be no more cakes and ale; no more *risotto* or *macaroni*, no more *Vermout* or *Barolo*. In my longer essays in the *Cimento* or the *Rivista Contemporanea*, I drew "odious" comparisons between "Celts and Teutons," between the "Germanic and the Latin races," not by any means denying or palliating the faults on either side, but expressing a wish that, as my Southern people were free from many of the blemishes that disgrace the Northern races, they would try to rid themselves of the failings from which the Northerners were exempt. It was in a small way, a renewal of Tacitus' endeavour to expose and taboo the low vices of corrupt Roman civilisation by a contrast with the exaggerated and almost fabulous account of the stern virtues of unsophisticated German barbarism.

During the first and second years of my Parliamentary life my strictures on these minor shades of the national character had been received with favour by the public. Every one, glad to see me fall foul of "the sins he had no mind to," tried to thank me for my attacks on "the sins he was inclined to." There was a good deal of good-humoured banter; they called me "Cato the Elder," the "Terrible Censor," "Baretti

redivivus," etc., but they laughed and praised my daring, and were even pleased with a style and language to which they were unused, but which was "pithy and nervous and manly," they said, "even if somewhat outlandish." Nay, so persuaded were they that my judgment was correct and my purpose good, and arising from genuine patriotic charity, that they even humoured me by adopting some of the reforms I suggested, so that they began in my hearing to use the Italian language in their familiar intercourse, instead of the uncouth and barbarous, though more laconic and energetic dialects, for which they had a sneaking preference, because I told them that in civilised countries language was the badge of gentility; every one spoke privately or publicly the best he knew; and *patois* were left to the most hopelessly uneducated populace. And they learnt to speak to me by the *Voi*, instead of *Lei*, because I reminded them that *Voi* was the form of address introduced by mediæval chivalry, while the *Lei* only came in with the Spaniards in the sixteenth century, and was anathematised by Ariosto as an importation of the "*vile adulazion Spagnuola*"—the badge of Italy's enslavement! Importance to these apparently trifling matters being given by the fact that language was the only bond of union for our divided country.

All this approval of the efforts I made to give my people a piece of my mind was, however, on the surface; the people grinned and bore it, but they were too thin-skinned, too fond of their old notions and habits and prejudices—too much accustomed to the odours of their dunghills—to be really thankful to a would-be reformer, every word of whom was like a cut from the schoolmaster's cat-o'-nine-tails. Although I never indulged in personal abuse, and could flatter myself that I had no private enemy, I had unconsciously laid up for myself such a treasure of public ill-will as could not fail to raise every man's hand against me, should by any chance my vulnerable side be laid open to public resentment. And that chance soon presented itself.

In my early youth—A.D. 1833—when my patriotism had reached the fever heat of a religious enthusiasm, when my classical education, the traditions of our national history, the dark deeds of our secret societies, and especially the open teachings of the *Giovine Italia*—had perverted all my ideas of right and wrong, and impressed on my mind that heinous Jesuitical maxim which “approved of any evil out of which good might come”—I had contemplated what I then deemed a heroic deed, but what I since learnt to

execrate as a crime. That deed, happily for me, never went beyond the stage of a mere project. It came to nothing; was known but to one man besides myself; passed off unnoticed, unsuspected, and left no consequences. Three-and-twenty years later, in the last chapter of my "History of Piedmont," I briefly alluded to it, as a matter of the past, to point, as a moral, my own example of the terrible extremes to which a well-meaning unsophisticated mind could be driven by such false politics as Carbonarism, Mazzinianism, and all other sectarianism were wont to inculcate. "*Habemus confitentem reum*," was the immediate cry. The *Unità Italiana*, Mazzini's organ in Genoa, and the *Armonia*, the priestly journal, conducted by Don Margotti—as good a master of envenomed invective as M. Veuillot of the *Univers*—raised the first yell, and I soon had the whole pack of the Piedmontese and the Catholic Press after me in full cry. That mere juvenile dream; that scheme abandoned and condemned before it had the least chance of being brought to maturity was magnified into a deliberate attempt, into almost a *fait accompli*. The dates were altered; my motives misconstrued; the facts distorted; the most impudent fabrications mixed up with it; so that I was soon an

object of horror and execration to the ignorant and credulous multitude. So long as the outcry only arose from the "Blacks" and the "Reds," whom I considered my political adversaries, I laughed at the uproar, in full expectation that the journals of my own—the *Moderate*—party would soon do me justice. But when I saw that some of them shunned all allusion to the incident, and that those who, with evident reluctance, touched upon it, spoke with bated breath, afraid to take up the cudgels for me; when I perceived that an inexplicable panic had seized all men; and that the most conspicuous, with Cavour at their head, advised me to bow my head to the storm, and withdraw from the contest—then, I confess, a fit of unreasonable, perhaps, but most natural indignation seized me, I flatly refused to leave Turin; showed myself, on the contrary, openly and ostentatiously under the frequented porticoes, and on the first hint of the democratic journals that I had "won parliamentary and other honours under false pretences," I indignantly threw up my seat in the Chamber, and sent back to the King the Cross of St. Maurice which had been sent out to me in England many years before, and which I had only worn once, when I presented the two first volumes of my history to the King, at Buckingham Palace.

The King himself, and my English friend, Montalto, who happened to be with me in Turin at the time, were the only persons who did not lose their senses in that terrible juncture. Privately, those of my colleagues whose opinion was most valuable, such as Farini, Chiaves, Cornero, and a hundred other honourable men, hastened to assure me of their sympathy, were ashamed of or indignant against "that absurd clamour of a Press run mad;" and Farini, especially, declared that "he could never have imagined that there was so much hypocrisy in Italy." All these men, however, were, like myself, supporters of the Government; and so great was the Ministers' conviction that my untoward revelations had compromised them in the face of public opinion, and supplied the "Blacks" and "Reds" with a formidable weapon against the party in power—that not only would they allow no one to say a word in my defence, but Rattazzi, as Minister of the Interior, deeming it good policy to throw a tub to a whale, instructed the *Procuratore Regio*, or Public Prosecutor, to proceed against me on the charge of high treason—a preposterous injunction, about which the wise Procuratore, considering that it came from a lawyer-minister, could only express his astonishment—and amusement.

Meanwhile the King, who was at this autumn season pheasant-shooting at Racconigi, upon receiving an explanatory letter which, on the suggestion of my friend Castelli (Cavour's agent), I had addressed to His Majesty—with that sound common sense which distinguished the Re Galantuomo—saw through the hollowness of all that “much ado about nothing;” and, acting upon a sudden, benevolent impulse, drove at once to town with my letter in his pocket, and showing it to Cavour, bade him “see that no harm should come to me for a juvenile error which had done no harm, and for which my good conduct and important services through all my life had more than sufficiently atoned.”

Upon hearing this, my English friend Montalto, who was then an M.P., and whose high stature and dignified manner gave him an easy ascendancy over all he addressed, called upon Count Cavour, professed himself my friend *à l'Anglaise*, declared that I had been shamefully treated; and, referring to the King's generous interference in my favour, exacted from the Minister a written declaration in the sense of the peremptory wishes conveyed to him by His Majesty.

Poor Cavour, embarrassed by the position into which his own timidity had placed him, yet awed by the air of authority assumed by the brave Englishman,

placed between the anvil of the duty imposed upon him by the King's pleasure and the hammer of the *Armonia* and the other organs of the hostile Press, which, he well knew, would give him no quarter, stuttered and stammered for a long time ; but at last, yielding to the calm, cool, inexorable insistence of the stout Briton, gave in and wrote the required declaration, stipulating, however, that its publication should be deferred till he deemed it expedient and gave his consent ; a condition which, however, allowed me the free use of that document for all private purposes. Two years later, when the report of the commotion created by that untoward incident reached England, and some of the Members of the Opposition, misinformed about the facts of the case, and wishing to make political capital of it for their own purposes, alluded to it, and allowed themselves some ungenerous expressions on the subject, my friend Montalto thought the circumstances justified a publication of Cavour's statement ; whereupon we set out in the depth of a severe winter, in January, 1858 ; found Cavour at his office, and though he still demurred, and endeavoured to slip through our fingers, we brought him to consent to all we demanded. By the time we were back in England, any impression made by the mention of that old story in the House had completely

worn out, and everybody who cared well knew what should be thought about it.

But we must not anticipate. Let us go back to November, 1856. On the first outbreak of the disturbance, and when Cavour showed so much eagerness to get me away on any terms, I, by a natural spirit of contradiction, flatly, as I already said, refused to leave Turin; and, being determined to stand my ground and live down all the obloquy that was current against me, made arrangements to choose Piedmont for my permanent residence, went up to Castellamonte, the former seat of my family; bought a vineyard, in a charming spot on a hill near that town, from a distant relative of my father; laid the plan of a villa on a tableland on the summit, which was to be called "Torre Giulietta;" and even contemplated a second marriage with the daughter of one of my colleagues in the Chamber, a particular friend of mine.

Thus for the whole of that winter I lived, firm on my purpose, sharing my time between town and country, attending to the progress of my building, and—as usual, hard at work—furnishing contributions to Zenocrate Cesari, the editor of the *Rivista Contemporanea*; and regaining inch by inch a firmer footing on public opinion than I had ever held before.

I wrote Italian translations of some of the best tales and sketches which I had published in England in the "Blackgown Papers" and "Scenes from Italian Life"; began a translation of "Castellamonte," that autobiographical account of my early days in Italy which I have before mentioned—a few chapters of which appeared under the title of "La nostra Prima Carovana"—and wrote a long review of Ruffini's "Doctor Antonio," upbraiding my countrymen for the neglect to which they condemned the novels of a writer who had achieved such an unrivalled popularity in England, and with such good effect that Professor Acquarone, of Siena, on reading my article, was induced to undertake the translation of the novel I recommended, upon the publication of which Ruffini's countrymen began to do a somewhat tardy justice to that good novelist's eminent talents.

Thus in all places and under all circumstances I sought in assiduous work the panacea of all ailments, either of mind or heart; and on the return of spring, 1857, I travelled to England with a steady purpose to settle such affairs as I still had in this country, soon to be back among my father's old town and kinsfolk in Piedmont.

CHAPTER XI.

JOURNALISTIC EXPERIENCES.

Back to England—Idle life—A second marriage—A wedding tour—
A comet—To Italy on law business—Events in Europe—A
stir in Italy—First dealings with *The Times*—To Italy on *The
Times* business—Plon-plon diplomacy—Plon-plon generalship
—Solferino and Villafranca—Back to England.

THE severe rebuff, which had for the time put an end to my Parliamentary career in Turin, had not set my heart against my native country; but neither had it lessened my attachment to the land of my adoption. I arrived in London soon after Easter, 1857, and the movement of the great city could not fail to renew the spell which it first cast over me in the years of my youth. The business which had brought me to England was soon disposed of. I placed my little boy at a good preparatory school in Brighton; let my furnished house to my friend Marmion Savage (who was then editing the *Examiner*); and had no further tie that should interfere

with my resolution to go back to the Turin porticoes and the rising walls of Torre Giuletta. My departure, nevertheless, was put off day by day. I did not, somehow, very clearly see why I should be in a hurry to go back to Piedmont. My vineyard had been for several years laid waste by the grape disease that the Italians called *la crittogama*. The builders at Torre Giuletta were robbing me tooth and nail. And the friend, whose daughter I was to marry, bargained, *more Italico*, that I should pledge my word to him before consulting the young lady's inclination ; and, in the second place, that I should take up my permanent abode in Italy, as he was sure my bride could not breathe in "foggy England." The consequence of it all was, not only that I stood up for my "liberty of action," but that my determination to settle in Italy was considerably shaken; the matrimonial negotiation broke up, and Torre Giuletta never rose more than half a score of feet above its foundation. Such is the vanity and perversity of human wishes : urged by Cavour to quit Turin in November, I insisted on staying ; solicited by my would-be father-in-law to make Piedmont my home in March, I adjourned my return till the very idea of it was abandoned.

The fact is my business in life seemed to me equally at

an end in both countries. In Italy literary speculation had been altogether unprofitable. In England the failure of my "History of Piedmont" had involved heavier losses than the success of my "Country Life in Piedmont" (published this year) could make up for. And, with respect to writing, I am not ashamed to confess that I entertained grovelling mercenary views. I thought no man "not worthy of his hire" should be a "labourer." Even when my financial affairs were in a flourishing condition I withdrew from the partnership of Messrs. George H. Lewes and Thornton Hunt, editors of the *Leader*, who had charged me with the management of the foreign department of that weekly print, when they intimated that their journal had yet its way to make, and that for a few weeks I should have to work for "the honour of the thing."

The spring and summer of that year—1857—may be considered the idlest period I ever remember spending in my life. I tarried in London all that season, little as I shared in its gaieties, haunting picture galleries, looking in at the rival opera houses, to which I could often have a free entrance, and brushing up such acquaintance as I had within a square mile or two of Hyde Park Corner; giving much of my time to Lady Morgan, a dear old lady whose light never blazed out

more brightly than it did now, almost on the eve of its extinction.

From London I went for the summer months to a country house on the Wye, where a pleasant party of friends was assembled—that very house a few miles above Tintern Abbey which I had seen just built at the time of my first visit to the charming valley, in 1840, and to which I took so great a fancy at the time, looking upon it as in many respects the very ideal of a desirable human abode. At the beginning of autumn I was in Manchester, paying daily visits to the great Art Exhibition in that city, where such a collection of masterpieces from all the galleries of England was brought together as the world never had seen before, or is ever likely to see again hereafter. A few letters of mine on the various attractions of that marvellous show appeared in *The Daily News* at the time.

On the approach of winter I came back to my lodgings in London, where I wrote for the paying magazines, among other articles an essay on the “Love and Madness of Tasso,” which came out in two successive numbers of Fraser’s. In January, 1858, I went with Montalto on a short excursion to Italy, where we paid that visit to Count Cavour, allusion to which has been made at the end of the foregoing chapter. We went

across France, *viâ* Marseilles and Genoa, to Turin, and came back by Milan and Venice; in the latter town having a narrow escape out of the hands of the Austrian police; and in Milan, where we went to hear the Huguenots at La Scala, seeing the people even in the stalls and boxes treated with such incredible rudeness and arrogance by the Austrian officers that it was impossible not to argue from it the inevitable and imminent termination of the Imperial dominion in Lombardy, or not to hope that the lesson the Milanese were now receiving at the hands of these barbarians would cure them of the antipathy they had ten years before evinced against their Piedmontese brethren.

On our return to England in the spring, I was engaged to be married, and in July, 1858, was united to my second wife in the parish church of Kensington, the Sardinian Minister, Marquis D'Azeglio, and my neighbour and friend, Carlo Pepoli, being signed as witnesses to the deed.

I was then in my forty-eighth year—a sober man, disenchanted of all illusions, as I thought, and cured of all ambition; with little regret for the past, and still less hope of the future. All that remained was to make my bow, and let the curtain fall; for the drama—

or farce—was played out, it little mattered whether amid plaudits or hisses.

We had often talked the matter over with my new English wife, and were of one mind as to our future lot, which was to be retirement and country life; and the haven to shelter us from all storms was to be that identical house on the Wye where we had met a twelvemonth before—the house which I had so ardently coveted, and was now our own.

I little imagined how strangely we were out in our reckonings. Retirement! Silence and solitude! To be sure; but first our wedding trip. We set out from Dover across France and Switzerland, over the St. Gothard to the Lake Maggiore, to Turin and Castellamonte, to Central Italy, and back across the Apennines and along the Riviera, back to Genoa and Turin, and, *viâ* the Mont Cenis, to Paris and London. To light us on our return we had the portentous Donati Comet on our left, night after night; a glorious sight, filling the world with awe, gazed at with boding hearts all along our way, as we passed through Liguria and Piedmont, through Burgundy and Picardy, till we had the last view of it at a water-and-fire-works night on the crowded terrace in front of Sydenham Palace.

Home, at last—and for good? No! home—but

only for one day ! We were in London at our lodgings in the morning, when one of the partners of a great solicitor's house in Essex Street, Strand, called upon me with a proposal that I should go to Rome as interpreter in the great lawsuit of "*Borghese v. the Heirs of Shrewsbury*." My visitor had heard of me through Messrs. Williams and Norgate, of Henrietta Street, Covent Garden. He thought "I alone was the man he required," and would take no denial. Home was very well, we thought ; but Rome, only think of that ! And the journey handsomely paid ! and splendid fees during all our stay ! Home could wait—must wait—and thus, after only one night and one day in London, off we were again to Paris and the St. Gothard, and Novara, Bologna, and Florence, and Siena and bleak Radicofani, and snug Acquapendente, and the Eternal City at our journey's end. Pius IX. was then Pope and King, and Antonelli reigned over him ; but over both reigned the French *Préfet* of the Police, M. Mangin, a friend of ours, whose *fiat* that "we should enter the city unhindered, and leave it unmolested," neither priest nor cardinal, nor policeman, nor Papal Zouave, "should dare to dispute."

Three months were thus passed in peace and security amidst the lawyers and the ruins of Rome. The law

business being over, we had to wait three months more for the happy arrival of "a little stranger," who was henceforth to be part and parcel of our travelling caravan. It was thus, only in April, that we set out on our homeward way, in a four-horse *vettura* of the olden times—up the valley of the Tiber, travelling by easy stages and with frequent stoppages, to Terni and Narni, Spoleto and Fuligno, Assisi and Perugia, and so to Arezzo and Florence—a fortnight's journey.

Six months in Rome ; October, 1858, to April, 1859. But, during those six months, of what portentous changes had that terrible Donati Comet been the harbinger to a wondering world ! There had been the famous *levée* at the Tuileries with the *mauvais quart d'heure*, given by the Emperor Napoleon to Von Hübner, the Austrian Ambassador, by way of a New Year's greeting. There had been Victor Emmanuel's emphatic message at the opening of the Turin Parliament, with the assurance that "Piedmont would no longer be deaf to the cry of distress of her sister provinces." There had been the sacrifice of the New Iphigenia, the Princess Clotilde, the pure-minded daughter of an old heroic line, wedded to that obese Plon-plon, whose heroism no one would take for granted—a *mésalliance*, the report of which had filled

our tender-hearted English colony in Rome with horror and disgust.

What next? we asked, and events gave answer with breathless rapidity; and it became evident that the princess, with Heaven knows what dowry, was the price paid by Cavour at Plombières for the redemption of Italy.

What next? Why, France and Austria were once more to meet on the "cock-pit of Europe," contending for the sovereignty of Italy. A new Charlemagne, a new Napoleon was crossing the Alps to the conquest of Lombardy. Was he coming as a friend? Was he coming as a foe? Was he the Carbonaro and rebel of 1831, or the Papal champion of 1849? Terrible enigmas these, and of which it was for the Italians to find the solution. And the unravelling soon followed. Before the end of April the Austrians had crossed the Ticino and invaded Piedmont. Everywhere the cry was "Guerra! Guerra!" We had hardly left Rome before we became aware that the whole youth of the country was stirring. Massimo d'Azeglio in Rome, and Buoncompagni in Florence, sent out as extra-official Piedmontese agents, had suggested to the Pope's and the Grand Duke's Government the expediency of ridding themselves of revolutionary elements in their respective States, by raising golden bridges to the

young volunteers on their way to the battlefields of Lombardy. The whole able-bodied population was soon on the tramp. We had them singing, shouting all along our route. Through Umbria and Tuscany, and from Florence to Pisa, and Spezia, and Genoa, the roads were swarming; the cities were wild with enthusiasm. Had wars been fought by mere "men with muskets," Piedmont could easily have mustered half a million of combatants. But there was method in the movement of 1859. Everybody seemed anxious to avoid the blunders that had proved so fatal in 1848. Of the youths who came up, by far the better class enlisted in the Piedmontese regiments, and most of them were even content to be kept back as a reserve. It was soon felt that the destinies of Italy were to be decided by armies, and that our own could only take the field as auxiliary. The army that was to fight and conquer was already on the march across the Alps, or landing at Genoa. We arrived in Turin in May, the very day in which the first battalion of French Zouaves, descending from Susa, had come to a halt in the Place d'Armes outside the Piedmontese capital. I walked out to look at them, with a large crowd of sight-seers. I stood gazing at them with stupor, half-crazed with distracting emotions, and turned to my next bystander,

my friend Domenico Carrutti, a distinguished Piedmontese historian, and we both said, almost in the same breath, looking into each other's face: "Here they are! When shall we be rid of them?"

For the minds of both of us went back to the hundred precedents of French invasions of Italy from Pepin and Charlemagne to the First Napoleon, and we were only too well aware what evils their appearance invariably boded to us—whatever good it might, in the end, have in store for themselves.

That, however, was no time for gloomy reflections. I had to resolve on immediate action, and my first thought was how to convey my travelling party safe to their home in England.

We took the train from Turin to Susa, where I had ordered the mail-coach to be ready for us to take us across the mountain to St. Jean de Maurienne, then the railway terminus on the Savoy side. We reached Susa late in the evening; the mail-coach was there, but with broken windows, unfit for service on an icy night on the Alps. At Susa the hotels were choke-full of French officers; the wretched railway-station, with its dingy waiting-room and café, was turned into a bivouac for French soldiers. These good *Chasseurs de Vincennes* squeezed up to make room for wife, child, and

nurse; ministering to their wants, catering for fresh milk, boiling their eggs, dandling the infant like the tenderest of nurses. In their keeping I had to leave them in the morning, go back to Turin, order out another coach, and return in the evening for another night start. Up we rolled across Mont Cenis, lighted by the ruddy gleam of the Turkos' watch-fires, kept awake by the dreary notes of their howling war-songs. On we rolled over the deeply-cut and encumbered high-road, stemming now this, now that band of French troops, foot, horse, and battery—a never-ending flow of armed men. It was early morning at Lanslebourg, late evening when we reached St. Jean, where we had another night and day's "fraternising" with the French rear-guard. But here, at last, on the following night, we found the train to Macon, and went on without further hindrance to Paris and London.

At home in London, with the way open to our home on the Wye. But, alas! what home could there be for me in England while the destinies of Italy were being weighed in the scale. I had no sooner seen my fellow-travellers comfortably housed at the Paddington Hotel, waiting for their Western train, than I went to Fleet Street and called on Mr. Weir, the old Editor of *The Daily News*, my good friend.

"I am now nearly fifty," I said, without any preamble, "and was laughed at when I offered myself for a soldier eleven years ago. But I must go back to Italy, if I cannot to fight, at least to write. You often told me you valued my services; prove it now. Send me out as your war correspondent with the armies in Lombardy."

My hasty manner took away the good man's breath; but he had no sooner understood me than he pulled a long face.

"Very sorry—more sorry than I can tell you; but we have just sent Arrivabene on that errand. He started this morning by the seven o'clock mail."

I left the old Editor and his office without another word, and went straight to the Athenæum Club, where I was sure to find Montalto; I told him my wishes and my disappointment.

"Well," said my friend, "what matters *The Daily News*? Why should you not go for *The Times*?"

"Impossible!" I said. "I never had any connection with that paper."

"But everything must have a beginning."

"Impossible," I repeat, "they know nothing about me."

"An acquaintance is easily made."

“But they do not like me,” I insisted. “They think me a Radical, a Mazzinian—they know nothing about me.”

“But they will soon know. Do me the favour to dine with me and the wife and the girls. I’ll soon let you know what *The Times* people think of you.”

At half-past seven, I found him at his house in Eccleston Square.

“Well, my friend, I think all is settled. When I left the club, I went to the House and spoke to Walter; Walter referred me to Mowbray Morris; Mowbray Morris appointed to-morrow, at one in the afternoon, to see you—I suppose you will go?”

Never was so great a weight of anxiety removed from my mind; I could hardly believe, hardly take in the words I heard. The news was too good to be true. To sit down to a good dinner in excellent company was perfect torture. No sooner was the dinner over than I went home to the hotel to bed, when all sleep was out of the question. Up early in the morning, out in the streets, walking round the Regent’s Park, then after nine stepping in and out of the club, purposeless, at a loss to kill the time, waiting for the hour appointed.

So young I still was, still so fidgety, so Italian!

So incapable of mastering my emotions when confronted by what I thought a great emergency.

"I shall go to Italy; go out with the army, go out as *Times*' correspondent." I cried again and again. "Too good to be true!"

At one in the afternoon I called upon Mr. Mowbray Morris, the manager of *The Times*. A West Indian by birth, still young, slender, dusky in the face with fine features and refined manners.

"How good of you to go out for us," he began, when we were seated. "How good!"

"But I say, how kind of you to send me! You know nothing about me."

"Perhaps you were not so utterly unknown as you imagined," he said, pointing to a book-shelf, where a copy of my "Italy, Past and Present," stared me in the face. "That book has been on that shelf as a favourite ever since it came out—but now—about this war, Hardman, our own Turin correspondent writes that no 'press-gang' will be allowed at the front."

"Let that be no hindrance," I said hastily. "That rule will only apply to civilians and aliens. But I can don a uniform and go as a combatant. Cavour is my friend. I was till lately a deputy. Surely exception will be made in favour of me—an old patriot."

"That is what we thought—and now as to terms——"

They were very liberal, but that matter had no weight with me at the time. I rose to take leave.

"And as to your journey, when shall we say?" he said with some hesitation. "Time presses——"

"Directly, this evening; there is no time to lose. My trunk is not yet unpacked. I shall go across to-night and be in Turin on Monday."

On leaving his house I went to the club and sent out by messenger the following telegram:

"DEPUTY CORNERO, TURIN.

"Buy me good saddle horse. Have it ready for my arrival in Turin next Monday."

Three hours later I was off, travelling night and day, as was always my wont when alone. These cursed railways have nothing to recommend them but speed. I seldom failed to make the most of them.

On the Monday I was in Turin, and called on my friend, still in bed.

"You have got the horse, of course?"

"Horses are hard to come at in war times," he said; "still I *had* got him, a capital hack—but——"

"But what?"

“But Cavour stepped across to me at the Chamber, and said, ‘Gallenga telegraphed for a horse. I know what he wants it for. And, I tell you, buy nothing. Nothing of the kind, I tell you. I won’t have it.’”

I left my friend in his bed; went back to the Hotel Trombetta, where Hardman of *The Times* lodged, and found him up and writing.

“Even so!” he said, when I had explained my difficulty. “No one allowed at the camp. Here they say it is an order from Paris. At Paris they contend that all the objection is made in Turin. My own opinion is that Cavour and the Emperor are of one mind on the subject. They protest that they will treat us scribblers, if they catch us, as spies. Tell you what I should do, if I were in your place, though. I would go to Florence and come up with Plon-Plon and the Fifth Corps.”

I took his advice; was off that same day, slept at Genoa that night, and in the morning took steamer to Leghorn and train to Florence.

There is this inconvenience in fast travelling, especially by rail, that from end to end of the journey you never know what is going on in the world. The papers you buy at the station have only old dates; your fellow-passengers in the train are no wiser than

yourself, yet such was then the interruption of communication, owing to the war, that all Florence crowded around me on my arrival for such crumbs of information as I might have picked up on my way.

The situation, so far as I could tell, was this: The Emperor Napoleon with his army had reached Milan early in May, the Austrians everywhere falling back before him; and he had put forth his famous Proclamation, in which he announced that Italy should be "free to the Adriatic," calling upon the Italians "to be soldiers, that they might deserve to become free-men." The encounters between the Franco-Sardinian allies and their Austrian opponents had been mere skirmishes; but in almost all of them the former had been victorious, and they evidently mustered preponderant forces; though the French were still awaiting their Fifth Corps d'Armée, which was to consist chiefly of veteran troops hastily summoned from Algeria, was to land at Leghorn, act in Central Italy, and come up somewhere across the Apennines, under the command of the Emperor's cousin, Prince Napoleon Jerome.

In Florence, now rid of the presence of the Grand Duke, a Provisional Government had been installed under Ricasoli, and the little Tuscan army, now raised to a force of 6000 men, was being drilled under the

Tricolor, ready to join the French Fifth Corps in its march to the fields of Lombardy.

To Florence, therefore, I was bound till all was ready. The whole of May and part of June were thus miserably lost. The Prince-Marshal landed at Leghorn, May 23rd, and with him two fine regiments of Chasseurs d'Afrique, with a division of infantry and a large park of artillery; such a force as had never been seen in Tuscany since the French invasion of Charles VIII. in 1494. People called it the "Diplomatic Corps," and the general conviction was that the Emperor's scheme was to rescue Italy from the Austrians only to make it a vassal of France; giving the north of it to his ally, King Victor Emmanuel, the south to Prince Murat, heir of King Joachim; and forming a new State of Central Italy, consisting of Tuscany, the Legations, the Marches, and Umbria, of which Prince Napoleon Jerome was to be King; in which case the Pope would be left with Rome and St. Peter's patrimony, under French protection.

The Emperor, however, ultimately found out that he had somewhat rashly disposed of Italy without consulting the Italians. But while the issue of the war was still uncertain, great was the perplexity of men's minds; and the idea of raising Florence to the rank of

capital of a central kingdom of three or four million inhabitants would not have been repugnant to the municipal patriotism of some of the most influential Florentines, had it not been for the loathing which men felt for the person of the candidate for their throne; a candidate whose character was only too well known in the place where part of his youth had been spent.

In that prince, however, was my only chance of being allowed to go out as war correspondent to the fields of Lombardy. I waited upon him on the morrow after his arrival, and was received with the utmost cordiality, the prince shaking hands and bidding me sit down by his side on his sofa. He "had heard everything about me," of course; "knew what a bitter enemy I had in Mazzini;" and he hoped Republican firebrands would not attempt to spoil the work his cousin, the Emperor Napoleon, and the King, his father-in-law, had in hand, as they had frustrated the enterprise of the unfortunate Charles Albert in 1848-9." For what concerned myself, the Prince would be "most happy to allow me the freedom of his camp; all he wished was that I should write what I saw and thought without favour and without prejudice."

After all this, and a great flourish about his "unbounded regard for the press, especially the English

press, and particularly for *The Times*," he rose from the sofa, after about half-an-hour's sitting, and as he stepped towards the door to dismiss me, he lowered his voice, and said :

"Pity these good Florentines show so little zeal in the cause ! What do they think ? What do they want ? They seem mistrustful ; they do not like us—do not like *me* ! Is it not absurd that a man only two steps removed from the throne of Charlemagne, should be suspected of a petty ambition to step into the old shoes of a discarded prince of Austria-Lorraine ?"

"I do not know that the Florentines just now are thinking of anything but the war, monseigneur," I answered. "Italians have too long been compelled to bow to no other god than that of the *Gros Bataillons*. They are not sure that France, if victorious, will consult their pleasure. Till they know that they have a voice on the subject, their answer must be that of the Jew who was asked whether he would have any scruple about pocketing a thousand crowns if they were offered to him as a gift on the Sabbath-day. 'This is not Saturday, and the money is not forthcoming,' he said ; 'what do you tempt or plague me for ?'* The chance for the Florentines to have a will of their own has not come

* "Sabato non è, il danaro non c'è ; quare conturbas me ?"

yet, monseigneur. Their future rulers will have to be appointed by a *plebiscite*."

The Prince smiled rather feebly at the bare mention of that popular vote, which usually followed upon a *coup d'état*. And as I bowed myself out, and he held out his hand to me—a hand moist, cold, and clammy, like that of Uriah Heep—I felt how impossible it was for the Florentines not to loathe the man ; for although he had undoubtedly the great Emperor's features, and perhaps some of his talents, he had not won the great Emperor's battles, and it was disgusting to think that he, an ultra-Democrat, and a foe to the divine right of monarchic succession, should claim to lord it over the Tuscan or any other people, as if men were mere goods and chattels, coming to him by right of inheritance as to a nephew of his uncle. Behold now, the two lives that stood between him and the throne of Charlemagne have been providentially removed, and he is still bidding for empire in France, as if he were not too loathsome a candidate even for M. de Cassagnac himself.

But whatever he then was, or may be now, that prince had the command of 40,000 combatants, and all Europe was wondering what he would do with it. Several roads were open before him across the Apennines—one of *La Porretta*, from Florence to Bologna ; another, the

Abetone, from Florence to Modena, etc. ; but he suffered week after week to pass, as if at a loss how to choose, and wearied out his troops with idle parades at the Cascine. It was supposed that by taking the shortest route he might seem to countenance the population of those provinces in their insurrection against their former rulers, the Emperor, his cousin, shrinking especially from complicity in any act which might be construed into a spoliation of the Holy See ; but whatever might be the motive, it was finally understood that the Fifth Corps should *rendezvous* at Lucca, march along shore to Sarzana, whence it should go over the Apennines at La Cisa Pass, *viâ* Pontremoli Berceto and Fornovo, coming down to Parma, and crossing the Po from Colorno to Casalmaggiore. This roundabout route was familiar to me of old, and I could, had it been needful, have been the best of guides. I had already, long since, bought two horses, clothed and equipped myself for the campaign. Upon the Prince setting out for Pisa, on the 18th of June, I took the road to Pistoja and Lucca, travelling alone, mounted on an old nag—a little black Arab, and a capital roadster, up to any amount of work—and followed by a groom with a dainty chestnut mare which I had bought from my friend Carlo Fenzi, and which was intended for use on a field-day.

At Lucca I fell in with the Prince and his staff, and made the acquaintance of some of his officers, most of them gentlemen of birth and rank, with something of the manners of the old French school. The Prince advanced by very leisurely stages, his object being apparently to be as long on the road as he could contrive, and to enjoy the greetings of the population which crowded on our path all along our line of march, the men deafening him with shouts, the women smothering him with flowers and kisses, hailing him as hero, conqueror, and liberator.

We were nearly a fortnight crossing the mountains; only reached Parma on the 27th of June, and idled in that city till the end of the month. Already Palestro and Magenta had been fought, and on the 24th, from the heights of Berceto, we could distinctly hear the rumbling of the cannon of Solferino. That wretched obese Plon-plon had seemingly so reckoned time and pace as to arrive on the battle-field more than a week after the decisive action.

At Parma I left him and joined the Tuscans, a respectable regular force, which had been organised for the Grand Duke, and was now under the command of General Ulloa, a Neapolitan. His chief of the staff, Colonel Seismid Doda, appointed me one of his aides-

de-camp, and I rode by his side in a lieutenant's uniform, finding him a well-informed and most agreeable companion.

Upon crossing the Po and falling in with the main army of the Allies on the Mincio, I soon found out how unfortunate I had been in my plan of campaign. For the Emperor Napoleon, anxious to win over a party among the disaffected Hungarians, had rescinded in their favour his order excluding non-combatants from the camp. He admitted the Hungarians, and, in their suite, the representatives of all journals, British and foreign; among others Eber, a friend of Klapka, whom I found installed at headquarters, as war correspondent of *The Times*. Had I waited a little more patiently at Turin I might have been beforehand with Eber, and reported the campaign from the beginning.

When I came up with the Fifth Corps, the campaign was at an end. We rode all round Mantua and up the Mincio; we encamped at Goito on the 4th of July; and advanced to Volta on the 9th. The heat was oppressive; some of our strongest Tuscan grenadiers dropped on the march from sunstroke. Both the Tuscan and Piedmontese, however, bore up against all hardships with great steadiness; and their thorough discipline put to shame the loose order of the French,

and especially of the Algerian troops following on our track. Indeed, nothing seemed to me more astonishing than the insubordination and confusion prevailing in the ranks of Imperial France; and "If these soldiers are so little better than a mob after a victory," I reasoned, "what would be their behaviour if they were to meet with a reverse?" Many years did not pass before events answered my question. Solferino foreshadowed Sedan.

At Solferino, however, the success of the French troops seemed assured. At Volta, in the evening of the 9th, Colonel Doda brought in the intelligence that a three days' armistice had been agreed upon between the belligerents, and that we were to start for Calcinato on the hills of Brescia, near Montechiaro, on the same night. Something had evidently vexed the good Colonel, for no sooner were we on the saddle than he set off at full gallop, and we had to scamper after him, knowing nothing of his reasons for that desperate hurry. We made a *détour* at San Cassanio, our leader taking us across the battle-field of Solferino, where, a fortnight after the battle, the ground was still strewn with the arms and accoutrements of the combatants, and the stench from the half-unburied dead was more than the living could endure. On the morrow, at

Calcinato, Doda explained that "the armistice was not for three but for forty days"; that preliminaries of peace were being signed at Villafranca, the basis of which were "the annexation of Lombardy to Piedmont and the liberation of Italy, not to the Adriatic, but to the Mincio." Those preliminaries were, as we all know, signed on the 11th of July, and two days later, before the news was fully confirmed, I sold my horses to a brother officer—who never paid for them—doffed my uniform, and as soon as I was able to find a *calessino* I turned my back to the camp, and travelled to Brescia and Milan. I was at the Hotel la Villa in the latter city on the 15th, when the Emperor drove through on his way back to France; and where, had he not been protected by the popularity of his fellow-traveller, King Victor Emmanuel, he would have run the imminent risk of being torn to pieces by the populace.

The world is now at no loss for the causes which actuated the Emperor Napoleon's policy when he appended his signature to the Peace of Villafranca—a peace which was justly looked upon as a second edition of the Treaty of Campoformio. The Emperor had just ventured into that Quadrilateral, which threatened to be as hard a nut for him to crack as it had been for Charles

Albert eleven years before. He learnt, upon experience, that those four fortresses were looked upon not merely as an Austrian, but also as a German bulwark; and that, if the war went on, there was a good chance of his having Prussia and the whole North arrayed against him; for as yet the idea of a remodelling of the Map of Europe met with as little favour at St. Petersburg as at Berlin, and people began to see what construction the nephew of the uncle was putting on his declaration, "*L'Empire, c'est la Paix.*"

It is most likely that the disorderly behaviour of his troops, to which I have adverted, deterred the Emperor from a continuation of a war which might become European, and for which no adequate forces could be mustered. Still, the most urgent motive actuating him at this juncture was undoubtedly spite at the attitude of the Italians, who seemed determined that it should be for them, and not for himself, that the Emperor fought and conquered; and who evidently harboured hopes and aspirations at variance with their deliverer's views.

Had there been any doubt in the Emperor's mind about the "ingratitude" of the nation he was rousing into a new existence, an end would have been put to it by his princely cousin, who met him at Villafranca

with tidings of the result of his diplomatic mission at Florence, where, he said with good reason, whatever the people might wish or think, one thing was evident, that they "would have nothing to say to him." It thus came to be understood in France that "if the Emperor *Badinguet* had begun the war, it was Prince *Plon-plon* who ended it."

With the war, as I conceived, my business as a correspondent was also terminated. On the evening of the 16th of July I took the train for Turin, crossed over to Macon and Paris, and on the 20th called upon Mr. Mowbray Morris in London, begging him to accept the resignation of my office.

Never in my life have I seen such astonishment depicted on any human face as was shown by that of the manager of *The Times* when he saw me.

"What? What?" he cried. "You here? Has anything happened?"

"What should have happened?" I answered. "The war is over, and the War Correspondent goes home. That is all."

"What?" he insisted. "And not one line; not two words of a telegram to tell us of your desertion."

"It was for the war alone—it was for my country—that I enlisted in your service," I said; "what else

would I have had to do with the Press? The war is at an end. All is over."

He looked hard at me, as if he could not believe me.

"Are you in your senses?" he said. "Do you really think the affair is at an end? Are you so ready to give up the cause of your country? Or do you think your hand can wield a mightier weapon in that cause than such as *The Times* supplies you with? Perhaps you have travelled too fast to learn what is going on. Know then, that all our statesmen here are convinced that the Treaty of Villafranca won't hold water. War may be at an end, but Revolution has not spoken its last word. The noblest mission that ever befell a journalist is offered to you. Go back to Italy! For months, and perhaps years, your country will be the all-absorbing subject in Europe. Run all over the peninsula from end to end; go back to Turin, to Florence, wherever you think you may find the task best suited to your purpose. Whoever writes for us fights for Italy. You will have *The Times* and the almost unanimous sympathy of English opinion to back you."

"Done!" I exclaimed, grasping his hand, and shaking it with responsive enthusiasm. "Till the Italian question is settled, be the Press my career; I

am at your orders—I am off at once. Back to Italy—this very evening!” and I jumped on my feet.

“Nay, give yourself a few days’ rest,” he said. “See Delane; he is anxious to make your acquaintance. Dine with him and me this evening.”

“No rest, thank you! Now you have wound me up, I should, if I stayed, fret myself to death. The Editor, I dare say, will rather see my letters than my face; I must be off.”

“Tarry at least till Monday,” the manager insisted. “Mr. Walter has his usual yearly gathering and treat of all *The Times* servants at Bearwood on Saturday. It is an interesting scene in a most charming locality. I will take you there with me, and you will be delighted, I am sure. And so will Walter be.”

“Business before pleasure,” quoth I. “Mr. Walter will value my service higher than my company. Now that I have made up my mind, I would not lose one day for the world. Good-bye! I shall go across to-night!”

So saying, I left him, and hastening to the club to write one line to my people at home, where I was hourly expected, I set off by the evening mail, and before the end of the week I had put the Channel and the Alps between England and myself.

I rather think that all this haste, all this reluctance to let any kindly meant offer interfere with the discharge of a duty, though it might be deemed an excess of zeal, and it perhaps was carried to the extreme of positive discourtesy, did not altogether damage me in the good opinion of my new employers.

CHAPTER XII.

ABROAD FOR "THE TIMES."

The good and evil of journalism—Affairs in Italy—A French emperor and an Italian statesman—Annexation of Central Italy—The Legations—Tuscany—*The Times* and the Italian cause—A visit to Rome and the consequences—Opening of the Italian Parliament—Journalism and Parliamentarism—My conduct in the Chamber—The Rattazzi Ministry—Persano's promotion—The Bensa affair—Turin to London—Liverpool to New York.

FROM the date of the interview with Mr. Mowbray Morris, which I have just described—June 20th, 1859—my connection with *The Times*, which two months before I had accepted as temporary, became permanent, and for the next twenty years it afforded me constant and almost exclusive active employment, either in the foreign or in the home department of the journal.

This incessant occupation, however pleasant and honourable it might be, involved a rather severe strain on my physical and mental faculties, and imposed an

almost entire abnegation of those domestic habits, of those rural enjoyments to which I had looked forward at the time I contracted a second marriage, and broke up my town establishment in London, transferring my *lares et penates* to my charming solitude on the banks of the Wye. Instead of the *otium cum dignitate* in the bosom of my family, to which on the eve of my fiftieth year I considered myself entitled, I had to go forth alone, always on the road, putting up with hotel fare and accommodation; the alternative lying between the turmoil of the camp in war, and the din of excited mobs in the cities, convulsed either with the hopes and fears of an expected change, or with the heart-burning and disappointment attendant on its never wholly satisfactory results.

The pressure of business consequent on the rapid succession of public events was frequently so great, that, although our journal in ordinary times literally allowed from one month to six weeks' holidays to its servants both at home and abroad, my absence from England was in some instances prolonged for eighteen months or even two years at a stretch; and of my sweet home on the Wye, during the whole period of twenty years, I was only allowed to enjoy as much as I could by fits and snatches during rare and short

visits, the duration of which, if summed up, would scarcely amount altogether to as many months.

There is, however, ample compensation for all the sacrifices that journalism entails. It was not long before I felt that *The Times* was a power—a power greater than any of the most colossal European Empires; and I found out that of that power I was the mouthpiece, and—so to say, the accredited Ambassador. However insignificant a pigmy a correspondent might be, he became taller and more conspicuous than any giant the moment he stood on one of the pinnacles of that wonderful edifice of Printing-House Square. Not one word appearing in the columns of that print ever fell to the ground, but came back to its writer, reproduced by a thousand echoes, endorsed with a thousand names, hardly recognisable under the comments, paraphrases and other disguises it had undergone in the transmission; but eagerly taken up by popular clamour, and eventually invested with all the authority of enlightened opinion. "*The Times* says so!" It was *Vox populi* revered as *Vox Dei*.

For the best part of four years, at the outset, I was *The Times* representative in Italy, and I can hardly venture to say to what extent I think that the power I wielded contributed to the triumph of our national cause.

On my arrival in Turin, I saw Count Cavour, and his best friend and most active coadjutor, Sir James Hudson, the English Minister. Those two gentlemen had received me rather coldly two months before, at the outbreak of the war. They would have preferred a man of less independent character. But as *The Times* chose me, they had to take me as I was, and make the most of me. A few words with them at once enabled me to understand all the particulars of the situation.

By the terms of the preliminaries of Villafranca, Lombardy was adjudged to Piedmont. Austria remained in possession of Venetia and the Four Fortresses; but by a fourth clause it was stipulated, rather vaguely, that the Pope, the Dukes of Parma and Modena, and the Grand Duke of Tuscany, should be restored in the territories of which the vicissitudes of the war had reft them. As to how the Restoration was to be effected, nothing had been said. The point was referred to further negotiation, and a Conference for its better definition was to assemble at Zurich. At the Conference, as usual, diplomacy only stultified itself. The Emperor Napoleon at the end of the war had fallen into the same blunders which had characterised his policy at the beginning. He had disposed

of the Italians without consulting their inclination—sold the lion's hide before he had caught his lion. The Italians were bidden to take back their Princes. But what if those Princes could only be brought back at the point of the bayonet? What if their subjects preferred to make common cause with their brethren of Milan, and chose to be united in one kingdom with Lombardy and Piedmont? If they ventured on open resistance, where was coercion to come from? Was France to invade Central Italy? Jealous Europe forbade. Was Austria to be charged with the execution of the Treaty? But that would have re-established that ascendancy over the peninsula which she had lost at Solferino. It was not to be thought of. The Italians are a clever people. Politicians to the very nails of their fingers. They soon became aware that diplomacy had come to an *impasse*. They felt that, if they were of one mind, if they were firm and prudent, they would be masters of the situation, free to settle their own affairs as they listed.

That poor Emperor Napoleon at Villafranca had indulged his petty spite against Cavour (by whom he perceived he had been bamboozled and jockeyed) to so vain a purpose as to bid the King of Sardinia dismiss his too able Minister. He thought by the

removal of the arch-schemer, the very neck of the great national Italian scheme might be broken. The loyal King so far yielded to necessity as to place the shifty Rattazzi at the head of a new Cabinet. But Cavour, though nominally excluded, continued, nevertheless, to act as the soul of the Ministry. There was for the moment thorough unanimity among all Italian statesmen. And *flecti non frangi* was their universally acknowledged motto.

It was evident to me that the great national problem was to find its solution in Central Italy. After giving one day only to Turin, and one to Milan, I crossed over to that region which resumed at that juncture its ancient name of the Æmilia or Emilia, and embraced the Duchies of Parma and Modena, and the Papal Legations, Bologna, Ferrara, Ravenna, and all Romagna, down to Rimini.

All this territory, evacuated by the Austrians on the eve of Solferino, had silently regained its own mastery. By an almost puerile anagram, the words Viva Verdi! (V.E.R.D.I., the initials of Vittorio Emmanuele Re d'Italia), written at every street corner, gave a clear expression to the wishes of the population. To the intimation that they should go back to the former order of things, the Italians simply opposed their stubborn *vis inertiae*.

The Duke of Modena, an Austrian Archduke, was the only one of the dispossessed princes who might be said to have a force of his own. With two battalions and four or six field-pieces, he was quartered at Mantua, hovering on the borders, longing and threatening but fearing to cross the Po and march to the conquest of the Capital. I found at Modena my friend Farini, at the head of a provisional government, lodged in the Duke's marble palace, where I dined with him off the gold and silver plate which the Duke had forgotten to take with him in his flight. Farini was a *Romagnole*, as gifted with courage as with talent. He had called the youth of the town to arms; he mustered them in the square before the palace; pointed them out to me, and said: "You see them! They would be few to withstand the Austrians; but they are more than sufficient to keep back the Duke."

Presently, however, better help was provided. The Tuscan army, 8000 strong, which I had left at Calcinato, receiving no orders after the departure of the French, had set off on its homeward way across the Po; its presence gave fresh courage to the people with whom it fraternised, and by tarrying here and there on the spots where danger might have arisen, it enabled the country to organise

itself on a sufficiently warlike plan to guarantee it from a *coup de main*, which, pending the negotiations of the Zurich Conference, was all that might be apprehended. When after several weeks' stay the Tuscans were compelled to cross the Apennines, Garibaldi organised a volunteer force with which he placed himself at La Cattolica, the frontier line between the Legations and the Marches, not far from the old Roman Rubicon, and there he stood confronting the Papal army, bidding it open defiance.

The unanimity in the Emilia was perfect, and the vote, when it was allowed utterance, left no doubt as to the people's wishes; for they would eagerly have accepted even "Satan's rule," as they said, so they were rid of "priestly rule."

As I proceeded to Tuscany I found, though under different circumstances, almost the same disposition of minds. Unlike the Papal provinces, Tuscany had been, for at least four centuries, a separate and at least nominally an independent State; and Florence, by descending from its sovereign rank as the residence of a Court and seat of its government, had more to lose than she could gain by annexation to the North Italian kingdom, unless, as it eventually happened, she could hope to become its capital. The unification of the

whole, or even of half of Italy, was a scheme that seemed still to many impracticable, to some even undesirable. Although the person of Prince Napoleon was universally obnoxious, the scheme of a formation of a central Italian kingdom by the union of Tuscany with the Emilian Provinces found a few partisans among honourable and distinguished patriots, among whom were Eugenio Albèri, General Ulloa, and Montanelli. This last, who had just come back from Paris, and had seen the Emperor in his capacity of Envoy of the Provisional Tuscan Government, told me, as he told everybody, that on mentioning to the Emperor the scheme of an annexation of Central to Northern Italy, he had been sharply interrupted by His Majesty with the single word, "Impossible!" Whereupon I told Montanelli "what a pity it was he had not reminded the Emperor that his great uncle had blotted out that 'stupid word' from the French dictionary." Besides these, there were other worthy men in Florence, like the historian Cantù, who objected to all removal of the old landmarks, wished for a continuation of the Italian States as they had long existed, and thought that liberty and independence could best be ensured by a National League or Confederacy. Among these there were many disguised Republicans, who had now

sunk to the lowest depth of unpopularity, and many more Retrogradists and ultra-Catholics, in whose opinion the idea of robbing the Church of her property or the Pope of his sovereignty, seemed the most heinous sacrilege. These latter went by the newly-invented name of *Codini*, or wearers of the old-fashioned pigtail.

To educate a people like the Tuscan, divided and perplexed in its views, so as to elicit from it a tolerably spontaneous and unanimous vote for annexation, was the task devolving on the Provisional Government; a Government consisting of conspicuous, respected, and most undoubtedly well-meaning men—Ricasoli, Peruzzi, Ridolfi, Malenchini, etc.—but who had bound themselves to the rule of the strictest neutrality, professed the most unreserved submission to the people's wishes, and shrunk from any overt act which might set them in opposition to the terms of the Treaty of Villafranca, and call down upon them the censure of the diplomatists now assembled at Zurich. For the whole of that summer, autumn, and winter of 1859, a question which was vital for Italy was debated both in that country and all over Europe, and it was only in March, 1860, that Cavour found that solution which, by the cession of Savoy and Nice to France, empowered the Italians

to fix their own destinies, resorting to an appeal to the popular suffrage, in the form of that new-fangled French jugglery—a Plebiscite.

Those nine months elapsing between the Preliminaries of Villafranca and the final Treaty of Peace at Paris—the period of gestation preceding the new birth of the Italian nation—were the busiest, and, as such, the happiest of my life ; for I flattered myself that my correspondence in *The Times*, and my word of mouth wherever I met with willing ears, were not without some influence in bringing about a happy issue out of that prolonged uncertainty. For several weeks towards the fall of the year I was incessantly on the road across the Apennines, shifting my quarters from place to place ; but as winter set in I established myself in Florence, where my family joined me from England, and my dining and drawing rooms became a meeting-place for many of those friends who were convinced of the great influence England and *The Times* would be sure to exercise on the settlement of the pending question.

Early in the spring I had to leave Florence, being bidden by *The Times* to go to Rome. No objection was raised against my person by the Papal Government, from whom I obtained a *carte de séjour* for

three months, on the same terms that were granted to me on the previous year. It was only when my errand became known, or was suspected, that a thundering order was issued by the Monsignore at the head of the Papal Police, bidding me leave Rome and the Papal State within the lapse of twenty-four hours. In vain did Mr. Odo Russell, the unofficial English *Chargé d'Affaires*, and Mr. Newton, the English Consul, interfere on my behalf. Vain also was my application to Mr. Mangin, the French Prefect, whose authority had been of so much avail to me a twelvemonth before. For the French Government was deemed to have played false to the Pope at Solferino and Villafranca, and French ascendancy was at the lowest ebb at the Vatican. Out, therefore, I had to tramp, with my family—my eldest son, with his tutor; my wife, with her child, nurse, and maid—our lumbering post-carriage being followed, though at a respectful distance, by a squad of Papal dragoons all the way to the frontier of Acquapendente. It was *The Times*, and not my humble individual merely, that was expelled; and, as I assured Antonelli, to whom I made a last appeal at the Vatican at eleven o'clock in the last evening of my stay, “*The Times* would know how to make His Eminence repent the arbitrary

measure by which one of the servants of that journal had been treated with gratuitous indignity."

Three days later we were at Pisa, in time to witness the Plebiscite in a rural district belonging to Colonel Malenchini, no bad specimen of the absurd farce that manhood suffrage invariably resolves itself into; and, after a short stay at Florence, we embarked at Leghorn on board the Sardinian frigate *Maria Adelaide* bound to Genoa with a freight of the newly-elected Tuscan Deputies on their way to their seats in the Lower House of what was hitherto the Piedmontese and became now the Italian Parliament. Of that Parliament I was presently re-elected a member by the district of Castellamonte, where my return was the occasion of great popular rejoicings, with bands of music, illumination, bonfires, and *mortaletti*, or rustic artillery. And the result was made known to me by Cavour, now again in his place at the head of the Government, in a short note in which he conveyed his hearty congratulation and sympathy.

The session of that Parliament, however, was not of long duration, for even before we left Florence, the startling report spread that Garibaldi had landed at Marsala with his "Thousand," that all the youth of Italy were flocking round his standard; that subscrip-

tions in his favour were being opened all over Europe, and that the troops of the King of the Two Sicilies were falling back before him throughout the island, and presently also throughout the mainland, the King himself ultimately abandoning his capital to the Liberator.

The agitation created all over the country by the tidings of that almost fabulous expedition, brought our Parliamentary deliberations to a premature close, even before the summer heat set in, and I availed myself of the recess to leave Turin, and take my family home to England, allowing myself a short interval of rest which the last fourteen months of unremitting labour had made extremely advisable.

Towards the middle of August, however, my vacation expired, and I went to take leave of Delane, who wished me to resume my duties in Turin—when he changed my route, and bade me join Garibaldi in Sicily. *The Times* had already a correspondent, General Eber, in that island, but they had received no communication from him for more than a fortnight. They were afraid something might have happened to him, and it was absolutely necessary that some one should go out and see what had become of him.

I travelled at once across the Continent to Genoa

embarked for Palermo, and there found Garibaldi, with whom I proceeded the same night (August 16th) in a steamer along the coast to Messina; and, four days later, crossed the strait over to Reggio, whence, as an officer of his staff, I made with him the campaign of Calabria, and arrived at Naples early in the morning of September 7th, four hours before the conquering hero made his glorious entrance into that capital.

For the account of that campaign I must refer the reader to *The Times* of the year 1860, or to the short narrative made out of my letters to that journal, which forms chapter xvii. of volume ii. of my "Italy Revisited," published in London in 1875, where also, in chapter xvi., may be read an account of my Lombard campaign of the previous year in the suite of that notable *Fabius Cunctator*, Prince Napoleon Jerome.

For, henceforth, the correspondent's biography becomes identical with the history of the events he had to report, and the reader must be spared the weariness of a twice-told tale, on the understanding that the subjects to which I allude are either familiar or easily accessible to him in contemporary records.

As a correspondent and a deputy of the Italian Chamber I went back to Turin, and was for the next three years permanently established in that city, the

few excursions I went upon in the way of business seldom amounting to more than a week or a month's absence. The conquest of the Two Sicilies, of which Garibaldi took the initiative, was brought to an end by the King's armies, which routed the Papal forces at Castelfidardo, and after annexing the Marches and Umbria, crossed the frontier of the southern kingdom, and took upon themselves the reduction of Capua, Gaëta, Messina, and the other Neapolitan and Sicilian fortresses. What the Revolution had done the nation's suffrage soon sanctioned. The organisation of the kingdom, now embracing the whole of Italy, with the exception of Rome and Venetia, engrossed all the attention of Cavour and his Parliament, and so overtasked the energies of the great statesman, as to cut short his career by an early death—June 6th, 1861—when he had just provided for the completion of the national edifice, by carrying through the Chambers a resolution proclaiming Rome as the future capital of United Italy.

Left alone without Cavour, like Alexander's generals without Alexander, his colleagues rebuilt his Cabinet under the presidency of Ricasoli; but, after only eight months' hard struggle—June, 1861, to March, 1862—that Ministry fell, in consequence of some personal antipathy between that stiff-necked premier and his

sovereign (*ego et rex meus*), the latter in an evil moment calling Rattazzi into his council. Rattazzi, an unprincipled political pettifogger, coming into office with hardly any suite in the House, and even with no respectable staff of colleagues in the Cabinet, threw himself into the arms of the Revolutionary party, and engaged to supply Garibaldi with such means as he might require to achieve the conquest of Venetia and Rome.

Aware of the dangers of the Minister's policy, the old Cavour party resolved to meet the new Cabinet with a vote of want of confidence. The day for the attack had been appointed, and the part assigned to the combatants, when, on the morning of the great contest, the leaders of the party—Lanza, Minghetti, Farini, etc.—warned of the danger of a collision with the Crown, deemed it prudent to adjourn the encounter *sine die*. I was greatly disappointed and disgusted at their inconsistency, and urged that "this was the first instance of the King's overstepping the limits of his prerogative by palming upon the Chamber a Cabinet against which an immense majority was arrayed, and that it was necessary to give him a lesson, by compelling him either to withdraw his obnoxious Ministry or to dissolve the Chamber."

My arguments, though unanswerable, failed to induce my friends into action, whereupon I declared that, "Since the leaders of the party shrank from their duty, I, though a mere private in the ranks, would take the task upon myself, enter the lists, and fight single-handed."

All efforts to dissuade me foundered against my obstinacy. I rose against the Ministers with a short but rather stinging speech, to which Rattazzi gave a smart answer, and, as no one joined in the discussion on either side, the motion of want of confidence against the Cabinet was negatived, only eighty Members voting on my side, but most of them the cream of our party—the very men who had shown the greatest anxiety to put off the trial.

I left the Chamber with the conviction of having played an honourable and plucky part. But when I went to the English Legation, where I was asked to dine in the evening, I was met by Sir James Hudson, who, as he shook hands, told me: "*C'est beau, mais ce n'est pas la politique*;" and Massimo d'Azeglio, who was among the guests, added: "*Ella ha avuto il torto d'aver troppo ragione*" (you have placed yourself in the wrong by being too much in the right); repeating the very words which he had addressed to me when he wished

to console me for the failure of my scheme of a peace between Piedmont and Austria, at the time of my mission to Frankfort, in 1849.

Rattazzi was thus allowed rope enough to hang himself and to hang also poor Garibaldi, who, relying on the support of the Ministry, first ventured on an unsuccessful attempt upon Venetia; then went over to Sicily, and collecting the remnants of those *Picciotti* or ragamuffin bands whom he had led against Naples in 1860, crossed the Straits to Reggio, with a design to march upon Rome, when Rattazzi found himself compelled to disavow and outlaw him, and to send forth a Royal force, which shot him down at Aspromonte (August 28) and brought him back severely wounded, both in body and spirit, a miserable captive to Spezia and then an exile to Caprera.

This disastrous end of an insane policy determined the fall of Rattazzi, after nine months' misgovernment (March to December, 1862), and brought back the Right or Conservative party, Minghetti, Lanza, Peruzzi, etc., saddled with the duty of repairing, as much as it was practicable, the mischief the out-going Ministers had done. Somehow my bold onset on Rattazzi at the beginning of his administration, however politically questionable, had been morally honourable, and it won

me a certain amount of popularity which urged me on to take a more active part in Parliamentary proceedings than my position as a foreign journalist seemed to warrant. I was always ready to take up questions of public morality. On the eve of the downfall of the Rattazzi Ministry, Vice-Admiral Persano, who had held the portfolio of Marine in that Cabinet, had been cool enough to raise himself to the rank of Admiral—a rank which had been hitherto, for centuries, only reserved for persons of Royal blood. This shabby example of a Minister abusing his short tenure of office to promote his private interest, unprecedented as it was in the annals of honest Piedmont, had disgusted good men of all parties; and, although I was a personal friend of Persano, and honestly believed the whole tale of his heroic deeds at Ancona—which actually turned out sheer fiction—I thought I would avail myself of the first best opportunity of giving him a piece of my mind. The promotion bore the character of a spontaneous Royal appointment, and was countersigned, not by Persano himself, but by Rattazzi as Premier. But upon the Budget of Marine coming on for discussion, we found there was an item of 6,000 lire intended as an increase of salary to the newly-appointed Admiral, and that depended, not on the King's pleasure, but on the will of

the Chamber. I stood up therefore, and moved that the sum of 6,000*l.* should be expunged, not on economical, but on moral grounds. Rattazzi and several of his colleagues, Capriolo, Depretis, etc., rose in reply. My proposal was rejected, but by a very feeble majority. Had I been victorious, who knows but Persano, wounded in his self-esteem, might have resigned his ill-gotten rank, and perhaps retired from the service, in which case Italy might have been spared the disastrous affair of Lissa?

On a third and last occasion I allowed my voice to be heard in Parliament. A man of the name of Bensa had been, under Rattazzi's administration, appointed Consul-General at Tunis. He styled himself the King's Private-Secretary, and had been one of those minions whom the *Re Galantuomo*—whose private tastes were not as irreproachable as his public conduct—employed for services from which men with clean hands would have shrunk. Presuming on the intimacy into which he was brought with his master, the fellow became so exacting and troublesome that the King turned to his Minister, expressing a wish to be rid of Bensa on any terms. Rattazzi, not much more scrupulous as to the means by which he could compass his ends than the Private Secretary himself, bribed this latter by the offer of a consul-

ship, and sent him out to Tunis, of all places in the world the very one to which, as subsequent events lately proved, the conditions of that Regency gave an especial political importance. The appointment gave general offence, both in Turin, where the sense of public and private decency was still very strong, and also in Tunis, where Bensa was too well known—having been there in a private capacity—and whence he had come back, leaving behind a bad name amongst the numerous Italian residents.

When Rattazzi fell, it was fully expected that his successors, who had loudly condemned Bensa's appointment, would lose no time in rescinding it; but months passed, and Bensa remained at his post, the Ministers dreading to expose the King to a renewal of those annoyances from which he had been freed at the public expense. The Italians in Tunis, having vainly addressed the Government, soliciting the recall of the obnoxious Consul, bethought themselves of me, who, in consequence of the Persano affair, had won the reputation of an *enfant terrible*—a fearlessly outspoken man—and sent me a petition summing up all their grievances against the unworthy functionary, amongst which they stated that “he kept in his pay a band of bravoës with whom he enforced his pleasure by threats and deeds of

violence, terrorising the whole colony." I laid their petition privately before the Ministers, hoping that they might settle the matter summarily, without the scandal of a public exposure; but as I could not overcome their fear of the King's displeasure, I deemed it my duty to "bell the cat," and gave notice of a question or interpellation, in general terms, "on the affairs of Tunis."

When the question came to the order of the day, I rose; but, before I opened my lips, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, Count Pasolini, on the plea that "he had not had sufficient leisure to inquire into the tangled affairs of that important' Regency," begged me to put off my *interpellanza* till that day week. I bowed assent to this request, and at the end of the week consented also to a second postponement for a fortnight. Meanwhile, the public, as it knew or guessed what was going on behind the scenes, and was greatly interested to see the issue, on the day irrevocably appointed for the question beset the galleries in great force. I was in my place, with my question all ready, but the Minister was not equally prepared with his answer. He was absent, and in his place we saw his Under-Secretary, Visconti Venosta, who stood up amidst the deep silence of the expectant assembly, and informed the Chamber that Count Pasolini had resigned his portfolio, and that he,

Visconti Venosta, had been appointed to the Foreign Office as head of the department. Then, turning to me he said that he "was now fully prepared to discuss the affairs of Tunis, but he hoped he might shorten the proceedings if he announced that the Consul-General at Tunis had been recalled and dismissed from the service." Upon which I declared myself fully satisfied without further explanation, and sat down amid the loud plaudits of the whole Chamber. Thus, without uttering one word, without naming the Consul, or referring to his appointment, or to his behaviour in office, I obtained my intent, removed the obnoxious functionary, and put an end to a scandal which might have had serious consequences for the Ministers and for the King himself.

I got no very hearty thanks from this latter, however; for the King, seeing that the Ministers were acting upon my unrelenting pressure, looked on my conduct as the result of a deliberate hostility against his person; and as he, very naturally, thought I was ill-requiting his noble interference in my behalf, in that crisis of 1856 in which he had come forward as my only Italian open friend—he now conceived against me a deep resentment, the symptoms of which became perceptible at no distant period. Independently of the

King's displeasure, of which I had clear hints from his aide-de-camp, my friend, old General Solaroli, I began to feel that my self-imposed mission of a champion of public morality, besides being an invidious office in itself, and unfitting me, as an unpractical man, for any real usefulness in Parliament, disqualified me also for the discharge of my duties as the correspondent of a foreign journal, an employment in which tact and prudence and conciliatory manners were as necessary as they would be for a diplomatist. And as I was aware that my zeal for the cause of truth and honesty was likely to commit me to further scrapes from which I might not always come off successfully, I was already disposed to throw up my seat in the Chamber, when the Session soon broke up, and I was free to leave Turin for my usual summer holiday in England.

On arriving in London, I was told by Mr. Mowbray Morris that after Cavour's death the interest of the English public in Italian affairs had greatly subsided, that men's minds had been for the last twelve months exclusively absorbed by the outbreak of the Civil War in America, and that as since the famous battle of Bull's Run Mr. W. Howard Russell, *The Times'* correspondent with the Federal Army, had been obliged to leave the country, *The Times'* people were anxious to send some

one to take his place, and thought I might not feel disinclined to be the man.

Not many words were required to arouse my restless ambition and love of adventure. I accepted the new mission as War Correspondent to the United States, and that very day, June 15th, 1863, on leaving the *Times* office, I proceeded to the Agency of the Cunard steamers, and secured my berth on board the *Persia*, bound direct to New York, which was to weigh anchor at the beginning of the ensuing month.

The affair being settled, I went by the night mail-train to my sweet home on the Wye, and after spending a week with my family, busy with preparations for what might prove a long absence, I went back to London, where, after seeing and dining with Delane and Mr. Walter, and becoming acquainted with some of the leading men on the staff of *The Times*—accepting also the hospitable invitation of that prince of correspondents, Mr. W. H. Russell—I travelled by night train to Liverpool, embarking on the following morning.

This was my third voyage across the Atlantic, and it turned out as propitious as the two previous ones had been irksome and almost disastrous. The *Persia* was then one of the largest and best appointed boats afloat; the captain one of the bravest, coolest,

most obliging officers; the passengers well-behaved, and many of them agreeable. I found, as I advanced in age, that I became at every voyage a better sailer.

My people at home had persuaded me to take with me as a valet an intelligent and faithful old Italian servant of mine, a man who was "up to anything," bating the English language, and whose services were only available to me on those very few occasions on which I was not called upon to wait upon him as his interpreter.

In spite of this drawback we had a charming voyage, and on the eleventh day after leaving Liverpool we reached New York, on the 17th of July, where we found the wharves, the custom-house, and the landing-places deserted, the town being a prey to one of the most terrific Irish riots within man's recollection. It was with the utmost difficulty we could convey our persons and our goods to the New York Hotel, my former house of call in the city. It was not without still greater trouble that, going to the bank of Duncan, Sherman, & Co., I could find any one who would listen to me long enough to hear who I was and on what errand I came; so utterly, helplessly, hopelessly terrorised and demoralised were all the better classes of the population, and especially the business men in Wall Street and that neighbourhood by the

attitude of the populace, who had the mastery of the town, and from whom an onset on the shops and banking houses in the night was imminently apprehended. The panic rose almost to a frenzy as darkness set in, and it was in fear and trembling that young John Duncan, the head of the firm, came in his brougham to fetch me at the hotel, and took me to dine with him at Delmonico's. After a rather hasty and anxious meal he stuffed his brougham with sausages and other meat and champagne, with which we drove to his banking house, where we dispensed those provisions among two or three scores of working men, armed to the teeth, who had been hired as garrison to the premises for the night. We also looked in at the New York State Bank, a massive building, where the same precautions had been taken, and where everything was ready for defensive action, four dainty field-pieces loaded with grape-shot being even drawn up before the entrance of the vault under the basement, ready to give battle for the bullion which might be expected to be the main object of attraction to the mob on its first assumption of its sovereign sway.

The night, most fortunately, passed off without very serious alarms, and on the morrow order regained something of its wonted ascendancy.

CHAPTER XIII.

AT HOME WITH "THE TIMES."

Last campaigning experiences—The Civil War in America—The Schleswig-Holstein War—Hurried visits to Italy—Home work in Printing-House Square—The War of Sadowa—The War of Sedan—Hard work—Its success—Its sweetness and bitterness—Its recompense—Its diversions—Two years in Italy—Two years in the East—Ten months in South America—A summer in Russia—"Iberian Reminiscences"—A journalist's life—Its good and evil—My unfitness for it—Unsocial instincts—Distinguished acquaintances—Old age and retirement.

As I travelled from Italy on my way to America, I felt that my employment as *Times* correspondent, which had hitherto been a labour of love, had now become a matter of business. My original intent in offering my services as a journalist had been patriotic. My present motive was purely professional. To my own countrymen I might owe charity: to any other nation I could give nothing but truth.

"What is truth?" asked Pilate and Mr. Mowbray

Morris. And they were right in a certain sense, because there is no absolute, general, incontrovertible fact upon which men will ever agree. But every man has a truth of his own, and to that he is bound, in life and death. "*Toute vérité n'est pas bonne à dire,*" is a French saying. In reality, however, "*Rien n'est bon à dire que la vérité.*" There is no more to be gained by a *suppressio veri* than by a *suggestio falsi*. Silence may always be allowed; but the holiest of causes will always be best defended by the most truthful advocate. Even my own Italians I had never thought I could best serve by sparing them; and I was now certainly not going to flatter the Yankees.

I had no prejudice against the Americans, among whom I had spent three of the best years of my life. But with respect to their Civil War I could be no partisan. My only wish was that peace should be made on the terms of a friendly, but thorough and enduring separation of the contending parties; and in so far I was an out-and-out Secessionist. The Yankees as a nation had become a danger to Europe. Split up into two or more nations, whatever mischief they might do to one another, they would soon be harmless to their neighbours. These, however, were only my wishes—very different from my hopes.

At the Hotel New York, in New York, I found Dr. Mackay—Charles Mackay, the poet, installed as *Times* correspondent. He was almost exclusively surrounded by the New York "*Copperheads*" (as Northern men sympathising with the South were called), and went with them as a supporter through thick and thin. They were all of them only too sure that Secession would fight with the courage of despair and prevail in the end. And such was also almost the universal expectation in England. But I always fear the contrary of what I desire. My opinion was that unless the West made common cause with the South, which, at the stage the war had then reached, was not absolutely unlikely, the North was too strong and too unanimously determined, not to be victorious in the end.

However, my business in America was not to discuss politics but to describe battles. I parted with my too hopeful New York friends, and travelled to Washington. The heat in that City of Broad Avenues was intolerable, and the place was almost a desert. I found Old Lincoln overpowered, lying rather than sitting in a large arm-chair, with his head thrown back and his legs sprawling on his desk. Hearing that I was an Italian he bade Governor Boutwell, who introduced

me, to show me the Tiber and the Tarpeian Rock, and other features, which Washington had in common with Rome, besides the Capitol ; the two cities, in his conceit, being as like one another as Monmouth, in Fluellen's opinion, was like Macedon. But with respect to the object of my visit, which was to obtain a pass to the headquarters of the Federal Army, the good President had nothing to say, and only referred me to his Secretary of State, Mr. Seward.

Mr. Seward, a portly and rather flabby man, but with a fine English countenance, received me with scant ceremony and met my request with an inexorable refusal. In vain had Delane, through diplomatic friends, pleaded that *The Times* should not be made to bear the penalty of the petty harmless jokes of Bull's Run Russell ; that the journal harboured no ill-will to the Federal cause, in proof of which it was now sending out as Russell's successor, not another Englishman, actuated by ungenerous *John Bullish* prejudices, but an Italian, a neutral and a patriot, who had just had a hand in the unification of his own country, and was therefore not likely to wish for the disintegration of the Great Republic. In vain did Lord Lyons, the English, and Bertinatti, the Italian Minister, speak for me. Seward remained unmoved.

"No man from Printing-House Square," he said, "shall ever come within sight of the Star and Stripes banner on the battle-field." After wasting a week in profitless remonstrances, I had to give up the contest, and go back to New York with the bitter conviction that my American mission was a failure.

I wrote in that sense to *The Times* people in England; but, whilst I was waiting for an answer, the heat in New York became so oppressive, that, in order to do something, I went on a pleasure excursion to Saratoga and Niagara, and hence turned westwards to Buffalo, Cincinnati, and Chicago; and back by St. Louis and Louisville, Cincinnati and Cleveland, I returned to New York in October, fully satisfied that throughout the West, between the Great Lakes and the Ohio River, the population, and especially the German and Irish settlers, were more staunch Unionists and blacker Republicans than the Yankees of the Eastern cities themselves.

In my letters from the West, and in those from New York, where, upon the recall of Dr. Mackay, I had temporarily to take his place, I strongly insisted upon this fact which seemed to me decisive as to the probable issue of the great contest in the United States; and I was, I think, to a certain extent' successful in

counteracting the contrary opinion with which Mackay, relying perhaps too implicitly on the representations of those whose hopes were based upon their wishes, had managed to inoculate *The Times*, and with it English public opinion.

The sojourn at New York, in October and November, was made agreeable to me by my friends, John Duncan and Edward Cunard, whose hospitality at their villas in Staten Island, where they spent the season with their charming families, tempered the dreariness of the solitude I had to endure at my hotel; a solitude rather aggravated than relieved by the noise of a city in which an incessant riotous political agitation had superseded the ordinary run of steady business life.

In December, however, without waiting for the new Correspondent who was to relieve me from duty, I embarked on the same good steamship *Persia*, bound from New York direct to Liverpool, where I safely landed, in time to spend the Christmas with my family at my sweet home on the banks of the Wye.

The Christmas holidays were barely over when I was summoned to London by Delane to take my instructions for a speedy return to my old post in Italy. When I called upon him at Serjeants' Inn, however, he begged to be allowed to change my destination.

We were daily in expectation of an outbreak of hostilities between Denmark and the Governments of Prussia and Austria, these latter acting as representatives of the German Bund, in support of the claims that the great Fatherland put forward to the Suzerainty of the Duchies of Schleswig-Holstein. The subject was highly interesting to the English people; and Her Majesty's Government were all but committed to take up Denmark's cause in the event of diplomatic negotiations failing to remove the necessity for an appeal to arms. Of course I declared my readiness to travel in any direction *The Times* might point out, and to start the very moment I was bidden; and immediately after New Year's Day, 1864, I crossed over to Calais, whence, by way of Cologne and Hamburg, I landed at Kiel.

Foreseeing the impossibility of attending to my duties as a Member of the Italian Parliament during the Session which had already begun, I, who had already severely commented upon the conduct of the many truant Deputies who coveted the honour of a seat in the Chamber, while they shamefully shirked the duties attached to the office, by absenting themselves month after month, and even session after session, felt that I was bound in honour to act up

to my principles, and sent in my resignation, which was definitely accepted.

After a few days spent in Kiel, trying to grasp the main points of that most intricate Schleswig-Holstein question, I travelled northward as far as Schleswig, meeting with no hindrance on the part either of the Austro-Prussians or of the Danes, already arrayed against one another at the Dannewerk, and proceeded to Copenhagen, where I awaited the war proclamation which had now become inevitable and imminent.

Before the first shot was fired, however, I was back again in camp with the Danes at the Dannewerk, retreated with them to their fortified camp at Dybbøl, or Düppel, withstood with them the siege and storming of that stronghold, and the ensuing bombardment of Sonderborg, and only went back to Copenhagen upon the conclusion of an armistice, which was soon followed by a Peace Conference.

Of this campaign, which lasted from January to May, I shall not say one word, as all I had to tell about it may be read in two volumes published by Bentley, at his request, and entitled "The Invasion of Denmark in 1864," which came out in June that same year, while I was still absent in Elsinore. Having left England in a moment in which the sympathies of Eng-

land for Denmark were at the strongest, and conceiving, from constant intercourse with the Danes, the very highest opinion of their character, I took up their cause with great warmth, receiving from them in return every demonstration of esteem and affection; so that I was induced to linger among them for a few months, even when every chance of a new conflict was at an end, and the aggressive powers had fastened on the whole of Schleswig-Holstein as the spoil of victory—a spoil which by a just Nemesis soon became a bone of deadly contention between the spoilers themselves.

As the summer advanced, my family came out to me at Copenhagen, and I moved about with them, ruralising in the royal parks, and enjoying the season with a crowd of English friends at Elsinore, and at the sea-baths of Marienlyst; whence at last, always at *The Times'* bidding, we crossed by steamer to Lübeck, hence travelling by easy stages through Germany, to Hanover, Brunswick, Leipsic, and Magdeburg—travelling and writing—till we came back to Dresden, where we parted; my family returning to England in September, while, owing to an unexpected tragic occurrence, *The Times* deemed my presence again necessary in Turin.

The month of September, 1864, will be an epoch for ever memorable in Turin. Under the pressure of

the French Emperor, and with the hope of arriving at some settlement of the Roman question, the Italian Government had signed with France a convention by which they undertook to remove their capital to Florence, while the French engaged to withdraw their garrison from Rome, leaving the Pope and his shrunken territory under Italian protection. The Government and their party conceived that their move upon Florence was only a first step in their progress to Rome—as, indeed, the final issue satisfactorily proved six years later; but their opponents, and especially the rabid Democrats, contended that it was an absolute and perpetual renunciation to Rome, in sheer defiance of the vote elicited by Cavour from the Italian Parliament not long before his death, by which the Italian nation claimed the Papal city as its future seat of Government.

The subject might be argued plausibly on both sides. But the Turin populace, angered by the secrecy with which the negotiation had been carried on, and aroused by the suddenness with which its result was made known, did not wait to hear reason, but broke out into a riot, which the Government repressed with unnecessary severity, not without bloodshed; thereby raising against themselves a general resentment before which they had to give way. By the time I arrived

in Turin the popular fury had considerably subsided. The Ministers, Peruzzi, Minghetti, etc., had resigned, and a new Cabinet had been formed under La Marmora, a good Piedmontese of high character, who had undertaken to carry the obnoxious convention into effect, but had pledged his honour to bring forward the best measures by which he could indemnify the old capital for the losses its fall from its sovereign rank must inevitably entail.

The waves of the recent agitation were, however, still running very high; and I had hardly settled in my apartment in the Hotel Trombetta, when I found out that, with the danger which still threatened public order, there was also for me some other risk of a personal nature, against which it behoved me to be on my guard.

That Consul Bensa who had, upon my action in the Chamber, been removed from Tunis, had come from that regency breathing fire and vengeance against me in Turin, when I had already left Italy and England on my way to America. He had, on his return, been provided with profitable employment in a Portuguese railway, but had been dismissed for misconduct, and was now back in Turin, a thorn, as usual, in the King's side, urging his right to a pension. Upon hearing of my

arrival, he sent me two of his friends, men unknown to me and to all I knew, with a challenge. I referred them to my friends, Colonel Doda and Count Arrivabene, who, considering the utterly notorious character of my adversary and of the men he had sent as his seconds, considering also that, in my conduct relating to the affair of Tunis, I had acted from an honourable sense of duty in the capacity of a public and inviolable functionary, and had not only refrained from any offensive expression towards Bensa in my interpellation, but had actually never even named or openly alluded to him, the latter had no reason to complain of personal offence on my part, and I owed him, therefore, no satisfaction whatever.

While we were discussing the subject, General Solaroli came in, reporting that the King had heard of my presence in Turin, and of the challenge addressed to me by his former "Secretary," and that he was highly displeased, fearing "lest in the present unsettled state of men's minds in the city, a private quarrel, with which his Royal name would naturally be mixed up, might furnish a pretext for new popular disturbances." Upon the General and my two other friends suggesting the expediency of my absenting myself from Turin for a time, I objected that "my

departure under such circumstances might be ascribed to fear;" but my scruples were overruled by their assurance that "lack of courage was the last fault I could by any possibility be charged with," and that in any case "they would know how to uphold my honour in my absence."

I left Turin accordingly, and took the train to the Lake Maggiore, where I visited the Deputy Brofferio at his villa near Locarno, and Massimo d'Azeglio in his rural retreat at Cannero. Presently, however, I was called to London by Mr. Mowbray Morris, who had received some garbled report of my late transactions in Turin and wished to hear from me what had passed. Upon my giving him the same statements as I have just recorded above, he strongly advised me instantly to go back to Turin and do away with any false construction that my enemies might have put on my conduct. I lost no time on the road, reappeared in Turin in November, published the same statement in the newspapers, carefully omitting any allusion to the exalted personage of whom old Solaroli had been the mouthpiece, and announced that I should stay for a whole fortnight at the Hotel Trombetta and walk alone under the porticoes daily, at the disposal of any one who might have anything to say to me. I

need not say that I faithfully kept my promise, and that no one showed the least disposition to molest me. I met Bensa, years later, both at Havannah and Madrid, face to face, but he made no sign. I was told that the King had allowed him a yearly pension of 12,000 francs out of his privy purse, on condition that he should never be seen or heard of in any part of His Majesty's dominions.

Meanwhile Mr. Delane expressed himself well satisfied with my "valuable services," wished to have me at hand to be sent out as a special correspondent on any emergency, but also to be employed about home affairs whenever I could be spared from foreign work. I had thus for part of the following year, 1865, to run here and there to various parts of Germany and Switzerland, where I followed English tourists on their pleasure trips, describing their idle life in a series of "holiday letters," which served as "padding" to *The Times* in a season extraordinarily barren of news of political or social interest. The autumn, winter, and spring following were taken up by my first visit to Spain, in expectation of disturbances of which Prim gave the signal by his hare-brained *escapade* at Aranjuez in January, 1866. But on my return to England, and on the first apprehension of a war between Austria on one side, and

Prussia allied to Italy on the other, I was bidden by Delane to work with him at *The Times* office; and from June, 1866, to October, 1873, I took up my quarters in London near Buckingham Gate, my business during that period being to write leading articles on every variety of foreign subjects, chiefly about the military operations of the War of Sadowa, of 1866, and of that of Sedan in 1870, with the Siege of Paris, and the ensuing outbreak and subjugation of the Commune and the establishment of Thiers' autocratic Republic.

It would be needless for me to explain and easy for any one to imagine, how intense that work was; how it filled up my time day and night; when my task was to collect news and compare notes poring over the whole European press from morning to evening, and again from evening to morning, condensing my hard-won information in a leader, which had to be written on the spur of the moment, and frequently modified and rewritten from hour to hour as fresh intelligence was brought in from the telegraph office, up to the very time of going to press.

It was hard work—so hard that it wore off in a score of years even the robust constitution, and the fine, high spirits of John Thaddeus Delane, and snapped in a much shorter period the feeblér vital thread of his

successor, Thomas Chenery, who often complained to me, in doleful strains, of the "hardness of a life dooming him to mental exertions to which his physical energies were unequal."

But far above the fatigue and distress caused by the inroad of that incessant occupation on the hours of necessary sleep, I must reckon the harassing anxiety attendant upon the events of which it was my duty to keep the record—events affecting my dearest patriotic feelings; when, for instance, I had to sit down and write on the defeat of the Italian army at Custozza, or of that of the Italian fleet at Lissa, or to comment on the "wonders done by De Failly's chassepots" at Mentana, or on the Caudine Forks through which Italy was made to pass when it accepted almost as an alms from the French Emperor that Venetia which was won for her benefit by Prussian valour. I shall never forget the evening after the arrival of the news of the disaster of Lissa, July 20th, 1866, when I was asked to dine by Delane at Serjeants' Inn, with the Right Hon. Robert Lowe, afterwards Lord Sherbrooke, one of his ablest writers, and when this latter again and again bade me, half in jest, half in earnest, "be sure to tell my countrymen to imitate his countrymen's example, and treat Persano as the English had treated Byng, hanging an

admiral '*pour encourager les autres.*'" I shall never forget, I say, how his words grated upon my wounded pride, as I felt that his advice was undoubtedly sound and just, and that Persano deserved a much harder fate than Byng's death; yet I was convinced all the time that my countrymen were too tender-hearted to visit sheer cowardice with the penalty it richly deserved.

By way of compensation, however, the mournful strains prompted by our defeat and humiliation of 1866 were soon, in 1870, followed by the notes of exultation celebrating the great catastrophe of Sedan, the chastisement of French restless arrogance and aggressiveness, the overthrow of an Imperial throne which had been reared on fraud and violence, and, above all things, the demolition of that old edifice of error and crime which was called the Pope's temporal power—a power against which the best Catholics in Italy, from Dante downwards, had always manfully protested, and to the support of which the policy of foreign despots, from Charlemagne to him of the Rouher's "Never," had always cruelly contributed. When the news came that the Italians had broken in at Porta Pia, and that Pius IX. had ceased to be that hybrid monster—a Pope-King—I felt as the Hebrews did feel "when the Lord turned the captivity of Sion." I was "like unto

them that dream." I could then, and can hardly realise now, that so great a fulfilment of a long-expected act of Divine justice should have come to pass in my lifetime.

Personally, also, I do not think that any work I was allowed to do in my time was ever rewarded by a meed of praise more gratifying to my self-esteem than that which Delane bestowed upon me from the beginning to the end of that seven years' severe trial. He had great confidence in my judgment and knowledge of Continental affairs, and allowed me to conduct the wars and revolutions of that eventful period at my discretion. He heard that *The Times* authority on military subjects never stood higher. He was told by club quidnuncs, who congratulated him on the war articles in the great journal that "there was only one man in England who understood such subjects so thoroughly, and that was Sir John Burgoyne," and he laughed in his sleeve as he answered that they—the quidnuncs—"were perhaps not much out in their surmises." At the same time, however, there were many anxious moments at the various stages, especially of the Franco-German War—during the three great days before Metz; towards the close of the Siege of Paris, or the campaign of Aurelles de Paladine and Chanzy on the Loire—in which a sudden turn in the

fortune of arms seemed probable, seemed imminent, and when, nevertheless, I pinned my faith to Moltke's genius, and staked, as it were, *The Times'* reputation on the German's complete final victory—and then my good Editor came to me in the evening, pale with anxiety, begging me not to be rash, not too confident; for he had seen this, and he had heard that, and competent judges, whom he named—among others Colonel B—— had assured him that we were venturing too far, and that events would soon contradict our statements, and demolish our theories, greatly to the loss of *The Times'* prestige.

When Paris surrendered, and Moltke and I had triumphed over prostrate France, my dear Delane drew a long breath, and wrote to me a kind letter of congratulation, stating "how glad he was that he had trusted me, that I had always been right in my forecast, and had not, by one single false step during that long warlike crisis, misled the English reading public." I have still the letter before me, and I value it far more highly than any Red or Black Eagle that Bismarck could have bestowed upon me.

Delane was also considerate enough, when he perceived my exhaustion under that intense strain on my mental faculties, to seize upon every interval of com-

parative quiet to send me for a change of air on some errand as a special correspondent abroad. It is thus that between September, 1868, and July, 1869, I was for the second time in Spain, during the dethronement of Queen Isabella and the instalment of the Revolutionary Government, of which Prim was the head. It was thus that Delane would have deputed me as his representative at Rome during the meeting of the Œcumenical Council, in 1869, had not all the recommendations of Lord Odo Russell failed to induce Cardinal Antonelli to grant me admission to the Papal City. It was thus that in March, 1870, just before the war, I had to attend the trial of the French Emperor's cousin, Prince Pierre Bonaparte, for the murder of Victor Noir, at Tours, where the general behaviour of all persons concerned—the court, the jury, the advocates, and witnesses on both sides—revealed such a state of rottenness and hollowness in France as must convince any honest spectator that the days of Imperial rule were numbered. Thus it was that in September, 1871, I attended the inauguration of the Mont Cenis Tunnel, on which occasion I crossed North Italy from Turin to Verona, and thence travelled by rail over the Alps of Tyrol and Bavaria, sending letters to *The Times* with descriptions of the scenery.

As, after the fall of the Commune, matters settled in France, and Thiers' Septennate seemed to guarantee, if not liberty, at least something like security, Delane, who had more faith in the future of French Republicanism than I was able to feel, allowed me, towards the end of 1872, to go home on a long vacation, when Mr. Walter, to whom I signified my repugnance to an idle life, ordered me off to the West Indies, where he wished me to report on the condition of the Island of Cuba, where a most ruinous civil war had been raging for the last five years. I was in Cuba, travelling all over the island, from January to April, 1873, and passed over for one month to Jamaica, whence I was recalled in great haste by the rulers of *The Times*, who thought they needed my presence in Spain. Great as was the speed of my voyage back to England, however, I only arrived when some one else had taken my place in that peninsula; and my task was assigned to me in Italy, where I was desired to give my impression of the progress that country had made during my ten years' absence, from 1863 to 1873.

I crossed the Alps through the new tunnel, and proceeded, *viâ* Turin, Bologna, and Florence, to Rome, where I arrived in May of the third year after the transformation of the Papal City into the capital of United Italy.

My stay in Rome lasted a little above two years, though I wandered from place to place almost incessantly, especially during the malaria season, visiting all the cities, describing all the provinces, and examining all political, social, and other questions; attending such festivities as the welcome to the Shah of Persia, and the inauguration of the Cavour and D'Azeglio monuments in Turin; Manzoni's funeral at Milan; a regatta at Como; the flower show for the opening of the Grand New Market and the fourth centenary of Michael Angelo's birth at Florence, etc.; and accompanying King Victor Emmanuel on his visit to the Courts of Vienna and Berlin.

From my voyage to Cuba and my two years' residence in Italy, dates my custom of condensing in a book all I had written about the countries to which I was sent on *The Times* business. Thus, on my return from the West Indies, in 1873, I published "The Pearl of the Antilles," a description of Cuba and Jamaica, and, two years later, 1875, two volumes on "Italy Revisited."

From Italy, in August, 1874, I was in Spain, a witness of some of the episodes of the Carlist war, and subsequently of the restoration of the Bourbon dynasty and the triumphal entrance of Alfonso XII. into his

capital. From Spain, as I was accompanying the young King on his first campaign, I was hurried to Rome, in February, 1875, by a false report of the Pope's death, but returned to Spain and remained there till the summer, when another attack of the Pope's illness brought me back to Rome. From Rome I had to go to Trieste, on the first reports of disturbances in the Herzegovina, and later in the year, November, 1875, I again left Rome, and travelled to the East, residing for two years in Constantinople during part of the reigns of three Sultans, and only leaving shortly after the outbreak of the Russo-Turkish war, in May, 1877, after vainly applying to the Grand Vizier for permission to accompany General Sir Arnold Kemball (as *Times'* correspondent) on the Armenian Campaign. My Eastern experiences appeared in a work in two volumes, with the title, "Two Years of the Eastern Question," London, 1877.

On my return from the East, in November, 1877, I was once more summoned to Rome, where the Pope seemed really to have reached his last day, but where he lingered through that Christmas season, as if determined to be preceded on his journey to a better world by the still young and robust King Victor Emmanuel—the death of those two rival potentates occurring at

only twenty-nine days' interval, at the beginning of the year 1878. An account of the two funerals, and of the ensuing Conclave, was given by me in two volumes, entitled "The Pope and the King," published in London, 1879.

I was still in Rome after the Conclave, in April, 1878, when a telegram from London suddenly sent me to Athens and Volo in Thessaly, to inquire into the circumstances of the death of Mr. Ogle, *The Times* Correspondent in Greece, who had been barbarously murdered by the 'Turks. From Athens I went on again to Constantinople, where, after only two or three months' stay, I received the Grand Vizier's peremptory order to quit the Sultan's dominions—an order which, however, I stoutly resisted, till *The Times* people deemed it advisable that I should give up the contest.

Very important changes had, in the meantime, taken place in *The Times* office. Delane, who had been for some time disabled by paralysis, resigned his office and was, shortly before his death, succeeded by Mr. Chenery, who brought with him a large staff of new workmen, by whom the veterans must, sooner or later, be superseded. I was then on the eve of my threescore years and ten, and felt that I should resign myself to be soon numbered among the invalids. Early in the year

1879, however, I was trusted with a fourth mission to Spain, and travelled over nearly the whole of the Peninsula, from February to September, not any longer as a political Correspondent, but as a mere tourist, interested in the social, financial, economical, and moral questions of the Peninsula; and the result of this eight months' tour was the publication of my "Iberian Reminiscences," summing up all I had seen in Spain and Portugal during my four successive visits, from 1865 to 1879. This work, in two volumes, only appeared in London, in 1883.

On my return to London, in the autumn of 1879, I did some work in the office with Mr. Chenery, who also sent me out on short errands—to Belgium, on the celebration of the half-centenary anniversary of national independence; to Germany, on the solemn opening of the Cologne Cathedral; and to Lucerne, for the inauguration of the Great St. Gothard Tunnel. The new Editor also used me for some of that work of Biographies, Reviews, and other "Headed Articles," as they are called, of which a good share, in days of comparative leisure, was entrusted to me by Delane.

As, however, it was apparent that I was thought too old for Editorial work, and there seemed to be some disposition to "put me on the shelf," I turned

to Mr. Walter, to whose kindness I was indebted for a ten months' mission to South America (October, 1879, to June, 1880), and another to Russia (July to October, 1881), productive, respectively, of my two works, "South America," London, 1880; and "A Summer Tour in Russia," London, 1882.

Upon the decline of Mr. Chenery's health, and his death in 1883, his successor, Mr. G. E. Buckle, almost altogether dispensed with my services.

As I look back on my connection with *The Times* for nearly a quarter of a century, I might almost feel tempted to flatter myself that my career as a journalist was not an absolute failure; yet I must confess that various circumstances conspired to disqualify me for it. In the first place I was too old—not far from fifty years of age—when I dedicated myself to the Press; not so much indeed enfeebled by years, as indisposed from weariness and disgust, from dislike of town life, of contact with the madding crowd, of noise and excitement, of inane pomps and festivities—of all those sights and sounds of which a journalist must be the chronicler, and which, whatever charm they may have for a young man coming fresh to their enjoyment, become an unbearable infliction upon a mind surfeited and jaded by their endless repetition. With the exception of a few short and un-

satisfactory campaigns, like the tragic one of Denmark, and the mere farces of Plon-plon's or Garibaldi's, my lot was to breathe the foul air of Southern, Eastern and Transatlantic cities, the noisomeness of which was not even compensated by that pulsation of intellectual life which constitutes the main interests of the great English, French, or German capitals. I lived the best part of my life away from the world of books, and as in the struggle of my early days, my education had suffered long and frequent interruptions, I always felt that my store of knowledge was inadequate to the requirements of a trade in which one is called upon to deal with any given subject at a moment's notice. A correspondent need carry with him a whole consulting library, or a head stored with universal knowledge like that of my distinguished friend, Mr. George Augustus Sala.

In the second place, English was not my native tongue. It was not acquired early in life; and my anxiety to write it correctly unfitted me for that cut and dry manner which has become almost the technical and conventional style of the press; especially since the invention of the electric wires has sunk the correspondent's business to a level with that of the mere telegraph clerk.

Still the greatest hindrance to my success as a

journalist lay in my invincible shyness, my unwillingness to push myself forward ; my self-respect and sense of dignity and regard for other men's susceptibilities, which forbade my forcing my company on people who seemed to have no wish for it, which wearied me with long attendance in antechambers, made me scorn information obtained by backstairs influence—made me, in short, not sufficiently presuming and indiscreet, or not sufficiently *flunkeyish* for an "Interviewer." It was but seldom that I came into contact with Monarchy or Statesmen, and it was generally at their own request ; it was seldom that they had anything of importance to say to me, and still more seldom that I durst report what they had said without their leave, or that I felt that they said what they thought when they allowed or bade me report their sayings.

There is no doubt that I valued my independence and my allegiance to truth much more highly than any chance of getting at news. In every period of my life I was the *enfant terrible*, who would say what he thought, were even the world's end to come of it. Hence my appearance as *The Times'* agent was not much desired in any country, and not even in my own. From Papal Rome, from the Austrian dominions, from some of the petty States of Old Italy, and from Turkey, I was repeatedly

expelled or refused admittance; with two or more diplomatists I got into some unpleasant scrapes, though I remember no instance in which their Excellencies were not decidedly in the wrong.

Above all things, I laboured under the disadvantages of near-sightedness and want of memory, two faults which made me liable to the undeserved charge of haughtiness and incivility. The kingly gift of remembering names and recognising faces was not vouchsafed to me by Nature, and was not imparted by incessant wandering. No one seemed willing to consider that I had been all my life a traveller, not only traversing or cursorily visiting many lands, but dwelling among many people, bound to know names and persons, to learn many things about them; to become the centre of various social circles, perpetually shifting my quarters, going through new and strange scenes; picking up and dropping fellow-travellers, receiving kindness and contracting obligations, at every stage of my life's journey.

How could I help appearing forgetful or ungrateful? The dread of passing my best friend, with whom I may have been never so intimate in some country six or seven thousand miles beyond seas and mountains, or whom I had not met for twenty or more years, haunted me wherever

I went. There is no outrage your acquaintance more bitterly resent than a "cut direct," yet none of which their pride more rigidly forbids them to take notice or frankly to ask for explanations. You lost a friend, you made an enemy; how it was you will perhaps never know to the end of your days.

For my part, to avoid mistakes, I am always ready to receive and acknowledge as friend any stranger who may chance to address me; in which case the following dialogue is the ordinary result;

"How are you?" with wondering eagerness.

"Quite well, thank you!" promptly and heartily.

"Don't you know me?" somewhat resentfully.

"Of course I do!" boldly and resolutely. It is a harmless, conventional lie, but it often succeeds. My man will talk on. I keep giving short, vague answers, till, on closer inspection, some trick of his countenance, some tone in his voice, some allusion to time, or place, or person, opens a cell in mind's treasure-house, when all goes smoothly between us as between the warm and cordial comrades we were time out of mind.

In some instances a good-natured fellow will perceive my embarrassment through all my assumed assurance, and, laughing, set me right:

"Don't you know me?" with some surprise.

"Of course I do," with faltering voice.

"Who am I, then?" peremptorily. And then, with great good-humour, "Of course you do! You remember Edward Cunard, whose guest you were, week after week, at Staten Island;" or, "Why, Captain Jenkins, of the *Persia*, with whom you went to and from New York, and who landed with you, the other day, at Liverpool;" or, "Major Dowling, who rode with you for a month throughout the Garibaldian campaign in Calabria."

And one by one, as they name themselves, they come out of the blurred tablets of my memory.

I remember, when I went to Geneva, at the opening of the Conference of Arbitration of the Alabama Claims, I was the bearer of a letter of introduction to the Hon. Bancroft Davis, a distinguished man, one of the Diplomatic Agents for the United States. He took the letter, read it, looked at me, shook hands, and burst out laughing.

"I am sure, sir, I am very much obliged to Mr. Mowbray Morris for procuring me the honour of your acquaintance; but surely you are the gentleman who brought me just such a letter in New York in 1863, when you came out for *The Times* at the Civil War; and as surely you are the gentleman whom I had the

pleasure of knowing at Cambridge, Massachusetts, when I was a Harvard Student, in 1837, and when I had Italian lessons from you for two terms. New acquaintances, as much as you please, but it is no less a fact that we have been friends more than half our lives."

Of ludicrous episodes of this kind I could quote legion; for indeed at this very day I could not tell whether Mr. Bancroft Davis told the truth or mistook me for somebody else, or was simply mystifying me, jesting or romancing. Everything connected with him was gone clean out of my recollection, and at that rate the first stranger coming could equally palm himself upon me as my chum, and nobody the wiser.

Still the greatest number of connections I ever made in my life ought to be in London, seeing that of all places in the world that is the town in which I have lived longest; the only one, too, in which town life seemed to me endurable. But London itself has hardly at any time been my permanent abode. Again and again during my early struggles (1839 to 1843) did I come to it with a firm purpose to settle in it, and as many times did I leave it, as I thought, never to return. As a volunteer or a diplomatist I was again estranged from it from 1848 to 1849; as a deputy or correspondent, from 1854 to 1866, even

while I had a home and family in the town, I did little more than hurry through it, *sans y faire mon lit*; and even during the time that work at *The Times* office nailed me to the place in and out of season (1866 to 1873)—to say nothing of frequent absence on temporary errands—my time passed alternately between *The Times* office and the Athenæum Club—a club which was to me a workshop, where I saw few I knew, and hardly spoke to those few. Every time I came back, the big town was to me a new place. I took up new quarters; fell in with a new set; found myself in a new world; one generation passed away, another sprang up with other ideas, other habits of life; old acquaintances glided past me; unknown faces crowded in; I never was quite sure whether it was an old friend or merely his ghost that I saw. In the harum-scarum life to which my employment doomed me, the fulfilment of even the most obvious social duties—returning calls, leaving cards, all the routine of daily interchange of notes—was out of the question. My visiting list was like the jar of the Danaïdes, from which as much water ran out as ever was poured in. Men whom to have seen and spoken to but once would have been an honour for life; men whose kind advances were most flattering—literary men like Bulwer and

Disraeli ; statesmen like Lord Clarendon, Lord Granville, Lord Salisbury, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Forster, Lord Hartington ; diplomatists like Lord Lyons, Lord Cowley, Lord Amphill, Lord Lytton, Lord Howden, have all come within the orbit of my acquaintance ; but with all the good-will on my part, and all the courtesy and amiability on theirs, the intercourse almost invariably ended where it began. The acquaintance dropped from mere want of opportunities for frequent renewing.

The vast extent of London distances, the shortness of its season, and the hurry of its fitful, feverish existence, conspire to estrange those from whom in the end death parts us. It was only a few days before his decease that Dickens walked past the table at which I was writing at the Athenæum—Dickens, gray-haired, careworn, and oh, *quantum mutatus* ! so absent and absorbed in his thoughts that I deemed it indiscretion to address him. Was he the Dickens I used to see almost daily at his house in Devonshire Terrace, where, like a Napoleon, he kept his tame eagle—a bright-eyed, ready-witted, somewhat gushing, happy man, cheered by the world's applause, equally idolised by his wife, by his children, by every member of his family, while as yet not even the shadow of a cloud had risen to darken the light of his household ? Was

he the Dickens who dwelt with so much zest and humour on the horrors of our first voyage to Yankee-land, and who entertained me with good-natured banter about the oddities of some of my friends, for whom I had given him letters at the time of his first visit to my own country? Was he the Dickens of the "American Notes" and the "Pictures from Italy?"

Poor Thackeray, as it was by a longer and harder struggle that he rose into fame, so he had a more durable and more thoroughly undisturbed enjoyment of it. Of him also I had a hurried glimpse almost on the eve of the day in which his labours were brought to an untimely end. I chanced to be walking past his residence in Kensington Palace Gardens just as he stood at his door, looking after a brougham into which he had handed some early visitor, his head bare, his dressing-gown fluttering in the breeze. He saw and spoke to me, and asked: "Won't you come in?" But I knew too well how sacred were those hours of his morning work, and went on merely thanking him. I could hardly say now how long I had been acquainted with him, or when, where, or how the acquaintance was first made. He was a member, but not much of a frequenter, of the Athenæum Club, his preference being all for the Garrick, a club better suited to the free-and-

easy, somewhat Bohemian tastes and habits of his early days. Everything about him—his humour, his countenance, his voice—was changeable. In the depth of his heart I am inclined to believe he was all kindness, but all sourness and uncharitableness on the surface. Like Carlyle, he spoke precisely as he wrote. His cynicism, his misanthropy and pessimism, his hatred of mobbism and flunkeyism, were with him inexhaustible themes. But it was in a great measure mere bounce—rodomontade and fanfaronade—and it grew louder and more blatant in proportion as his domestic fortunes improved, and his real good-nature ripened and mellowed.

After nearly a score of years' intercourse, I was not more intimate with that good-hearted bear at the last than I had been at the first meeting. Long as he had been abroad, master as he was of many languages, he had a thoroughly English contempt for everything and everybody foreign. Whether he made exception in my favour, and for what reason, I never clearly understood. And, whenever I met him, I was always doubtful whether he would or would not know and speak to me; but I always allowed him the choice. There were many others of my fellow-members at the Club about whose acquaintance I was never quite sure. There are many of them still living at the present day; I need only

mention, among the dead, Dean Stanley, Mr. Abraham Hayward, etc.; among the quick, Sir George Dasent, Mr. W. C. Cartwright, etc. In most cases the fault was probably as much on my side as my friend's. With some of them, as with the amiable Dean of Westminster, the cause was the same as with me—purblindness, or absent-mindedness. But with Thackeray, I am convinced, the uncertainty whether he should greet or "cut" me arose from waywardness and sheer fitfulness of humour. For sometimes his conscience, as it seemed, smote him that he had been pointedly rude, and, anxious to make amends, he descried me from afar, and walked up to me and asked me to be his guest. Twice or three times at his modest home in Young Street, Kensington Square, and at his larger and more sumptuous house in Onslow Square, I dined with him and a goodly number of guests. The last time the entertainment was at the "Trafalgar," Greenwich, a whitebait treat, where he had his gifted daughters and a party of his *Punch* friends with him; and at the close of which, on our return to town, he sent home his girls in a cab, and took me to the Garrick, where he was king, and where, after being introduced to some of the company, business awaiting me at *The Times* office soon compelled me to leave him. Even at his home dinners, his invi-

tation seemed to be with him mere matter of self-imposed duty, for he seldom addressed or noticed me. Only one day, at a large men's party, when we were sixteen present, as I was seated nearly at the lower end of the table, and I was talking to my neighbour on the right, our host, from the opposite end, where the conversation was flagging, suddenly, and *à propos* to nothing, called out loudly to me across the table, and asked :

"Pray, Mr. Gallenga," (he never omitted the Mister), "pray, who is your dentist?"

There was instant silence; and most of the guests looked up at me. But I was ready with my answer, and spoke out instantly :

"John Heath, No. 11, Albemarle Street; the best in London."

Upon which the guests looked at each other for a moment, wondering, and soon the confused buzz of voices went on as before.

What whim was it that prompted Michael Angelo Titmarsh with that apparently idle question? Did it arise from an ill-natured desire to call attention to the havoc that Time might have made in my jaws, and at the truly marvellous skill by which art now repairs the grievous losses of nature? Did he expect me to blush or faint like any middle-aged madam, the mystery of whose

golden chignon or rosy cheek is by some untoward accident brought into light in the presence of her most devoted admirers? Or was that merely his pleasantry, his wish to give a fillip to a languid conversation by supplying a new subject which might raise a laugh no matter at whose expense? If the latter was his purpose, it flew wide of the mark; for though some of our friends may have been struck with the strangeness of his sudden sally, no one seemed to perceive its drift. No one noticed its "fun" or humour. The joke, if joke it was, fell flat.

Before I left the house, however, I wrote Mr. Heath's name and address on one of my cards, and handed it to him at the door, waiting to be last at leave-taking, and stopped for one minute to tell him what sort of man the dentist was; and how, besides his skill as an operator, he was a well-informed man, with wonderful conversational gifts, always ready to sink the shop and discuss all subjects; a pleasant host besides, who had often the most distinguished authors and artists at dinner with him in his well-appointed bachelor's establishment, where, I was sure, he would be delighted to see Mr. Thackeray, whether or not the state of his gums required looking into; "for these dentists," I concluded, "are a singular set of men, who

delight in gentlemen's company, and there is nothing they will not do for a customer who will condescend to treat them as gentlemen."

Thackeray received all these particulars as if they really interested him, and thanked me cordially as he shook the hand that I held out to him from the cab window.

As a rule, however, I was not much of a diner out; for I was neither a brilliant talker nor a patient listener; nor did the genius of my host's *chef*, nor the choicest liquor in his cellar greatly delight me. Like Scott and Byron, I was blessed with "a strange dulness of palate;" and though I did not, like the latter, "prefer whisky to wine," I could declare, with the former, that "no dinner of the rarest viands could surpass a meal of poached eggs and bacon and bottled beer."* Delane himself, an eminently convivial man, did not know what to make of me; for he often asked me to meet pleasant people in Serjeants' Inn, at a cosy but costly dinner, where the number of guests never exceeded six or eight. And I remember one evening, as we turned round to the fire and I laid my claret glass brimful and untouched on the mantelpiece, he looked at me with wonder, fancying

* "The Real Lord Byron," vol. i., p. 184.

I did not sufficiently appreciate his wine, and exclaimed :

"Why, that is Rothschild's very best! Do you not like it?"

Whereupon, with unpardonable awkwardness, I answered :

"Capital Bordeaux! But my wine is Burgundy."

"Hang it!" cried my host, "why did you not say so? I have the best Chambertin down below. Only, who cares for Burgundy nowadays? But it is not too late. Here, John!"

And he half rose to reach the bell. But I was up before him, and begged him to excuse me, for very little wine was enough for me, and only of one kind. And I really think that from that evening I got on better with him at *The Times* office than in his dining-room.

But, as I said, *The Times* office was no longer the same place to me when that amiable John Thaddeus ceased to be the *genius loci*. The work that was assigned to me by Delane's successors waxed "small by degrees and beautifully less," till it was no longer a sufficient inducement for me to prolong my stay in London, at an age when town life had lost whatever charm it ever had in former days. Had I had my

choice, I would certainly have preferred to die in harness; but although we cannot appoint our own hour of death, we ought to know how to make people forget and forgive that we are living, by voluntarily giving up the stool they are anxious to push us from.

If I wished for retirement, surely no dearer retreat could have been reserved for me than this lonely, lovely valley of the Wye. Nowhere could a better place to live or die in have been found—a place where one might more pleasantly linger on, calmly reviewing the irrevocable, idly speculating on the inscrutable, manfully awaiting the inevitable.

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